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THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

VOLUME XXX OCTOBER, 1916 NUMBER ONE

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The Trinity Archive

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., October, 1916.

HOMESICK

JAKE HAZELWOOD

The mountains are decked in pale crimson and green;
The sun sparkles bronze on their trees.
The Fall time, of all time, most beautiful there—
In these pictures my fancy still sees.

When October paints Nature with yellow and brown,
And mixes up all colors gay,
My highlands call strongly—my heart hears, and makes
Me feel wistful and far, far away.

I would not go back if I could, but it's true
I long to be there just the same;
To hear my pet robin sing me his farewell
Seems better than Learning or Fame.

I come with my books every day to my desk,
Watch people and learn many things;
But must turn a deaf ear to the call of the hills—
For fear discontentment it brings.

THE MAN AND THE WOMAN

A. BENEDICT

Arthur Blabrock mounted the steps of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and threaded his way to an inside room, where his masterpiece, *The Man and the Woman,* was being exhibited. Unknown both to the blasé society critics whom curiosity for some new sensation drew to the spring exhibit, and to the more genuine lovers of art who were searching for work of merit, he mingled every day with the crowd of onlookers. Eagerly he listened to every word of criticism and of praise.

"The technique is excellent," criticised an elderly lady, "but don't you think it is—well, a little vulgar to have the scene in the slums with all those dirty children about?"

Arthur looked up quickly. Two years ago he would have thought that art had been sacrificed, but he now had a new vision of art. His belief that art to be pure could tolerate no moral teaching had been abandoned since the discovery that art was the carrier of his message to humanity. In the faces of those dirty children of the slums he had hoped to portray the good done by the man and the woman, the principal figures in the painting. They had typified to him himself and his wife and what they might have done if he had made his discovery two years earlier.

Into this picture, as into no other, he had put his soul. The woman he had drawn from a painting of his wife made in the happy days before their quarrel and separation. Himself he had tried to picture as helping her work among these dirty children by playing for them on the violin. Whatever the world should think of his masterpiece, he hoped *she* would see it and understand. Would she stop to look at the picture? Would she read aright the message which it contained?

With nervous steps he left the building and returned to his studio, but he could not drive himself back to work. Everything recalled to his mind *her* image. The very success of the work in which he had put her, as he remembered her, a success for which he had yearned the last two years, only made his loss of her the more poignant. He saw her as she had been when he married her, as she had rejoiced with him on their glorious honeymoon, and finally as she had been revealed to him by the intimate contact of home life.

Reluctantly came memories he would gladly have banished, memories of those little flurries of temper which had become more and more frequent until finally they resulted in an open breach between them. Painfully he recalled one of those breaches.

"You don't appreciate my work," he had told her. "My art must be pure. Any moral will spoil it."

"How can you be so unreasonable?" she replied. "I only asked you to paint a few sketches for use in my work with the children. And you say you can't; it will spoil your art!"

"Don't you see," he answered, "I can't leave my higher work for such paltry things as those. If I do, I will lose my touch for the fine points of purer work. Get a cartoonist to do them," he had finished, rather gruffly.

"Oh, bah!" she retorted, for his reply had cut her deeply. "What's your art, anyway? It's cold; it's lifeless; it's not human. And until you get into your heart some love for people and desire to help them, you'll never paint that masterpiece you are always talking of. You need some human interest."

"I suppose your work is full of human interest. You go down to the slums, pat a child on the head, and congratulate yourself that you have done your duty. You can't, or won't, see that I am trying to help people by showing them what's beautiful and esthetic."

Thus two natures had clashed. Disputes became more and more frequent until, in one of these clashes, endurance reached the breaking point and they decided to separate. She lived upon her inheritance from her father, and he stayed on at the studio.

His ambition had always been to paint a masterpiece, a picture which should sum up his ideals of the artistic. Undoubtedly her criticism had stung—probably because he knew part of it to be true. His pictures were lifeless, detached; he felt that himself. But with the tenacity of a man he clung to his idea of art. The next picture, or the next, he told himself, would be his masterpiece. He searched constantly for new subjects or untried methods of expression. He painted faster and faster, worked late into the night, and turned out more pictures than ever before. Always he tried to justify his idea of art; but there was not a single work which he himself could call excellent. Indeed, he secretly told himself, the quality of his productions was declining.

Meanwhile he missed *her* terribly. He never knew until he lost it how much he valued her bright smile, encouraging him in his work. Had he not been hasty in asserting the importance of his work, when it now seemed he was unable to work without her? Possibly, after all, she was not working with those dirty children because she wanted to; there must be something more which he didn't feel, and, not feeling, didn't understand.

A year of failure caused him often to stand with idle brush thinking of her. Slowly he began to realize how unselfishly she had given herself to helping those slum children, and how her interest in this work had made his painting seem of little importance to her. This knowledge brought inspiration, inspiration for the picture which was to be his masterpiece. To the world it was his best; to her his atonement. He only wished *she* would see and understand.

. . . . . .

In the second floor front of a Twenty-third Street boarding-house sat Mrs. Blabrock. The room was tastefully decorated; on the table there were some roses and a picture of Arthur. Mrs. Blabrock was dressed to go out.

"I'll do it!" she said to herself as she slapped her gloves across the palm of her hand. "I'm going back to him. I know that new picture I saw at the museum is his, and it shows that he wants me back."

"After all," she mused, "he was right. A person has to have some things artistic in this world to get him away from the humdrum of everyday life. I haven't had a bit of success in my mission work since the day we parted, and I know it's all because I haven't the vision of the artist to help me. I have gotten down in a groove in my work, while if only I had some of the rosy vision which he has, I could look through any present failure and see success beyond. And I know by the picture that he wants me, and that he understands my work. And *I* want him; *I love him!*"

She had thought to surprise him, but he saw her as she entered the studio, and ran to meet her.

"O Arthur! I read your message and understood," she exclaimed. "I, too, have a confession to make."

"You were right," he confessed; "forgive me."

"We both were right," she answered from his arms. "We both were working to help people: I by social service, you by art."

STOLEN TREASURE

R. L. FISHER

"Look here, Tom! $1,000 reward for capture of burglar who last Saturday night stole a valuable diamond from Harrison Greenwood Jewelry Company."

"Gosh!" I said. "How good that money would come in! I tell you what let's do, John. You be the burglar and let me capture you. I'll go halves."

"That would be a capital idea, old top," John replied, "except I'm afraid that *I* would be slightly inconvenienced. I tell you what I will do, though. It's hot as Hades today; let's ride out to the park and get a little air. I'll go fares."

"All right," I replied. "Just let me finish this letter."

John Glaze and I had been friends for many years. We were classmates at Trenton College, and, upon our graduation at that institution, had both decided to continue our education at Forsythe. On this occasion we were feeling a little despondent, for our monthly checks had been delayed and we were "broke." Hence, the news relative to the earning of a thousand dollars, which John had noticed in the *Times,* was heartily welcomed.

A few minutes later we stepped off a car at Elmwood Park.

"Now, John, what do you want to do?" I asked. "Shall we ride the hobby horses or throw peanuts at the monkeys?"

"Oh, let's go over to the northern side of the park," he replied. "There's a cliff over there where we can get a dandy breeze. A few swell-looking dames, also, sometimes wander that way. I 'butted in' with one over there once. Believe me, she was 'some chicken.' She had lunch, and plenty of it; we had a picnic all by ourselves. That's the place for me. Besides, it will give us good exercise to climb the hill. It's a lucky place, too, for I once found a 'jit' over there."

"Aw, 'can it'; why don't you sit down here where we can see something?" I retorted. But John could not forget the lady and the 'jit' which he had found over there; so I was compelled to give in. We started up the cliff and soon reached the summit.

"For the love of Mike! Tom, what is that fellow doing down yonder?" John exclaimed all of a sudden as he chanced to look below us.

I looked down into the valley and saw what was intended to represent a human being. A man, very shabbily dressed, with a broad-brimmed hat pulled over his eyes, was limping about on one foot. Now and then he would stop, as if to rest, turn cautiously around, and if no one was following him, would continue his hopping.

"What do you suppose he is up to?" I asked.

"Hush and keep out of sight; we shall soon see," John replied. "He is acting mighty funny. Probably he has committed some crime and is trying to escape. He looks as if he has been starving. I am going to follow him a little while to see what he does and where he goes. Come on; a little walk won't hurt us, and there may be some excitement."

"Look! What is he doing now?" I asked.

The man had stopped again and was now looking around to see if any one was watching him. Next he bent over and began to dig a hole in the ground. From a pocket of his coat he drew a small box, which he deposited in the hole, and carefully replaced the dirt. He seemed now to hesitate as if he were loath to leave the spot, then resolutely turned and walked briskly away.

"John!" I exclaimed. "I'll bet you that's the diamond that was stolen last Saturday night. This fellow's the burglar; he has buried his treasure here for safe keeping until the excitement blows over. Let's go down and dig up the box."

"We'll wait for an hour or two," John replied. "He'll probably watch the spot where the box is buried until he is

satisfied no one wants to bother it. We'll wait here until he has gone; then we'll get the diamond and the thousand dollars reward."

A short time later the two boys were nervously fingering a small box which they had dug from the ground.

"Open it quick and let's see what's in it!" I exclaimed.

"You fool!" John replied, "don't you know that some one may be watching us. Let's get away from here as quickly as possible. We'll open the box when we get to our room."

Imagine the joy of the youthful prince when he ascends the throne, or of the favorite nephew when his rich uncle dies, or of any one who unexpectedly comes into a fortune, and you will be able in a small measure to realize the joy and elation that John and I experienced on our way back to the city. Why shouldn't we be happy? Hadn't we found the stolen diamond which was advertised that day in the *Times,* the reward for which was one thousand dollars?

"Tom!" John kept saying on the way back to our room, "I can take that trip down home that I've been wanting to take for such a long time. I can buy a present for all the kiddies and take the governor a box of *Eurekas.* I guess Mary will open her eyes, too."

"And just think," I replied, "how I can pay back the money I borrowed this year to go to school and still have enough to shoot a game or two of pool."

That little box was about the hardest thing to get into the boys had ever seen. Their fingers, and they themselves, were trembling with excitement as they unwrapped layer after layer of paper from the container of their fortune.

"Gee whiz!" I cried impatiently, as John laid aside the fifth wrapping which had enclosed the box, "when do we get to the diamond?"

"Here it is!" John replied, exultantly throwing back the lid. "Isn't it a beauty?"

I looked into the box and beheld a pretty little canary bird that had chirped for its last time. The owner, who evidently was very fond of his pet, though contrary to civic laws, had determined to give his canary a home beneath the sod.

YE BARDS OF GREECE AND ROME

D. W. NEWSOM

Spirits of a glorious age and art,
Majestic on yon ancient heights you stand!
Enduring admiration ye command,
The zeal of every eager, longing heart.
Unto the ages did your souls impart
A vision splendid and a promise grand.
But lo! forgotten is your beauteous land,
Unsung your songs within the busy mart.
Be patient, O ye men of changeless worth!
Until our age can fell its forest fair,
With garnered grain can store the ports of earth,
And start its winged monsters of the air;
And, surfeited, another age's birth
Shall draw the veil, and glory shall ye wear.

WAR AND ITS AFTERMATH

W. R. SHELTON

Winning Oration in Wiley Gray Medal Contest, Commencement, 1916.

The certainty that war leads toward racial decadence, by the obliteration of the world's best manhood, is becoming widely accepted as one of the prime arguments against war. It stands second only to the final argument of the human conscience that murder remains murder even when done in the name of war, under the sanction of the State and the approval of public opinion.

The long hopes of civilization are today being shattered by the most ruinous war the world has ever known. The flower of Europe's manhood is being struck down and will be unrepresented in the generations unborn. When the war clouds are lifted, each nation concerned will find itself exhausted and humiliated for generations to come—its people less courageous, less wise, and feebler in body and spirit than when this terrible and senseless sacrifice began. The situation presents a gloomy picture—a maddened Europe ascending its funeral pyre and, like Hercules, destroying itself with its own hands.

To the biologist war is the folly of follies. It flies in the face of all that makes for human evolutionary advance, and is utterly void of serious scientific reason. Man is affected by the process of evolution in the same degree as are the lower animals and plants, because man is a link in the unity of nature, and is governed by the same series of nature's laws that control all parts of the universe. All life, human and otherwise, may be represented as a great river, flowing continuously, and purifying itself as it flows by dropping to the bottom its trash and mud. So life throws off its weak races and species as it flows, and purifies itself through the survival of the strong, while the unfit are left without a heritage.

Charles Darwin was striking at a great truth in social science when he said in his *Descent of Man:*

"In every country where a standing army is kept up, the fairest of the young men are taken to the conscription camp or to the battle-field. They are thus exposed to an early death during war, or are often tempted into vice and prevented from marrying during the prime of life. On the other hand, the shorter, feebler men are left at home, and consequently have a much better chance of marrying and propagating their kind."

It is apparent that army standards demand more than average men in physical efficiency; and of those chosen the most intelligent and energetic are put on the firing line to die, because they make the best soldiers. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge hardly dare to count their dead. Their athletes, their Rolls of Honor, and their Blue are being sacrificed to the god of war, while the more inferior remain to become the fathers of the future generations. And so this choice selection goes on through every grade of society. By that law of heredity, "Like the seed is the harvest," the future of the race will simply repeat that quality of manhood which armies cannot use.

Thus we see that war reverses nature and thwarts natural selection by interfering with nature's attempt to select the best of human blood to perpetuate the race. In nature, when two lower animals fight with one another, the stronger, braver, and wiser of the two survives to perpetuate its kind; but in war among men—modern, chemical, mechanical war—the reverse is true. The strong die; the weak remain.

The biological reaction of war is damage beyond repair. Every great war has set back the physical, mental, and moral development of mankind. War must necessarily hold a first place among the race poisons that are poured into the veins of humanity. How can it be otherwise while the great hosts of human weaklings are exempt from military service? Those suffering from any weakness, such as the deaf-mutes, the

cripples, the hare-lipped, the scrofulous, the deranged, and the imbeciles—all these diseased and inferior people are well protected by military laws, and not one of these unfortunates runs a risk of perishing on the field of battle, while the halest and heartiest of our manhood are chosen for the sacrifice. Out of every 100,000 soldiers who actually face the battle-fields of Europe, 30,000 are slain. Out of every 100,000 weaklings who remain behind, 90,000 to 95,000 become fathers of the next generation. A president of our oldest Southern university has said that, up to 1865, one-half of the alumni of his institution were in the Civil War, and that one-half of these were numbered at the close of the war among the Confederate dead. The South and the Nation can never know their actual loss, nor determine how far the men that *are* fall short of the men that might *have been.*

The campaigns of Napoleon fed four millions of Europe's best men to the belching cannons of "insensate deviltry." To this cause of reversed selection almost alone we may ascribe the social and personal deficiencies of the common folk of Europe. Napoleon seized all the youth of high stature and scattered their bones over a long bloody trail from Corsica to Waterloo, and the French people today are below the average in stature. More than once since Napoleon's time has the military limit of France been lowered—having dropped from 5 feet and 4 inches to 4 feet and 10 inches. However, the decline of the physical stature is immaterial compared with its necessary accompaniment, the decline of the inner man. No cross-current of life can change or modify the primal law of biology. "Europe must be perpetuated," declares Bernard Shaw, "from the men of the last reserve."

Ten to fourteen millions of the soldiers involved in the European war are married men, and are the most able-bodied and intelligent potential fathers. Thus the birth of the children of best blood, which is the most precious asset a nation can possess, is greatly reduced. Therein lies the reason why

the sons of the one-time Greece have become our Nation's bootblacks. Herein lies the reason why the noble patrician of old Rome is represented today by the fruit-vender in our streets. And the Europe of tomorrow will point to its recent battlefields and cemeteries for the secret of its deficiency.

Consider further, from a biological point of view, the hereditary influences of army diseases, exposures, nervous shocks, and war insanity. To say nothing of those who are slain, who will never be parents, we must also consider that vast horde of returning men who have been impaired in the clutch of war, and will be unfit for future parenthood. War is always followed by a tragic aftermath. The hospitals and homes of Europe are today being crowded with thousands of formerly strong men who have never been torn or touched by the jagged shot of musketry and cannon, but are mental and physical wrecks through exposure and shock. Furthermore, it is in the army where we find, in spite of modern sanitation, the great prevalence and rapid spread of the fatal cholera, tuberculosis, and many diseases common to corrupt camp life. Statistics show that 537 out of every 1,000 soldiers admitted to British hospitals are infected with one or more of these diseases. Many of these men will be represented in the generations unborn. The bacterium of the disease-breeding germ is a bullet of sentient living fiber, the effects of which cause many more to die than are claimed by the weapons of the enemy. And in Europe today the bacterium germ—like a tidal wave of the sea—is drawing deep of Europe's purest blood.

And what of womanhood and its biological relation to war? Every war is a war against woman. She bears the brunt and the burden. In the Boer War more women perished than men, and in Belgium today the deaths of the women and children far outnumber those of the men. Only soldiers are cared for in war; women have no shelter. The starvation

campaigns now on in Europe are campaigns against woman and her child. Think of the thousands upon thousands of women who are incapacitated for motherhood because of hunger, exposure, and nervous shocks. And many of the children who are born of the war-cursed women come into the world maimed and dwarfed from birth—destined to become veritable wrecks and derelicts upon the sea of life. And what is darker still, you may count among the costs of war the high ideals of womanhood. Every army leaves in its wake a dishonored and desecrated womanhood. When a nation says to its women, "Give us children or we perish," that nation has reached a tragedy in national existence. But such is war. The cause of woman and her unborn babe is the cause of peace.

Then let peace—rational, scientific peace—be the guardian of the unborn babe. Let fall that dismal philosophy which claims that war is a biological necessity. Rather let us view war with its tragic aftermath—a consuming poison that claims for its first victims the flower of mankind. Let dawn the day when the future generations will not be the fruits of a mongrel hyphenated citizenship which rushes in to fill the vacuum left by our slaughtered manhood. Let die the day when a nation says to its men, "You are not good enough to be a soldier; stay at home and be a father." Let die the day when heartless wars demand that a woman become less than a woman. Let the peace of today preserve the blood in the babe of tomorrow, as we say with the soldier-sailor lad:

"We've fed our best to the waves' unrest,
To the shark and the sheering gull;
If blood be the price of admiralty,
Lord God, we ha' paid it in full."

AN APOLOGY FOR LOVERS

J. H. BURRUS

Since the days of the fateful episode in the Garden of Eden man has been to a great degree a victim of circumstances. His action has been determined by emotion from within or by forces from without; and often a combination of these two agencies has stimulated him to make a decision, either for better or for worse. Undoubtedly, it is this combination which prompts lovers to endure the jeers and scorn of a heartless world in order to enjoy the pleasures of love for a season.

It is only by having enjoyed the experience of a thoroughgoing case of love that the position of a lover can be appreciated. It cannot be learned from books or the mind of any man; experience here is the only way to find the light. To the indifferent folk who have never trod the paths of love or soared to its heights of forgetfulness, the little pranks, ingenuous devices, and inordinate affection of lovers are merely propositions resembling a *reductio ad absurdum*. The wink of an eye, the dimple of a smile, the playing of hands, or the touch of a lip—all these are vain and sickening frivolities to the outside spectator. And occcasionally those who confess to have been lovers, but who are for the time enjoying freedom of mind and pocket-book, advance opinions identical with those of lads who never loved a lassie. But most all youth, those experiencing the primal sting of Cupid's darts and those reaping the fruits of a long-standing exuberant affection, unanimously approve the continuance of loving. It's simply the point of view which determines the popular conception of lovers.

Our point of view is one of sympathy and moderation. Forget the disparaging taunts of the teaser. Many centuries before this tantalizing pest, this thorn in the flesh of youth, there was ingrafted in the souls of men and women a feeling

of affection for each other. And although the youngster, in a premature exhibition of his affection, does at times allow his fancies to reach into the realm of senselessness, why be hard-hearted enough to deprive youth of these pleasures?

This natural tendency toward loving, at various stages of life, is seen to assume different aspects, but in all cases the basic principle is the same. The distinctions are marked by the experience one has had in this particular human exercise.

First, there is the youthful or puppy-love state. The affair usually takes place in school. For some unknown reason, a boy and girl begin to look at each other. A smile soon develops, then a wink. By mere hearsay and observation, the two are led to believe that they are really in love, and the most insignificant sign is construed as a mark of affection. Then follow the usual flirtations, such as throwing kisses, passing notes, writing letters of great descriptive value, and a thousand and one other little tricks known only to those who have played the game. In less than a month the case has had full time for development, so that now the matter has become serious. In the eye of each other is hidden deep meaning; in each other's voice there is nothing discordant. Each heart is full to overflowing. But soon their love begins to lessen, cross words disturb their youthful happiness, and prospective lovers perceive they did not love at all. Their time was lost. But such experience! Who would miss it?

Whether or not this premature attempt at love-making is successful, the youth possessed of long trousers invariably repeats his episode of former years in a progression approximating the *nth* power. He is now a sport. If circumstance has reared him in the country, dad's best horse and buggy must be always at his disposal—that he may court the girls. Without them life for him would be almost unbearable. How else could he spend Saturday evenings and Sundays, if he could not travel those rural highways with his girl? Loving

for him is an essential to existence. Why deprive our country youth of life?

The town sport of comparatively the same age, a product of dad's money and the drug store, carries on his love-making quite differently. Chain-gang socks, rainbow ties, and form-fitting clothes are his marks of distinction. The rising son takes his father's car, and with it he wins many admirers—of the car. The fountain and the ice-cream parlor are the usual scenes of his activity. He makes his début into society, and henceforward appears at all the parties and dances of the season. To him "this is the life." He may or may not win his point. In fact, that matter worries him little; but he continues to enjoy himself all the same. Loving for him, though not a prerequisite to life, is an indispensable means of enjoyment. Who would rob him of his pleasure?

The final stage of love expresses itself in the joys of happy married life. For the first few weeks after the vows have been taken the couple go on their honeymoon and live in ethereal fields. The talk of the two is limited in subject, but not in number of words. Soon, however, these castles of air lose their reality and give way to the habitations of earthly life. Husband and wife become accustomed to their surroundings, and life in the little bungalow is not so wearisome after all. A cross word may come in to disturb; but "the course of true love never did run smooth." As time goes on, little Mary and Johnny lend a new significance to life. There is something to demand and centralize attention; the whole energy of papa and mama is directed towards the welfare of their children. Toys, food, clothing, books—these and many other wants of the kiddies must be provided without thought of sacrifice. John's and Mary's progress is watched with pleasure. Then as they grow up, two more lovers swell the ranks of the already numberless throng. And so it goes. Once the lovers' wheel is started, its perpetual motion is ever increas-

ing in velocity. As it revolves, it gives life, pleasure, and happiness to countless discouraged mortals.

After all, then, are the fancies of youth to be disparaged? We pass this way but once, and, as the poet says, "It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." Does not the end justify the means? It is this consummation of youthful dreams which gives to mankind what Stevenson calls the "livableness of life" and makes the whole world kin.

THE DERELICT

VIRGINIUS C. HALL

Burke Gorman jammed the last bit of manuscript into the only drawer of his crazy old desk and stretched like a kitchen cat. "Done!" he wheezed, and turning his rank oil lamp down to a guttering blue streak, left the cottage. On the shell path to the gate he lingered to breathe the steeped sweetness of old-fashioned flower-beds and honeysuckle hedges. Crickets rasped in the rank grass along the fence, a tree-frog whistled forlornly in the sycamore before his cottage door, and Gorman, standing there on the path, lingered and forgot to move on. The sad, disconsolate undertone of the distant ocean seeped up to him through the moonlit woods, and the spirit of the sea bristled up in his hairy chest. This sea-spirit had goaded him from a gray stone home, had given him a narrow bunk in a stinking forecastle in place of an easy chair in his father's gilt-lettered office, had lost for him the most desirable girl in Williamsport; had done him a scurvy turn, he sometimes thought; yet the surf still roared in his blood and the lust for the seven seas sirenized him.

Standing there on the path, Gorman thought of all this and wondered if, after all, he had made a wise trade. But the night was in his nostrils now, and he was certain that this alone was worth the price he paid.

"And there's the story," he thought. "If that takes I'll forget the cost. By damn! I'll just read that story to Auntie Malone. She ain't what you'd call a literary critic, but she knows a seaman, and if it satisfies her, a landlubber editor ought to be tickled to death."

Gorman hurriedly returned to the cottage, found his manuscript, after fumbling about in the half-light of the room, and a moment later was jogging along the road through the woods to Auntie Malone's, just beyond the hamlet.

Mrs. Malone purred a rich welcome from behind her porch vines as Gorman clattered the gate-latch and plodded up the path on his sea-legs.

"'N is it you, Burke, me boy?" she called, and launched to meet him looking like a "fore and after" under full sail. "'N it's a gud twa week sence ye've crossed me doorstip," she continued, as she dragged an armchair from the house and waved him to it with a lordly air.

"Been working, Auntie," Gorman explained; "turned to writing stories for a living. I've——"

"Holy Mary!" squawked Mrs. Malone. "Them twa horny hands a-yourn would cut a dash wrastling wi' a pen. It's precious time ye're wasting, Burky."

Without heeding Burke's loud remonstrance, she plunged on. "Ye'd do weel to be bothered wi' thoughts o' going back to ye fether, 'stid o'trunning away ye young life in this Jesus-forsaken spot."

Gorman thought that Eastern shore must at least be very much to Mrs. Malone's liking if she was half so content as she looked, sitting there on the vine-covered porch with the shifty moonlight spatter-dashing her rich Irish face.

"I'm 'lowing ye one thing, tho', Burke. Never a soul would take ye fer the stripling, all fuzzy-jawed and fish-belly white wut come to Aystern shore three year back."

"You've just forgotten, Auntie," Gorman broke in. "I was a pretty husky youngster; twenty-one 'n man enough to make the college crew. I'm granting, though, that two years 'fore the mast with Cap'n Blizzard put thirty pounds of gristle under my shirt."

"Sure, why sure!" Mrs. Malone was saying over her shoulder as she waddled into the house with a housewifely air.

Burke listened to her moving about the kitchen and knew what to expect when she finally called, "Burky." "It come to me a-sudden as mebbe ye'd like some rolls 'n milk 'n

things," she was saying when Burke came blinking into the lighted kitchen.

When he was seated at the red-clothed kitchen table with a jaw full of hot roll, Mrs. Malone broke forth again: "Mighty nigh it come to slippin' me mind, but ain't ye iver heard a blessed word from ye father?"

Burke gulped down his roll. "N'om, not hardly; 'n I ain't likely to. Those folks over yonder," he continued, jerking his thumb over his shoulder, "think that a boy's got to drop in the same greasy grind that his old man followed, stay cooped up in a hot office all his life, make money 'n die so his sons can blow it for him."

Mrs. Malone's bosom was heaving with half-choked chuckles.

"Day after I graduated the old man told me to report at the office. Well I did, 'n told him that I didn't want a predigested business shoved on me; I wanted to scuffle for myself, hook horns with men and learn to know a good 'un on sight. And I had some more notions I never got to. Guess I've told you a hundred times how he reared up on his hind legs and told me to cast off, he was through with me, 'n all that."

Mrs. Malone, with both red elbows on the table, confirmed it with a nod. "But Burky," she exploded, "have ye never figgered why that little huzzy broke off wi' ye, jest when ye father turned ye down?"

Burke chucked the last half-roll into his mouth and washed it down with a gulp of milk. "That's easy, Auntie; Mrs. Forsyth wanted Mildred (that's her daughter) to marry the long green; she didn't care anything 'bout her having a *man*. Time I threw down the old man's roll she spieled that letter I was telling you 'bout, and Mildred put her name to it. Well, all the bloated old society dames in the town called me a lout 'n a rascal; 'n all because I'd rather be my own

man in overalls than somebody else's in a dress suit. That's the way folks live in cities. Ain't it a hell of a life, though? It was tough lines for a while, but I judge now that I was lucky to lose her."

"Jest my notion, Burky; jest me own idee!" The motherly old Irish heart was in her voice now. "Well do I recollect how grieved I was when me Tim departed this life—bless his soul! But we can get over most anything in time. 'N sure she'll be sorry one of these foine days."

"It won't help her any. I'm through with her," Gorman said, but there was doubt in his voice.

Burke, busying himself with brushing crumbs from the table, remembered that he must stir early in the morning. "Auntie," he began, "I've got that story here. I wanted to ask your opinion on it, but I better be getting along now, I guess; got some lobster pots to set first thing in the morning."

"Little's the help I can be on sich matters," Mrs. Malone broke in; "but I'll be more'n glad to listen to it any time. But there ain't really a particle o' need o' hurry," she continued, following him to the door and watching as he passed out into the road with a "Good-night, Auntie; I'll bring the story 'fore long."

Mrs. Malone listened until his whistling mellowed into the moonlit distance. "The heart of a child," she whispered to herself, and thoughtfully reëntered the house.

. . . . . .

September days along the coast are the softest, fairest days of all the year. Sky and water take on a deeper shade of blue, and midsummer repeats itself in the hazy warmth of yellow sunshine and the languid heave of the running surf. Coves and headlands stretch white and deserted into the blue distance, and bask lazily under the tepid warmth of the sun. An air of moody contentment broods over the coast in September—moody, half-regretful contentment.

The mood of the season was in the soul of Burke Gorman as he trudged wearily up the sandy road from the beach with his paint-splattered jumper-jacket swung over his sweaty shoulder. Life was making a sweet taste in his mouth now; the quiet contentment which follows gratified ambition was upon him. His story had been accepted and was selling in phenomenal fashion; reviewers had spoken of it as the most remarkable American sea story. Burke Gorman's name had appeared in every important newspaper and literary magazine in the country; furthermore, he was regularly drawing financial recognition from his publishers on the first of each month. Plodding home from the beach where he had been working on his old story all through the heat of the day, he whistled to himself and knew that he had chosen the better part. He had hooked horns with men, learned to know a good one on sight, had worked alongside of heavyweights and never backed in the traces. "But the story's got all that beat to death!" he was thinking as he turned into the hamlet and made his way toward the little "two by four" shack that served for a postoffice.

The usual Saturday afternoon crowd of sunburned men and poke-bonneted women, who wait hungrily for the infrequent arrival of mail from the outside world, had gathered in joking, gossiping knots in the sandy street before the postoffice—the men stout, honest fishermen; the women, housekeepers as their mothers had been before them. Burke mingled with the folk, stopping frequently to shake hands with the old women or to crack loud jokes with the men, pausing to mumble something to young Jerry about his best girl or to joke Harriet about her latest love affair. Simple, well-contented folk they were, ignorant of the ways of the cities and happier for their ignorance.

"This looks interesting," Gorman growled, as he sat on his cottage steps and looked through the mail he had just brought

up from the postoffice. "Familiar looking female handwriting, fancy stationery, postmarked Williamsport." He ripped the pink envelope with dirty finger-nails and glanced through the contents. "'Lovingly, Mildred,'" it finished. "Mother o' Moses!" he exploded, "ain't this a hell of a note! 'So gratified' at my success; 'sorry for our misunderstandings,' hopes to see me before long! Not if I see her first!" Burke laughed. "Guess I ain't built for society, anyway."

He jammed the pink envelope in a rank-smelling overall pocket. "Reckon that'll offend your highbrow airs," he said; "but I got to keep *you* for Auntie Malone," and he slouched into the kitchen to cook supper for himself.

EDITORIAL

THE GROWTH OF TRINITY

Students at Trinity this year should indeed consider themselves fortunate—not only because they are permitted to attend an institution as well equipped and conducted as Trinity College, but more especially because, according to the authorities, this year is to be the biggest year in the history of the College. It marks the termination of the twenty-fifth successful year of Trinity College's existence in Durham. To commemorate the event a quarter-centennial celebration is being planned as an appropriate thanksgiving for the accomplishments of this epochal period.

What things, then, has Trinity achieved of which it should be thus proud? Simply trace its growth and development. Twenty-five years ago Trinity College was moved from Randolph County to the city of Durham. Since that time no college in the South has grown with such leaps and bounds as Trinity. Its students during the first few years of its existence in Durham, coming back to the campus now, would look with astonishment and pride upon the fine campus, the broad acres of well-kept grounds, and the splendidly magnificent structures which compose the Trinity of today. Twenty-two years ago Trinity College "had nine teachers and officers, eight buildings, one hundred and twenty-eight students, $20,000 of endowment, $40,000 bonded debt, an unimproved campus, and total assets of less than $250,000. Today it has sixty-one teachers and officers, twenty-six buildings, more than eight hundred students, $1,595,306.12 endowment, no bonded debt, the most beautiful campus in the South, and total assets of $2,546,281.32."

This phenomenal growth of Trinity is almost miraculous. The present freshman class is more than twice as large as the total enrollment twenty-two years ago. Only three buildings of old Trinity remain, all others having been replaced by large, handsome edifices to accommodate the ever-increasing number of students. And now the erection of more new buildings is being planned. A modern, up-to-date gymnasium is to take the place of the old one this year. Members of the faculty are building or remodeling their homes. Fraternities have been given the privilege of constructing houses for their chapters. The whole campus, in fact, is an irrefutable manifestation of Trinity's outward growth.

Let no one be deceived, however, in thinking that the greatness of Trinity College lies in purely material things, or that the Trinity of today is great only in numbers and in beautiful surroundings. Simultaneously with this physical growth there has been a corresponding idealistic increase, an intellectual and moral progression. No one can berate Trinity for disinterestedness in scholarship and intellectuality. In the number of units required for entrance and in the quality of its work Trinity College holds its own among the collegiate institutions of the South. Its standard both for those entering and for those continuing their work has been, and is still being, steadily elevated—in proportion to the numerical increase and the physical expansion of the College. Present indications, too, predict the elevation of this standard to even higher limits. Already entrance requirements for next year have been raised a unit, and to judge from professors' reports to date, those winning membership in the College's secret honorary societies will deserve their laurels. Trinity's intellectual expansion has gone forward proportionately with its material increase.

Then, in point of striving for the moral uplift of its students, Trinity College occupies a position unsurpassed by any college in the South. Hazing at Trinity has for years been

a thing of the past; clean, honorable athletics has always been a primal aim and attribute; drinking, gambling, and dancing have never been tolerated; the Young Men's Christian Association and the general moral atmosphere of the College emphasize the avoidance of down-town cigar shops and cheap amusement shows. Trinity's moral and spiritual progress has been encouraged even more than its physical growth.

These are some of the achievements of which Trinity College is justly proud, a few of the accomplishments to be commemorated at the coming quarter-centennial celebration. Do we appear unduly elated at what we have done? We would not be vain or boastful. We want still to press forward toward the ideal of moral and intellectual greatness. Our meager attainments thus far only emphasize the need of more. Will the present student body realize its duty and strive to supply them? Other men and women, gone out from Trinity into a life of service, by their lives and deeds have made possible the College's past stupendous growth. We students this year are reaping the harvest of their sowing. It is our duty to so prepare ourselves, to so improve our opportunities, that we too may have a share in watching and helping Trinity grow. Let us see to it that our opportunities are not neglected, that we are not deterred from duty by an increase in numbers or the beauty of our surroundings. Trinity's recent growth should serve only as an inspiration for even greater expansion. Let each one of us work correspondingly as much for the future expansion of Trinity as previous students have labored for its success in the past, and Trinity College will never cease to grow.

R. H. S.

AN APPEAL

In commenting upon the outward expansion of a college, we should not overlook the part played in that expansion by student activities. Athletics, literary society work, in fact, every activity in which students are interested, to a greater or less degree have their influence upon the growth of the institution. But no activity can be of more worth to a college in extending its influence and propagating its ideals than the student periodicals. For these purposes the Trinity publications were instituted and have since been conducted. In all cases they have maintained a creditable standard.

The duty of those in charge of these student literary activities this year is not only to maintain this standard, but if possible to improve it. Just as the College has experienced a very remarkable expansion within recent years, in like manner, the staff of THE ARCHIVE insists, the College publications should improve. And it is the duty of the students to see that their periodicals, *their* literary work, show improvement. THE ARCHIVE, in particular, desires the coöperation of the student body in attempting to issue a better and more representative magazine. It is a student publication, purposing to represent their literary and idealistic accomplishments. The editor and his staff are merely officials, deputized to represent the student body. We, of course, are doing and will do all we can to make THE ARCHIVE a success, to make of it a creditable and accurate exponent of the students' literary work. If we fail in producing the type of magazine you would like to have because contributions are not forthcoming, are we wholly to blame? See that *you* assist us in making *your* magazine a success.

Some of you possibly can write poetry. The present issue of THE ARCHIVE shows a serious dearth of verse. Some of you alumni can possibly write interestingly of your experiences since graduation. The alumni department of our mag-

azine has suffered for lack of contributions. No matter where you are, or what your occupation; no matter what you may be able to write, whether poems, stories, essays, or a mixture of the three, remember to send in a contribution. In this way we shall do our duty to a student publication; we shall help to make The Archive a creditable magazine, truly representative of the Trinity student body. In doing this we shall show our *alma mater* some slight appreciation, and aid just that much in assuring her continual expansion.

Friends of Trinity, let your answer be in contributions.

A JUSTIFICATION OF WORK

Too many students just entering college, and too many of those already enrolled, are inclined to the belief that college life should be one endless round of pleasure. They desire, too frequently, the privilege of attending chapel and classes whenever it is agreeable to them; they invariably want unrestricted liberty in the choice of their amusements; just like a pampered child, they want their every whim carried out with precision. All the while they apparently have forgotten that their care-free high school days are over. They seemingly won't consider that they are rapidly approaching the age of maturity, when the responsibilities of citizenship shall be thrust upon them. Their ambition in some instances, it seems, is to "eat, drink, and be merry"—with no thought of what the "morrow may bring forth."

This type of student must grumble and complain whenever a professor administers a just reprimand for needless absences from classes, must cavil at the assignments of the instructors, or show resentment whenever a suggestion incompatible with his program of pleasure is tendered him. Such students, needless to say, are not sought by our leading colleges. Certainly there is no demand, no room, for them at Trinity.

But in case some few have slipped through the rigid faculty inquisition, and are planning to poison the minds of well-intentioned students with their pleasure-hunting darts, THE ARCHIVE takes this opportunity to express to them at the beginning of the year a word of friendly counsel. All of us would do well to give a moment to its serious contemplation.

As every one is aware, only a very small per cent of our American populace enjoy the advantages of a college education. Thousands never finish high school; and of those who do, less than 10 per cent continue their courses in college to completion. The number of college-bred men and women in the United States—although this number, we are glad to say, is yearly increasing—is scarcely a spoke in the wheel of our total population. Yet naturally, under normal conditions, we look to our college graduates for political, civic, religious, and all kinds of leadership. How, then, shall the boys in college who are knowingly wasting time justify their actions when later in life they find themselves unprepared to answer the call of public service? There is no justification. If we are unwilling to improve ourselves so that in time of stress our less advantaged brothers may call on us, have we the right to waste our time and that of our instructors in college? Would it not be better for our colleges to disinherit such parasitic creatures in favor of those more willing to improve?

One chief purpose of a college education is to prepare men and women for citizenship and leadership. Only a very small per cent of our population attempt through collegiate self-improvement to become eligible for this leadership. Is it any wonder, then, that those guiding our modern educational institutions become vexed, and legislate against parasitic inmates who scoff at opportunities and make light of obligations as prospective leaders? The college in thwarting the pleasurable intentions of these loafing parasites is but performing its duty.

Students are beginning to realize this fact. By the time boys reach college entrance age, they are generally attributed with the habit, or at least the capability, of individual thinking. Many of them have already begun to realize there are other things in life than pleasure. Some of them have begun to think there is nothing more in life—for them, at least—than work. To whom may they refer as having achieved distinction without the quality of work? Their study of history, current and past, only intensifies their conclusion: that to be useful, successful men, they must learn how, and begin, to work. Their stay in college, then, is but a period of preparation. Spare time is so utilized, opportunities are so improved, that upon their graduation they are in some measure prepared to start their work for success. Such students, realizing the worth of work, encourage and aid their college in its performance of a duty.

At Trinity, what shall be our attitude toward work? For most of us there is a sufficiency of labor in store. Why not get the habit of work while in college? There is plenty for all of us to do. The work of the Young Men's Christian Association must be continued. Literary societies are calling loudly for men and women to uphold their forensic activities. The College publications could very well use a few more industrious scribes. Athletic teams and all varieties of organizations are in need of working men to guide them. Get in the swim and be a worker. In whatever activity you are most interested or most proficient, get to work in that department. Above all things, *do something!* It is a duty we owe our *alma mater*. Her business is to see that we work, for work is essential to our preparation for more enduring tasks later. The world into which we shall drift when college days are over has no sympathy or need for the man who *does* not, *can* not, or *will* not work. The whole world is working. We must soon take our places among its throng of laborers. Our college activities are but to accustom us to this practice and

start us right upon the road to work and success. How shall we improve our college opportunities?

Clearly, the authorities of a college are justified in impressing upon all students, forcibly if necessary, the importance and the necessity of work. And just as clearly is it the duty of students to appreciate the efforts of the College in accomplishing this end—no matter how disagreeable to them may be the means to that end. The College should make us work to help us improve; we ought, in appreciation, to work for the sake, if we are able, of improving the College. Work is thus a double duty, assuring reciprocal results. We owe it to ourselves and to our *alma mater* to do some work. What little bit we do is just that much aid to ourselves and possibly some benefit to our College. Then, let's all get to work, that we may improve ourselves and in so doing render valuable assistance to our *alma mater*.

WAYSIDE WARES

GAD! DUNNO

Gad! Dunno. Wilson or Hughes?
Some say one, some say t'other;
Ev'ry one thinks he's got the news,
And it's shore a lot o' bother.
Wilson, he's a man of note—
'Pears like that's all he's good fer.
Hughes, folks thinks, could run the boat,
If he'd say just what he stood fer.
Wilson's kept us out 'f a fight;
The country's got work and money.
Hughes is "hundred per cent" right,
And now he wants to get the honey.
Roosevelt shore has bolted once more,
But still likes to hear the old song:
"Teddy's greater'n ever before
And Wilson's done ev'rything wrong."
Who'll it be, I want to know.
Hughes or Wilson? Gad! dunno!

THE MENAGERIE OF SERPENTS

BY ONE WHO HAS BEEN STUNG.

When I speak of the Menagerie of Serpents at Trinity, I think not of the slough of despond where lies a coiled serpent in hidden hibernation among the preserved verdure of a winter's night. Neither does there come to my mind any thought of the blossoming beds of dahlias where in secret concealment are to be found reptiles even more poisonous than the little brown jug.

The Menagerie of Serpents of which I am prone to speak just now is a place set high upon one of the seven hills of our Rome. The inmates of this habitation are more venomous than even the boa constrictor, and instead of being won to a life of peacefulness by a snake-charmer, they exert a fascinating influence upon the charmer himself.

These unusual serpents, upon whose peculiarities I am about to dwell, seek no shelter of hidden quiet, but rather delight to see and be seen. They do not wend their way groveling flat upon the earth, but walk upright and are always ready for an attack without the use of a snake's customary coil.

The Menagerie is crowded with these creatures of deadly poison, and woe be to the man who, for the lack of knowledge or of intuition, enters their savage domain.

As I delve somewhat into the mysteries of this death-dealing conclave of vipers, I think of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey. To these latter, however, I cannot give much space or attention, because the influence of the former upon the lives of men is so much more strongly felt. I dare say many freshmen, contrary to the counsel of their senior advisers, have already fallen victims to the poisonous fangs of these deadly serpents. But for fear some other youth of innocent intention may wander astray, and find himself tightly caught and choking under the influence of

the ether administered by these cunning monsters, let me throw out to you a word of warning.

The inhabitants of the Menagerie have fangs that can penetrate deeper even than the beak of Poe's raven. Their poisonous weapons reach every nook of the freshman's heart, and a single look into their faces of deceiving fascination seems like "a little bit of heaven." When once these serpents have completely subordinated the character of their unfortunate victim, they lead him into the belief that study is a vain thing, that work is really a nonessential pastime for those who are able to love. To the poor victim of the serpent's fascination, Love is everything, and the satisfying of the wants of the serpent is all the world to him.

Freshmen, beware of this menagerie of subtile serpents, which in our German vernacular we call the *Frau Shack*. The hazy life you are now living is a pleasant dream in comparison with the dead *somnia* caused by the serpent's fangs.

It is quite an easy task for us who have learned something of the enticing nature of the poisonous reptiles to appreciate the following woeful ballad, which voices the sentiments of many poor victims:

"Broke, broke, broke!
'Tis a heartless world, oh, gee!
I would it were safe to utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for the Freshman lad
With his green-topp'd, empty dome;
Or, oh, well for all the rest of you
Who still get checks from home.

And the dreary world moves on—
It's the same as it's ever been.
But, oh! for the touch of a Co-ed's hand,
And the sound of her voice again.

Broke, broke, broke!
Starvation ahead I see;
But the kale that the Co-eds beguiled away
Will never come back to me."

EDITOR'S TABLE

FOREWORD

"The greatest trust between man and man is the trust of giving counsel."

In order that The Archive may not grow wise in its own conceit, or mistake its own shrill piping for the rumble of the world, we are maintaining this year an exchange department—a council chamber where East and West may meet. The true office of friendship is to give advice rather than flattery, to criticise rather than to nourish vanity. If the counselors whom we meet in the exchange wish to show themselves friendly, we beg that they tell us what we *ought* to hear, rather than what we *like* to hear. Commend our virtues, condemn our faults; help us to stress the virtues, eliminate the faults, and publish a creditable magazine.

We shall be glad to meet exchanges of other years with a hand for true friendship, and welcome new acquaintances as prospective friends and counselors.

Let candidness and free speech prevail, and we shall all be better for having relieved our minds and expressed opinions, free alike from flattery and prejudice.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

A CUP OF COFFEE

G. H. FERGUSON, EX. '17

She kept looking at me curiously. I noticed her while I ate, for I was too hungry to lose any time. I had left Chesterfield that morning at 8 and had traveled all day without a thing to eat.

Still I discerned a puzzled expression on her face as she sat at the table opposite me, attentive to my every wish.

The chandelier right above me threw a most pleasing white light over the whole table. I never tasted better food than was placed before me. As my hunger began gradually to be appeased, I felt more and more talkative—like the ruskin with too much corn.

"Can I serve you anything else?" she asked, as I drained the last drop of coffee from the cup.

"Bring me another cup of coffee and a piece of mince pie, please, Miss Wilson."

I had uttered the name before I realized it.

She jerked her head up quickly.

"How did you know my name?" she demanded.

"Oh, I heard the porter call your name as he passed through that door over there just now," I lied.

She filled my second order and sat down in the place opposite me. I noticed the same puzzled expression on her face as she continued to stare at me.

"What's wrong with this old head of mine that you keep looking at it? Any difference between it and other travelers' heads?" I questioned.

The girl was Irish and didn't mind talking to me.

"You know," she said, "that spot on your forehead,

there, reminds me of a boarder we had here nearly three years ago. I hadn't thought of him for several months until you sat down at that table tonight."

"Well, what of that?" I responded. "A little spot on a man's forehead wouldn't be sufficient to make you remember him so long, would it?"

"No; it isn't the spot itself, but it's how it got there that makes me remember him so well."

"And pray tell me how it got there. Sure, it must have been something interesting, that the little spot on my forehead should put such a curious expression on your face."

"Well, it's this way," she began, still sitting at the table in front of me. "About three years ago the grouchiest old guy that ever lived on God's green earth was boarding here. His features were just a little like your'n in the face, 'cept you'd make two of him, and he did have a little hair on his head. Well, that man made me mad as the very dickens here one morning. You never could please him in anything. The coffee at breakfast had to be just so, or he'd raise sand. The bacon had to be properly crisp, or he wouldn't eat it. The toast had to be just so brown and no browner, or he wouldn't have it. He had to have his eggs boiled two minutes and ten seconds, and he pretended to know if they went over or under by a second. He'd growl if we didn't get the food to him quick enough, fuss about its being too hot or too cold. We never could suit him, no matter how hard we tried. He had visited every feedery in town before he came here, and had the reputation of being the grouchiest man in Essex."

My interest in the grouch increased.

"And you say he made you wrathy one morning?" I quizzed.

"Yes, he did," she went on, "so mad I could have pulled all his hair out by the roots. He came in one morning snapping like an old mad dog. Think he got out on the

wrong side of the bed. The oatmeal hadn't been cooked long enough. He ordered me to bring him some more—just like I was a dog. Then he began to cuss 'cause the biscuits were browner than he wanted. I quietly ordered him to use more respectful language. I brought him in a second plate of biscuits, and then went after a cup of coffee for him. Just as I got back with the steaming-hot coffee, he turned loose.

"'I'll swear, and be cooked in hell,' he said, 'I don't see why in the devil they don't get some cooks and waiters around this joint. I'll be durned if I ever saw the like since God Almighty put breath into me!' Lordy! those words put the very old Nick in me, and I threw that cup of hot coffee right in his face. Gracious alive! you could a-heard that man squall down yonder at Fifth street, and that's four blocks away. Great day! the way that man cussed ain't been heard tell of. Good thing the hinges on that place down yonder were put on tight, else he'd shore cussed 'em off. Fortunately, a policeman got him in a very few minutes, and carried him to court that morning. Cost him thirty-five dollars to get out of the scrape. He left about a week after that, and I've never heard of him since. He carried with him a scar on his forehead about where that one is on yours."

The head waiter gave directions that the dining-room be cleared. I threw my head back and laughed until my sides shook. "By golly! that's the best I ever heard, and I reckon I've heard a thousand," I said after my laughter had sufficiently subsided.

The old chair squeaked as I twisted my two-fifty pounds out of it.

"Well," Miss Wilson, "that's one on you, all right. And you really didn't know me?"

NOTICE TO READERS

The editor is doing what he can to make THE ARCHIVE a creditable magazine. The manager is working unceasingly to procure a large number of subscriptions. But our efforts in point of making the magazine a paying proposition are but as chaff in a whirlwind without the moral and financial aid of our advertisers. Since they have kindly assisted us in making possible our existence, in appreciation we owe them our patronage. THE ARCHIVE requests all its readers in their business transactions to discriminate in favor of those advertising in its columns.

A classified list of advertisers is inserted on opposite page for the benefit of our readers. Since these men have helped us, let each one show his appreciation by patronizing them.

EDITOR AND MANAGER.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

VOLUME XXX NOVEMBER, 1916 NUMBER TWO

MANAGER'S NOTICE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the College.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students whom we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their Alma Mater. *If you do not wish to become a subscriber, please notify us at once,* or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of all old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

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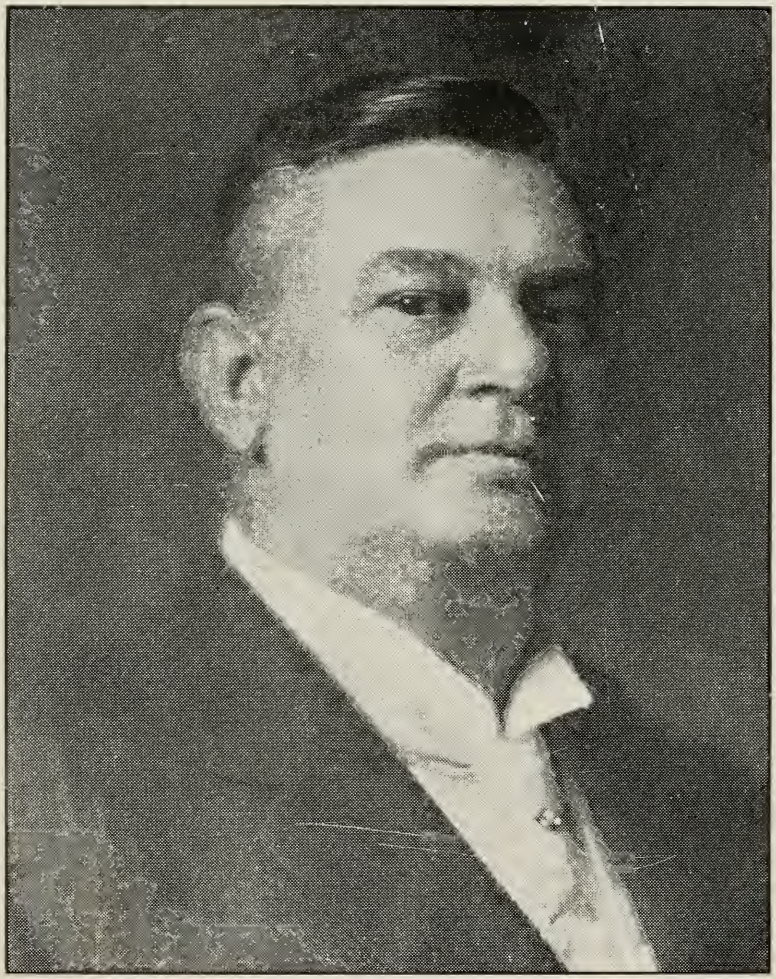

James Haywood Southgate
("Marse Jim")

The Trinity Archive

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., November, 1916.

IN MEMORY OF EVERYBODY'S FRIEND, "MARSE JIM"

D. W. NEWSOM

Back to his mother earth who gave
  Hath turned a giant son!
But e'er she wrapped him in her grave
  She found his task well done.
With towering brow and pond'rous brain
  He brought back days of old,
When shepherd hill and starlit plain
  Built manhood strong and bold.

Gone from our streets and from our halls
  The counsel of a friend,
Who gave us hope and lofty calls
  And stood us to the end.
His heart was like the big outdoors,
  His eye the glad sunshine;
His voice seemed as the sea that roars
  A mystic peace, divine.

He dwelt upon the sunlit hills
  Where God's great winds go by;
He loved the rhythm of the rills,
  He loved the wondrous sky.
The sweetness of the upturned soil,
  The fragrance of the hay,
And rugged, honest sons of toil
  Made glad each closing day.

The robin and the redbird found
A haven on his hill;
He watched the field mouse in the ground
And loved the daffodil.
He loved the clouds that passed along,
The lightning's flash and flight;
He loved the gentle cricket's song
When quiet filled the night.

There was a generous fireside glow
Within his cabin home,
Where young and old might come and go,
Where memory might roam.
None can forget the genial smile,
The bounding, inward joy
He gave in that old-fashioned style,
"How goes the world, old boy?"

He seemed a part of all we owned—
The home, the church, the school;
Sweet charity his life enthroned,
He lived the golden rule.
On rostrum or at banquet mirth,
At desk or 'mid the crowds,
He lived with feet upon the earth
And head above the clouds.

Where'er he touched his mother earth
She gleamed with beauty rare;
He gave a rich and hallowed worth
To land and sea and air.
His was the universal life
That knows nor time nor place,
That struggles with a kingly strife
To leave a manlier race.

THE ELEVENTH APPLICANT

W. K. CARR.

"Well, what luck?"

"Collins was bum. He talked like a book agent and looked like Rip Van Winkle. This business is getting on my nerves. We must find a man in time for the rehearsal this afternoon."

The junior partner of the Wagner Theatrical Company was seated at his desk. Harris, in charge of the personnel of the cast for the new drama, *The Mendicant,* had just returned from another fruitless try-out of an applicant for a very important part in the new play.

"Confound it, Harris!" thundered Wagner, punctuating his remark with a violent blow on the arm of his mahogany revolving chair, "that's the tenth man that has failed to make good. Let's take that fellow Evans and make the best of the situation."

"Evans will never do," answered Harris. "He's too tall and his voice sounds like a fog horn. I have an appointment at 1 o'clock with a young chap named Vale, who wants the place. My Waltham says 1 p.m. now. Call Blair in here."

Wagner pressed a button. Blair appeared at the door.

"Is Mr. Vale out there, Blair?" asked Harris.

"Yes, sir. Shall I show him in now?"

"At once."

A young man walked briskly into the office. He was of medium height, very straight and boyish looking. His light blue eyes, delicate chin, and slim figure gave him a rather effeminate appearance.

"Mr. Harris, I presume," said Vale.

"Yes, I am Harris. Meet Mr. Wagner, Mr. Vale."

Harris proceeded in a business-like way to question the applicant.

"How old are you, Mr. Vale?"

"Nineteen, sir."

"I thought so. And you want to apply for the place as the 80-year-old man in our new drama?"

"That is the purpose of my call."

A peculiar contortion closely resembling a smile covered the critical countenance of Harris.

"Had any experience?"

"I played leading rôles two years in my college dramatic club."

"I am afraid we can't use you, young man. We must have the very best actor that the profession has for this part. The whole success of the production depends upon that one character."

"All I ask, Mr. Harris, is a trial. If you will let me—"

"I am sorry, but you would only be wasting your time," interrupted Harris impulsively. "I do not wish to be impolite, Mr. Vale, but my time is valuable. You may consider the interview ended."

Vale turned and walked out of the room very deliberately.

"I haven't time to throw away with such fellows as that," said Harris, addressing himself to Wagner. "Suppose we go to lunch."

Two hours later the men were back in the office discussing the problems relative to the new play.

"If this fruitless search lasts much longer," said Harris, "I'll be so gray-headed that I can take the part myself. These film men are putting the legitimate on the blink."

Blair appeared at the door and cut short the conversation.

"Mr. Harris, there is an old chap out here with one foot in the grave who wants to speak to you. He says that he used to be an actor. He saw your advertisement in the *Herald* and he wants to see you about getting the position."

"Show him in. He may be a second Joseph Jefferson."

A decrepit old man appeared in the doorway. He stopped

a moment at the door, peered over his spectacles at Harris, and advanced slowly toward the desk.

Harris looked at him in astonishment. He saw an old man with silvery locks and stooped frame, leaning heavily on a cane.

Harris arose quickly.

"Just stand right where you are one moment, if you please," he said, addressing himself to the old man.

Harris then walked over to the farthest corner of the room and looked his caller over carefully. His trained eye took in every detail of the elderly man's appearance.

"Just the type I've been looking for for six months!" exclaimed Harris.

He grasped the old man by the hand.

"You say you've had some experience?" questioned Harris.

"Yes, I used to be quite an actor in my younger days, but the travel ruined my health and I had to quit. I was born in San Francisco."

"What a voice!" ejaculated Harris joyfully, as the old man rolled the name of the California city across the toothless gums and through his feeble lips. "I believe I can use you. What is your name?"

The old man straightened himself proudly. His eyes became brighter. His cane fell softly on the carpeted floor, and a youthful voice answered:

"I was christened Christopher Vale, Mr. Harris, about eighteen years and six months ago."

JAMES HAYWOOD SOUTHGATE: A TRIBUTE

FRANK C. BROWN

In the passing of James Haywood Southgate Trinity students of the past and present have lost a great friend; perhaps no one has ever had all the interests of an institution more unselfishly at heart. No student ever entered the College in whom he did not feel a personal interest and in whose success in any part of the world he has not felt joy and pride; but he was not the less interested in any son of the College if for some reason fortune went against him, for among his noblest qualities was that of the rarest human sympathy it has been granted his friends to see. If the students were engaged in any athletic or intellectual contest, his interest was with them, and whenever possible he was present to encourage them; if funds were needed to help any undertaking whatsoever of the students or of the College, he was the first and most willing contributor.

But he did not love blindly: with all his love for Trinity College and his pride in her every success, he saw with singular clarity her needs, and he thought much and talked much concerning the ideal Trinity which his imagination made to stand out ever before him with great vividness—the Trinity he loved best and which he hoped to see. Like all men of imagination and great constructive ability, he was

> "Not content that former worth stand fast,
> [But looked forward], persevering to the last."

Thus he was ever a wise counselor and a most valuable friend to all connected with the success of the Institution, for he pictured to his friends with such beauty his ideal Trinity, the college of his dream, that all caught something of his bright vision and worked the harder for her success. He saw a great institution—great in material equipment, with schools, or departments, for the training of men and women

for every profession and with funds ample to meet the expense of her every need so that she might be free to set the highest standards in athletic, intellectual, social, and religious life, a college the mention of whose fair name should suggest all that can be efficient and noble in an educational institution.

Mr. Southgate had served the College twenty years at the time of his death as president of the Board of Trustees, and he was an ideal presiding officer; he was a born leader, able to get the highest service from all his associates: true himself to right as the needle to the pole, he trusted his friends implicitly and inspired them to the noblest effort by his high ideals and loving confidence; he was big enough and catholic enough to put aside all personal opinions where no principle was involved; and, possessing the keenest acumen to discern others' thoughts, he was able to direct all deliberations to wise and harmonious conclusions.

And all the students, as well as members of the Faculty and of the Board of Trustees, loved this man as few men have been loved because somehow his manly form, his frank, open, and benignant face, his kind eyes, out of which beamed on everybody a great pure soul, loving all and wishing all well, commanded the truest affection. Absolute purity of life and genuine human sympathy somehow make men love the possessor of these virtues. No matter whether he stood to speak to crowds of men among whom there were petty factions, or to political gatherings to condemn the evils of corrupt politics, or in religious congregations to remonstrate with men against their sins and point to a higher life, with his clear reason, illumined by the divine light of absolute right and good-will for all men, and with his position strong because he never stooped

"For wealth, or honors, or for worldly state,"

he always commanded the most respectful attention of his

hearers, wrought peace among the wranglers, and brought hope with his uncompromising condemnation of wrong.

His purity of soul and boundless sympathy drew all kinds of men to him: the poor sick negro, the unfortunate tramp, the discouraged merchant, the man with overworked nerves, he whose weight of sin was unendurable, the successful friend—all went to him to talk over their troubles or to rejoice with him in their successes; and if all of these persons could speak now, each would testify that Mr. Southgate made life brighter for him, and each would say, too, that this man was his own particular friend. His sympathy did indeed seem boundless, for no one ever saw him turn a needy man, black or white, away; all who went to him received a sympathetic hearing and help.

But not as president of the Board of Trustees, not as a far-sighted business man and leader in the city's every aggressive forward movement, not as a great orator moving to tears the strongest men in the various cities from New York to California as he spoke to them of putting "a nobler spirit of service into their business and into their lives," was he most loved by the students and others connected with the College; they loved him best who met him familiarly at the Cabin on the crest of the Indian trail, where one could call him Big Chief and see his sunny smile, delight in his contagious laugh, listen to the music of his big manly voice, and catch inspiration from his life, for the secret of his greatness was his life, which was indeed a great spiritual poem, possessing the deepness and sweetness of love and the height and brightness of faith. In the Cabin he welcomed, as only he could welcome, many generations of Trinity students, all of whom came away from his hospitable home different men—men with larger vision and with nobler aspirations because they had come close to so great a life. He lived a great life all the time. A friend once remarked to Mr. Southgate that he was going to quit trying to lay up wealth because he thought that men are

not remembered for their wealth, and that instead of seeking riches he was going to write a book, which would, he thought, make his name live.

"Well, write your book," replied Mr. Southgate; "but I will continue to go on my simple way, living one."

To a friend a short time before his death he said: "Well, B——, if the call should come to me before it comes to you, you can say for me that my faith was founded on a rock, that I met the call like a man, and that I was not afraid."

The fascination of his life was his deep spirituality, which flowered always in the rarest optimism and in the most genial good humor. He was deeply in love with physical life, youth, buoyancy of spirits, and all innocent pleasures, because, an absolute master of his own passions and realizing his greatest happiness in the "confidence of Heaven's applause," he loved all God's universe and delighted in its physical beauty and attractiveness, finding "good in everything." It was truly fitting that at the last the call should have come to him as he lay in his home on the great dividing ridge which overlooks the valleys for miles around and that his great spirit should have passed out from his room in the Cabin, the spot he loved best on earth. Stevenson's epitaph seems to express this good friend's feelings at the last:

"Under the wide and starry sky
Dig my grave and let me lie;
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will."

AUTUMN MEDITATION

CLARK ALEXANDER

When leaves put on their golden hue,
  And golden-rods bedeck the hills;
When lawns are white with frosty dew,
  My mind with thoughts of future fills.

I think of Nature's deathlike sleep,
  Its long repose in wintry state;
And these sad thoughts but make me weep—
  Winter's sadness, to belate!

But then my mind perceives—beyond
  This death period—the life of Spring,
When once again all things respond,
  And Nature will in gladness sing.

Thence, to that wintry sleep of man;
  And what shall his awaking bring—
A benediction or a ban—
  When breaks forth that Eternal Spring.

THE POSITION OF WOMEN IN CONTEMPORARY LIFE

JOHN CLINE

The position of women is undoubtedly of more direct and more intense interest to the public mind today than at any other time in history. In the first place, the women of today are freer from all sorts of external restraints and constraints than the women of the past have ever been. Modern society has reached such a state of advancement, or decadence, that the male part of it apparently cares not to oppose any course the ideas and energy of the female part may take. To verify this statement one has only to look about him. The present-day "lords of creation" seem content to look on with complacent indulgence while women steadily invade one sacred man's-calling after another; and they do not attempt to say "You shall" or "You shall not." Their attitude appears to be one of the "go-to-and-stay-put" variety; but perhaps they have a sneaking hope that some day they can say, "We told you so!" or "Now you see it!"

The attitude of the modern woman, on the other hand, is essentially one of self-assertiveness. The typical present-day female is nothing if not of the "we-have-been-crushed-and-now-demand-our-rights" variety. A strong and growing spirit of assertion and demand for recognition is manifested among our women in countless ways, the chief of which is perhaps their determination to enter and excel in occupations that have formerly been held exclusively by men. In addition, they are strenuously demanding an equal right of suffrage with men; they are making themselves conspicuous in the sports and pastimes of men; they are to a large extent assuming the freedom, it may be said the coarseness, of manners and customs peculiar to men; and they are even gradually adopting the mode of dress belonging to men.

It would seem, however, that these tendencies do not proceed solely from a desire on the part of women to make the greatest possible advancement, or from a belief that they

are really called to labor in new fields, or even from a feeling that the following of these lines will afford them the greatest pleasure. These motives probably do play some part in the new tendencies, but they do not by any means furnish all the story. On the contrary, a great part of this frenzied female versatility seems to spring from an indefinite but consuming purpose to show the world, particularly to the male inhabitants of it, that women are just as capable as men, that their minds are just as strong, their intellectual powers just as great as those that are supposed to reside in men. The present-day woman enters the profession of law or that of medicine, or even that of civil engineering, not so much because she believes that any one of these occupations is particularly suitable for her or she for it, but more because she is endowed with a double portion of the "I'm-just-as-good-as-you-are-and-I'll-show-it" spirit—a spirit that is prevalent in our ultra-modern womankind. Even that noble champion of woman's rights, the suffragette, would not be nearly so anxious to vote if that privilege had never been denied her; but the fact that man has been voting and woman has not makes her sure somehow that somebody has thought woman's mind inferior to man's, and she is determined that this reflection on her intellect shall be removed by securing the ballot for herself. In order that there may not remain the slightest suggestion of inferiority on her part, the enlightened and cultured female of today swears and gambles, engages in men's sports, rides her horse astride, and even wears man's clothes!

Now, if women really have minds that are equal or superior to the minds of men, why should they continually be proclaiming that fact? Is it not enough to know that this is true, without forever brooding over it and agitating it, and without worrying over what others believe about it? It does seem that intellectual equality or superiority could be shown to the world more clearly by accomplishing things worth while in a praiseworthy manner than by continually contending that this equality is a fact and continually resenting all intimations that it is not a fact. Do not this latter course and the

constant, almost rabid, tendency toward occupations formerly entered only by men, and toward the habits and manners of life formerly peculiar to men, even suggest a haunting fear on the part of woman that perhaps she may be mistaken and man may be right—that perhaps, after all, her mind may really be inferior to his? Agitation of the question tends only to make her position less tenable.

Now, if modern psychology be sound in its fundamental principles, woman's mind and man's can never be exactly the same. So long as mental life, as the psychologists tell us, is primarily teleological, and thus all reactions of the brain are largely dependent for their nature upon the external form and its demands, so long must woman's mind differ very materially from man's. The only way in which a woman can think in the same way as a man is by becoming just like a man; and it is hard to say just how anybody or anything would be benefited by such a consummation. Woman's mind may be stronger in some ways than man's; his may be stronger in others than her's; but they can never be alike until the distinction between the sexes is obliterated. Furthermore, the mind of woman and the mind of man can never be enough alike to allow their strength to be mathematically compared. It is extremely difficult if not impossible to make a true comparison of the excellencies of woman in her sphere with the excellencies of man in his. So long as men are men and women are women there will be some things that are peculiarly womanly and others that are just as distinctively manly. These things are valuable only so long as they are kept apart and in their proper channels.

In conclusion, it may be said that woman's place in contemporary life is just what she chooses to make it. If she chooses to elevate and glorify her natural sphere, in her choice lies a great work; if she wishes to enter man's realm and surpass him in it, the task is hers. There is a fair field with no favors, and there are plenty of men to look on and applaud anything a woman does—simply because she is a woman.

PIPPA'S ROMANCE

HARRIS NEWMAN, '19

It was a warm day in July and the Battery was swarming with a motley crowd. Above the clamor of the elevated rose the shrill cries of the newsboys as they ran along shouting their "Extras." Pedestrians darted in and out among the passing vehicles; sweating workmen hurried home from their day's toil. The benches along the water front were filled with painted-faced women, awaiting their prey from the incoming steamers. Homely matrons, out for a day's amusement, with frolicking children tugging at their skirts, and ragged men, outcasts of society, were lounging lazily in the bright sunlight. The hoarse whistles of the passing steamboats, the clanking of chains, the splash of the filthy greenish water against the sides of the boats, the creaking and groaning of the wharfs, and the yelling and swearing of the seamen, all added to the turmoil of this sultry day.

It was a typical scene along New York's harbor. A boat had just landed and was discharging its immigrants. They came ashore carrying packages, bundles, accordions, and even hand-organs. The women wore dresses of varied colors, with shawls around their necks, and were bedecked with ear-rings and necklaces of gold. The men appeared in corduroy trousers, with scarlet bandanas tied in a knot around their throats. Some were whistling queer tunes, others were keeping up a steady jargon, and a few who had relatives or friends to meet them were talking excitedly amid embraces and gesticulations.

Apart from this group stood a young girl, not more than twenty years of age, clad in a dark dress and carrying a bundle. She was a typical Italian with dark wavy hair, large brown eyes, olive complexion, and a small mouth displaying an even row of pearly teeth. Evidently she was looking for some one. After a few moments the girl seemed to become agitated, and cast furtive glances around her. Policeman

O'Connor, who was strolling up and down his beat, noticing her anxiety, approached and asked in his rich Irish voice, "Sure, is it that yer lookin' fer some one, Miss?"

The girl glanced up brightly and began to speak rapidly in Italian. The officer scratched his head a minute, a humorous smile coming over his jovial face, and replied, "I don't git yer, m'am. Sure ye'll haveter be speakin' United States."

"Si, Signore," she exclaimed in her soft voice; then informed him in quaint broken English that she had been looking for her sweetheart who was to have met her at the wharf.

"Will, now, that's bad," agreed O'Connor; "but we might can find him. Have yer his address?"

For an answer the girl took a wrinkled envelope from her pocket and, handing it to the officer, said: "Si, protettore. Guippa he senta me de mon to come to thesa country, but I no finda heem."

The kind-hearted policeman glanced at the letter a second and, taking her by the arm, led her across the street to the "L" station, and gave her instructions for finding the address. "Ye'll find him, all right," he exclaimed good-humoredly as he helped her to a seat and with a wave of his hand departed, muttering to himself, "By the holy Saint Patrick, that's some foin lookin' ledy."

With the aid of a kind conductor, Pippa, for that was her name, left the car after a quick journey and walked in the direction of Hester Street, where Guippa lived. She was astonished at the sights around her. The street was crowded with passing trucks and wagons. Thousands of half-naked children were playing tag, rolling hoops, splashing in the dirty water of the gutters, knocking over trash cans, and sticking their dirty fingers in the rank smelling refuse. A vendor was standing on the corner waving a fan in an effort to chase away the swarm of flies from his stock of sticky candy. Old men with heavy packs upon their backs and young women with sallow skins and sunken cheeks were scurrying by. On the fire-escapes of the tenement-houses infants

were lying, trying to escape the fierce summer's heat. Women were leaning out of the windows conversing in shrill voices. Below the level of the street were dusty shoe-shops, candy stores, and cheap restaurants placarded with grotesque Yiddish signs. The garlic-smelling air was filled with the yelping of dogs, the cries and laughter of children, and the thundering noise of passing traffic.

Pippa made her way cautiously through the throng, glancing up occasionally at the numbers above the doors. Presently she stopped before the meanest tenement-house and faltered for a moment. "You know where Guippa live?" she inquired anxiously of a sallow-faced youth in a battered shirt, who was smoking a cigarette.

"Naw, I don't know no such dago. He ain't livin' round here," replied the boy as he inhaled a puff from the weed.

"Yes he do, too," chirped in a girl, who was trying to slide down the banisters. "Him and a whole gang of them Etalians lives yonder to yer right," pointing with a dirty finger in the direction of the stairs.

Pippa cautiously entered the dark hall and mounted the rickety stairs. The place was unlighted save for a faint light which came through the dirty cobwebbed window at the rear. The bare walls were cracked and the place was filled with a moldy odor. Bewildered and frightened, she stumbled over empty bottles as she fumbled her way toward the rear of the hall. Snatches of conversation drifted over the transom.

"We gotta make a haul this time," the girl heard a harsh voice exclaim. "All you guys got ter do is ter swipe the kid and we'll take the brat down ter de fonce, Dutch Mary, an' keep 'im till the old man comes acrost wid de swag."

Another voice broke in: "Ef we steala da babe we getta much da mon."

"Suppos'n we gits caught by de bulls or a stool? What den? My constitushun don't feel much like takin' a vacashun up der river."

"Gwan!" replied the first speaker, with an oath; "ter hell wid con men or bulls. Der ain't goin' ter be no danger. The old gent will come acrost in a hurry."

"Ef he don't we killa da babe quick." Pippa stood terrified. She recognized the voice of Guippa. He was going to kidnap a child and hold it for ransom! Her breast heaved with excitement, and she choked back a sob. What could she do? Her first impulse was to enter the room and remonstrate with the men, but knowing her lover's temper, she hesitated, realizing that she would only be beaten for eavesdropping.

"I no lova heem no more:" she groaned. "He mean to killa da leetle babe." Making up her mind in an instant, she fled swiftly down the steps into the street. Outside she looked nervously up and down the block for assistance, but no officer was in sight.

At this moment Policeman O'Connor was just returning home from duty. He was swinging his club and whistling snatches from a popular song. He had been thinking of the little girl whom he had befriended. Pippa spied him and with a glad cry ran up toward the officer. "Sure, now, what's this I'm seein?" said the son of Erin, his face lighting up with a smile. "Well! if it ain't the lady I saw s'afternoon."

"He mean to killa da bambino!" cried the girl, nervously wringing her handkerchief into a knot, "an' I no lova heem."

"What's all this gingo yer sayin, m'am?" exclaimed the puzzled policeman.

"I finda da house, but hear da men say steala da babe, and I run tella you."

The officer grabbed her by the shoulders and repeated his question. After much effort he succeeded in getting the girl's story.

"Sure, now, yer a foin goil if I do be tellin' yer. So them dagoes are goin' to steal a kid, are they?" He struck the pavement several times with his club, and presently two offi-

cers appeared. He hurriedly explained the situation, and the officers with Pippa at their heels ran to the tenement-house. Quickly mounting the steps, they hurried down the hall.. O'Connor burst open the door and the policemen rushed in. The occupants, though taken by surprise, put up a fierce fight. Chairs were broken, bottles smashed, and clothes torn before two of the ruffians were overcome. Guippa, freeing himself from his antagonists, stepped back against the wall and drew a dangerous looking knife. O'Connor's Irish blood was up, and he made a dive for the Italian. In the struggle that followed the plucky officer fell, and the Italian raised his knife, about to strike, when Pippa, grabbing a bottle, threw it at the man's head. He fell to the floor with a groan, and the officer quickly handcuffed him.

"Sure, now, if it ain't Limpy Dorgan!" exclaimed O'Connor as he glanced at one of the prisoners. "Ye'll be makin' the chief a happy man whin he sees yer, and ye'll be havin' yer picture took for his little gallery. I'm hearin' that there's foive hundred dollars reward fer yer, an' this little ledy's goin' to git it," he added, glancing fondly at Pippa. Guippa, his face begrimed with dirt and blood, was staring sullenly at her.

"It's sure been a nice bit of exercise," added one of the officers, mopping his perspiring brow with a handkerchief. The prisoners were dragged, none too gently, down the steps and presently a patrol arrived to carry them to the station-house.

"Don't yer be worrin' about thim spalpeens," said O'Connor, wrathfully.

"But what I gonna do now?" asked the girl tearfully, glancing up at the large officer.

"Nivir ye mind about that, darlint. Sure, me old mither will take care of ye, an' I loikes ye a plenty, mesilf," volunteered the patrolman tenderly.

The little Italian girl placed her small hand in the officer's large rough one and smiled happily, "Si, signore perliceman."

HAPPINESS

JAKE

A favorite book
And a cosy nook
By a fire that is red and warm;
Outside it may blow,
It may rain or snow—
But my peace it never can harm.
With full content
The hours are spent
With friends both young and old,
Who close and deep
My fancies keep,
Till all is forgot
And I am as not
Alive, but in worlds my books enfold.

BOOK REVIEW

H. G. Wells, *Mr. Britling Sees It Through.* New York. Macmillan Co. 1916, 443 pp. $1.50.

This latest novel by Mr. Wells is a war story through and through. First there is England at peace, the England of June and July; then the incredulous England mobilizing, the England of early August; and finally England at war. And it is when war really comes and sons leave for the front that England sees herself, and Mr. Britling sees England, as she really is. The story is not primarily one of the front, nor is it a story of Lombard Street at war; it deals more with the battles that are going on in the minds of the people that make the real England. What about this war, anyway? What does it really mean?

The setting is in a real English community; at Matching's Easy and more especially at Mr. Britling's home, the Dower House in Essex, north of London. This community is one of many in England that are quite a contrast to the new England; it is England of the eighteenth century.

Here at the Dower House and Matching's Easy in the early summer of 1914 everybody from the German tutor, Herr Heinrich, to the smallest of the Britlings, played hockey and danced and talked in a free, easy way. Mr. Diseck, "the rather underworked and rather overpaid secretary of the Massachusetts Society for the Study of Contemporary Thought," during his visit to Mr. Britling, made long looks at Cessie Corner, the sister-in-law of Mr. Britling's secretary. Mr. Britling, the head of the house, wrote articles for periodicals in England and America when he was not too busy with an illicit love affair. At Matching's Easy there were no indications of war; they all liked the young German tutor. The talk was of a political trial in France, "the discord of suffrage and the discord of labor in England, and the Irish question."

Then came those last days of July and the first days of August; still war was incredible to every one at Matching's Easy—to every one except the German tutor. All talked of the power of England, but mostly they talked of the foolishness of war. Then Germany declared war and Herr Heinrich left, to go to the front if he was needed. Belgium was invaded. Was Germany mad? What would England do? Then England declared war. Yet at Matching's Easy there was no feeling against Germany. Mr. Britling and the entire household liked Herr Heinrich; they liked those other German people they had met on a recent vacation spent at a German resort; those Germans were a friendly, simple, likeable people. What had come over these friendly people—had they gone mad? Surely, England, Russia, and France would soon crush them. Still Matching's Easy did not like the idea of going to war.

But England and France and Russia did not crush Germany. The British troops when they reached the front fell appallingly before the German guns. Yet what was the war to Matching's Easy—to all the Matching's Easies that make up England? "The last home that was burnt within one hundred miles of Matching's Easy had been burnt by the Danes, rather more than a thousand years ago. They never dreamed that the war would come within three hundred miles of them. But again England was to fight in a war which was to light fires in England and bring death to English people on English soil. These things, however, were inconceivable at Matching's Easy in August, 1914. Such things must happen before they can be comprehended as possible."

It was not until Mr. Britling's son, Hugh, left for the army, and refugees from Belgium came with terrible stories, and German aeroplanes began to drop bombs on English soil, that Mr. Britling and Matching's Easy began to realize what the war was like. It is then that they began to realize that while all the Matching's Easies in England were playing hockey and

dancing, the people in Germany were systematizing themselves, becoming more efficient, preparing for war. He recalled how the German tutor had insisted on having a certain way to do everything—he wanted to index the library, and he rebelled in a kind way against the loose life of Matching's Easy.

The stories which the refugees who were accommodated in his house told Mr. Britling he did not believe; "he did his utmost not to believe these things. They contradicted his habitual world. They produced horrible strains on the mind." They might be the acts of stray criminals, and quite disconnected from the general operation of the war. Here and there some weak-minded officer may have sought to make himself terrible. The German people were not like that. Soon official reports bore out the statement of his refugee friends, and "his mind was pinned down to a definite belief in the grim reality of systematic rape, murder, destruction, and dirtiness." Then came the Louvain crime on all of this.

Instead of being lenient, Mr. Britling came to hate Germany with a bitter hate. The quiet, kind, friendly Mr. Britling wanted to kill; he wanted to lay German lands in waste and with his own hands kill Germans; he wanted to put an end to the abominable German Tyranny and Imperialism. "The young Heinrich alone stood between Mr. Britling and the belief that Germany and the whole German race were essentially wicked, essentially a canting robber nation." Not only did he hate Germany: he hated everything—the stupidity of England; America, a nation of "ungenerous onlookers." "You gamble on our winning," he says of America. "And we shall win; we shall win. And you will profit. And when we have won a victory only one shade less terrible than defeat, then you think you will come in and tinker with our peace. Bleed us a little more to please your hyphenated patriots."

But Mr. Britling did not stay in this "pessimistic pit." He ends by seeing it through. "And in the process of searching his soul he does not rest on his first impulse, to maintain merely the assailed goodness of England, the 'deep and long unspoken desire for kindliness and fairness.' He accepts the existence of 'the truer Germany that is thought and system' and acknowledges its conflict with an England not always great." He realizes that there is something fundamentally wrong, not only with England and Germany, but with all the nations. He maintains that international politics must assume a new rôle; it is something that must concern every one. "No life is safe, no happiness is safe, there is no chance of bettering life until we have made an end to all that causes war. We have to put an end to the folly and vanity of kings, and to any people ruling any people but themselves. There is no convenience, there is no justice in any people ruling any people but themselves; the ruling of men by others, who have not their creeds and their languages and their ignorances and their prejudices, that is the fundamental folly that has killed these millions. To end that folly is as much our duty and business as telling the truth or earning a living."

But what of God in this well-nigh world-wide catastrophe? How can an omnipotent God allow this folly and this killing when He has power to prohibit? In answer to this, Mr. Britling offers his God of limited liability. "After all, the real God of the Christians is Christ, not God Almighty; a poor mocked and wounded God nailed on a cross of matter. Some day He will triumph. But it is not fair to say that He causes all things now. It is not fair to make out a case against Him. God is finite—a finite God who struggles in His great and comprehensive way just as we struggle in our weak and silly way—who is *with* us. That is the essence of all real religion. Why, if I thought there was an omnipotent God who looked down on battles and deaths and all the waste

and horrors of this war—able to prevent these things, doing them to amuse Himself—I would spit in His empty face."

The purpose of the book is to give us an insight into the war, not as it is at the front or on Lombard Street, but as it is at Matching's Easy and all the Matching's Easies that go to make up the real England. It gives us a clear insight as to how the war is affecting the real England—how it is accepting what it could not conceive in August, 1914. And Mr. Britling hopes that not only the Matching's Easies but the entire world will see it through and put an end to it.

As a novel, this book has given us something new. There is hardly any story; the story element is shoved into the background by the nature of Mr. Britling "under the test of a highly nationalistic war." Indeed, if we omit twenty-five pages and a few names, it would be nonfictitious—something like Mr. Owen Wister's *Pentecost of Calamity,* only not so well written. However, to cast aside the fictitious element would be impossible—it is so welded to the work that it is a fundamental part of it.

The style is irregular, hasty, and at times jerky. But this, as much as the fictitious element, is a part of the book. It represents an irregular, hasty, jerky man living under irregular, hasty, and jerky circumstances.

ISAAC S. HARRELL.

THE REIGN OF PETER THE GREAT

A₂L

Mr. Peter Howe—Mr. Peter von Rensslaer Schuyler Howe, Jr., to give him full benefit of his inherited titles—sat in his own room surveying his world and the kingdoms thereof, and they appeared unto him good, for Peter Howe had that afternoon been elected president of the senior class of the Russellville High School. This office seemed to him to be about equal in importance to that of the Czar of all the Russias. Moreover, he considered himself by a sort of divine right entitled to the position. He was now engaged in a satisfied contemplation of the internal affairs of his realm. The prospects for football were good; those for baseball were even better; Bob Wallace ought to be able to make of *The Voice* the best high school magazine in the State. Then there would be some good times, too. The girls were already planning a lot of parties. Edna Farr was going to have one the next Friday night, and he and Nancy—

But here the gong sounded for supper, and Peter, still human as to his appetite, went to the dining-room. He little dreamed that there the serpent was waiting to enter his Eden.

Since the family had already heard of the election, that was the natural topic of conversation. His father's greeting was, "So you're king of the whole show now, are you?"

His sister Margaret immediately added: "Yes, and he's going to make Nancy Burke queen."

"I don't know about that," Peter retorted. "She's not the only girl in the class."

"Well, you don't seem to have discovered the fact before," flashed Margaret.

Mrs. Howe, anxious to avert the ever-impending outburst, said, "Nancy is a mighty sweet girl."

Mr. Howe's comment was, "Yes, and she's got more gump-

tion than any girl I know." With that the tension was lowered to the point of silence.

After supper Peter went to the side steps. Somehow the world did not look so radiant as it had looked before. Margaret was such a fool. She was always teasing him about Nancy. Nancy was not the only girl he could go with. Any girl in the class would be proud to go with him. Sometimes Nancy acted as if she owned him, anyhow. Well, he'd show her. Then, lest his resolution should cool, Peter went to the phone and asked Louise Hunt to go with him to Edna Farr's party.

The next morning Peter joined Nancy on the way to school. As they walked along, he said nervously, "Er—, er—, Nancy, I asked Louise Hunt to go to Edna's party with me. I felt like I ought to, because she's just been elected vice-president of the class, you know. I just thought I'd tell you why I did it, so you wouldn't think it was funny that I didn't ask you."

Nancy apparently did not "think it was funny," for she answered, sweetly, very sweetly, "Oh, that's all right, Pete; I'm going with Bob Wallace, anyhow. I guess he thought he ought to ask me, because I've just been elected assistant editor of *The Voice,* you know."

"The devil he did!" was Peter's mental comment. His audible reply was inarticulate. So that was why Bob Wallace had been so anxious for Nancy as his assistant. Peter resolved that he himself would take her to the next party.

But during the course of the week Peter's mind changed. Nancy had seemed to prefer Bob's company to that of the president of the class. That worthy official determined to punish her by withdrawing the light of his favor. Accordingly at Edna's party he showed his indifference to Nancy in ways numerous and unmistakable. He wanted everybody to know how he felt. A general atmosphere of constraint indi-

cated that everybody did know—everybody, that is, except Nancy. She gave no sign that she noticed Peter's coolness until, near the close of the evening, she sang with telling emphasis the East Indian chant, *Less Than the Dust Beneath Thy Chariot Wheel.* The selection impressed the crowd as being so singularly appropriate that a titter passed around the room, and Peter suddenly felt that his hands and feet were too large, and that his face was unduly red.

From that time on the reign of Peter was troubled. To outward appearances the class prospered under his leadership. The football season was successful; *The Voice* was more than fulfilling expectations; class society was never so gay; but in the heart of the president there was none of the anticipated joy in his office.

In spite of the fact that *The Voice* was the most successful of all the class enterprises, it was the chief source of Peter's troubles. From Peter's point of view it was too successful; its glory threatened to exceed that of the president. Then, too, Bob and Nancy were having altogether too good a time editing the magazine. Whenever Peter saw them laughing over their copy, he felt a mighty desire to kick somebody.

Everybody admitted the cleverness of *The Voice,* but some of the members of the class felt that it was sometimes too personal in its subject-matter. With this opinion Peter agreed. His feeling on the subject reached its climax when, on a page of local hits, he read these lines:

> "There was once a young fellow named Pete
> Who thought a fair maiden most sweet.
> He said, 'O Louise,
> Pity me, please;
> Just see how I kneel at your feet!'"

Peter felt that his self-respect demanded some revenge for this insult, yet he scorned to give direct attention to the limerick. He believed that Nancy had written it, and against

Nancy would his reply be directed. He, therefore, set himself to the composition of verse, with the result that before the next *Voice* went to press he anonymously mailed to the editors the following typewritten lines:

ADVICE

The girls act awful sweet and nice;
But when they're really known,
They're trying hard to string you;
So you'd better
leave
'em
alone.

If you do talk to one of them,
To sentiment incline;
They'll adore you in a minute
If you'll only
shoot
a
line.

Do your very best to fool 'em;
It's the proper thing to do,
For every blessed one of them
Is trying
to
fool
you!

Peter felt that in these verses he had effectively rebuked all feminine arts, and he secretly hoped that Nancy would suspect their authorship. She, however, gave no sign of such suspicion, and Peter began to fear that the verses had been lost in the mail. When *The Voice* appeared he eagerly opened the magazine in search of his lines. Yes, there they were. He exulted over them for a moment, but only for a moment. What on earth was that beneath the verses? He read:

MORE ADVICE.

You'd be a lady killer
If only you knew how;
If that's the case, I'll tell you,
Get advice from
Pet-
er
Howe.

Peter saw no more. He flung the magazine to the other side of the room and rushed out, feeling that the whole world had conspired against him, and that he was of all men most miserable.

The succeeding days confirmed his unhappiness. The teachers seemed to regard him as their lawful prey. The principal lectured him, using as a text his failure to live up to his official responsibilities.

Socially, too, Peter felt that he was not a success. He certainly made good his boast that he could go with any girl in the class; but in the achievement there was no joy. That his attentions did not bring great pleasure to the girls was proved by the confession which Louise Hunt, the most favored of his classmates, made to her best friend. "Peter Howe," she said, "is good looking, but he's not a bit interesting when you really know him."

Peter's feeling in regard to her was similar, but unconfessed. Equally unconfessed was the secret knowledge that Nancy Burke was the only girl in the world who did interest him.

Peter's relations at home were similarly unhappy. Mr. Howe swore that if Peter did not get better grades he should not go to the university, but must go to work in the paternal hardware store. Mrs. Howe tried ineffective remonstrances as to her son's manners and conduct, only to lapse into a mute but tender anxiety concerning him. With Margaret, Peter always had trouble and frequently actual warfare. On the

whole, home life brought happiness neither to Peter nor to any one else.

Even the boys, Peter believed, were turning against him. The bitterness of his soul was complete when Jim McMillan, captain of the baseball team, told him that if he did not get some more "pep" somebody else would be put on third base. Then, indeed, Peter felt as lonely as Elijah on Mount Horeb.

Toward the close of the term, however, Peter began to realize that there was yet some kindness among the children of men. Several causes contributed to produce this result, but the greatest among them was the baseball game with Radford High School, Russellville's chief rival. That game was lost through an error, a blundering, egregious error, made by Peter Howe, and Peter entered deep into the valley of humiliation.

After the game some of the team were expressing in the frankest of terms their opinion of him when Jim McMillan came up and said: "Cut it out, fellows. Pete made a bad error, but we all do it sometimes. We all know that Pete can play good ball, and that he will do it in the Marion game next week." Then, had such demonstration not been unmanly, Peter would have embraced him.

A yet sweeter balm was to be applied to Peter's wounded spirit. The next morning during Latin a tightly folded note was slipped to him. It ran:

> DEAR PETE:—I'm sorry you lost the game, but I know you will make good in the Marion game.
>
> NANCY.

Peter placed the note in the back of his watch and felt more nearly happy than he had for months.

The final act of Peter's reinstatement occurred just before commencement. Mrs. Howe felt that it was the duty of Peter, as president, to entertain his class. Accordingly the class was assembled in the Howe home with Peter as a somewhat reluctant host.

During the evening there was a telephone call for Bob Wallace, and Peter started in search of him. Finally from behind a rose trellis he heard Bob's voice saying: "Well, Nancy, I think our little scheme for taking Pete down has worked pretty well, don't you?"

Peter was shocked into immobility, while Nancy replied: "Yes, I think it has."

Then Bob went on: "Well, I think it's about time to straighten things out and let Pete know the truth about how things stand. You know he's still crazy about you."

Nancy laughed, a confused laugh. "Well, I don't know about that," she said; "but I do know that you want to get things straightened out before Charlotte comes up here to visit me."

It was Bob's turn to be confused; but Nancy went on: "How are we going to manage it?"

Pete at last understood the situation, and it was now his move. He stepped out from behind the rose-bush and said: "You all just let me manage it. I couldn't help hearing what you folks were saying. Bob, I came out here to tell you that seven-two-eight wants you at the phone. Now, you go in the house and, for goodness' sake, stay there!"

And Peter took his seat beside Nancy with a calm assurance that the reign of Peter the Great was to end in peace.

EDITORIAL

COLLEGE SPIRIT

One indispensable element in every college community which wishes to thrive is an abundance of college spirit, that is, an undying patriotic devotion on the part of students to their *alma mater*. Without some evidence among students of such a spirit, no college, however well equipped or well endowed, can long hope to progress. It is this indomitable, enthusiastic student loyalty which forces a college to move on.

How, then, in this respect does Trinity stand? Are we advancing or retrogressing by reason of our college spirit? Take a few examples. How does the attitude of the students affect the college publications, not alone The Archive, but all of them? They are handicapped at present, it seems, by a lack of support from the student body. A few students are always criticising. Some occasionally complain that a certain publication is not well edited or well managed, that the whole business is not up to standard. If not, whose fault is it? It certainly cannot be the fault of the managers when they are doing their best and the students refuse to help them. Editors are not, and do not claim to be, superhuman or infallible. They cannot themselves produce all the literature for their publications. They cannot with justice to their task publish everything submitted to them. They, of course, make mistakes; sometimes, perhaps, wrongly judge a manuscript. But it may be said of them that in doing the best they can with what they have they are certainly manifesting the true college spirit.

May as much be said of the other fellows? What of the student, the capable student, who *will not* lend his assistance? Does he show the proper college spirit when he destroys, but

makes no effort to upbuild? The fellow who complains that the *Chanticleer* last year was not up to standard; the fellow who attacks an editor for publishing articles which, he says, are irreparably hopeless, should get busy and submit something better. The editor always uses the best material at his disposal. If the manuscript printed did not justify publication, it was because the student body had not interest and spirit enough to contribute a more commendable production.

So much for publications. In other fields there is an even greater lack of interest. A really progressive college with the enrollment and the wealth of Trinity boasts a rousing student Band; sends out a creditable, well managed, and successful Glee Club; has a Dramatic Club whose plays are a good advertisement of their college. What are the Trinity students doing with respect to these activities? There is an abundance of talk. In our speech and in our dreams Trinity College possesses all the excellent qualities of any other institution; in our fancy there is nothing in which any one of our rivals can claim preëminence. But if we face the facts, Trinity College is right now a sufferer because its students are not sufficiently interested and are not actively enough supporting student activities.

How about the *Chanticleer* indebtedness? some one asks. Did not the students then show the proper college spirit? The action of the student body in promising to pay this back debt was, in a sense, commendable. But stop a minute to think, and the students deserve only a mite of credit. We were simply agreeing to assume an indebtedness which our failure to pay the year before had incurred. If we had really done our duty, if the students had shown the true college spirit, all bills would have been paid beforehand, and there would have been no call to liquidate any past indebtedness. As it was, when the authorities stopped the publication of the 1917 Annual until bills of the past were paid, when the honor and the prestige of the student body were directly appealed to,

the students came forward and subscribed the necessary funds. Their action, of course, was laudable. We deserve *some* credit for doing this year what we ought to have done last year. But *real* college spirit would never have permitted any debts of the students to remain unpaid.

The action of the students in paying their bills *when they had to* shows there is at least some semblance of college spirit yet at Trinity. This needs to be worked upon and improved. The Glee Club and the College Band need to be hurried up, lest they reach us only in time to make music at our funeral. Our would-be Dramatic Club needs to be encouraged, lest old age bend the form of our Arbuckles and our Normans before its entrance. Basket-ball season is already here. We need an enthusiastic crowd of supporters present at every game. A few months more and the baseball season will begin. We must have sufficient cheers to drown the crowing of our mascot. Intersociety and intercollegiate debates are to be held at no great distant future. Nothing helps a speaker more than a large spirited attendance. And last, but not least, the College publications *must* have student support in order to thrive and maintain their former standards.

The point is, there are plenty of things to be done at Trinity, but we by our lack of interest, by our failure to show the true college spirit, are refusing to support many needed activities. A sure remedy is to get busy and start something. Let us all set to work and see if we cannot convince everybody that Trinity College students still possess, and are daily exercising, a laudable and the proper college spirit.

SOMETHING WORTH WHILE

Although Trinity College has made wonderful progress materially and intellectually, there are yet other fields open for conquest, fields which we are eager to conquer. Among these there is none more important or of more interest to the students than the communal management of the College book-room—the installation of a profit-sharing system, as applied to the Trinity College book-room.

Profit-sharing has only recently emerged from the experimental stage. Hardly any two plans are alike, and no absolute standard has as yet been evolved from the initial experience of colleges. Yet experiments are still being made by many of the leading colleges of the country, and there is evidence almost everywhere that the students desire to hit upon a workable system as a matter both of justice and of expediency.

Books have long been sold to students at Trinity College on the percentage basis. *Now,* when prices are soaring out of sight, is a fitting time to introduce some means of economy. The most expedient method of introducing economy in the College book-room—where economy has long been a stranger —is the coöperative or profit-sharing system. If introduced at Trinity College, this system would save the students hundreds of dollars every year, and would be an added incentive to prospective students to discriminate in favor of Trinity.

The coöperative system is in operation at a great many of our leading colleges. Some of the most conspicuous are Harvard, Cornell, Yale, and the University of North Carolina. It was only introduced last year at Carolina, but it saved the students of that institution almost a thousand dollars the first few months of its inception. So successfully has the system worked at Cornell that the profit-sharing organization has been incorporated under the laws of New York. Stock is

sold to students only, but they are not required to be stockholders in order to secure the benefit of profit-sharing.

The Harvard organization has operated with such success that the students have established not only a coöperative book store, but a coöperative supply store. Anything the student needs may be bought on this coöperative plan: raincoats, clothing, athletic goods, are all sold to the students on a profit-sharing basis. Clothing dealers sometimes charge from 40 to 50 per cent profit on their commodities. By simple arithmetic we may easily compute the saving to students if they bought their goods from a coöperative store.

The coöperative system is organized somewhat as follows: To raise capital to start the business, each student who joins the profit-sharing organization pays a fee of approximately $2. Interest is paid on the money invested until the organization becomes self-supporting, when entrance fees are refunded. Goods are sold on a basis of reasonable profit, and earnings above what may be needed to carry on the business are divided among purchasers at the end of the year. To give an illustration, we will suppose that the profits for a year amounted to $2,500. If it cost $500 to employ a student manager and conduct the business, there would remain a surplus of $2,000 to be divided among the students. Is this *small* profit worth striving for?

Why cannot a profit-sharing book store be introduced at Trinity College? The administration now in charge of the book-room would, we think, gladly turn it over to the students if they demonstrated their desire and ability to manage it. There are on the campus of the College and Park School more than eight hundred students. Suppose each student purchased $20 worth of books a year, which is a very conservative estimate—the coöperative organization will have done a business totaling $16,000. Now figure the profits on a basis of 20 per cent—a very conservative margin for book stores—and we have the snug sum of $3,200 to the good.

Allow $800 for the employment of two good student managers and the payment of all expenses. There is still a surplus of $2,400.

This sum, apportioned among the students, would not mean very much per capita, but put out on interest it would soon enable the students to operate a student supply store like that at Harvard; or, if applied to debating, imagine how much good could be accomplished; if applied to athletics, think of the improved facilities which it would procure! Ask the manager of the *Chanticleer* how he would like to have the $2,400 to apply to the Annual this year. Only a few years savings would be required to erect the long-hoped-for and long-needed gymnasium.

To some of you, perhaps, these predictions may sound Utopian, but "facts are facts and figures are figures." The system has been tried in many leading colleges, in many institutions with no larger enrollment than at Trinity, and may be said to have passed its experimental stage. At the University of North Carolina approximately $1,000 was cleared in less than six months after its initiation. There is no reason why Trinity cannot do likewise.

The Archive does not wish to be iconoclastic; has no desire whatever to protest against the established order of things. Nor, on the other hand, does it wish to be branded with Republican conservatism, or suffer the deserved fate of an illiberal stand-patter. Our position lies between these two extremes. We are not opposing the present method of distributing books at Trinity simply because we envy the professor his legal earnings, or simply because the freedom of the press allows us this privilege. Every one knows the selling of text-books is essentially a business of the students, for they must "foot the bill." Likewise every one knows there is made each year on the sale of books a big profit which the student body could use to advantage. The Archive has

simply presented a few facts and figures for the serious consideration of the College.

We are not espousing a purely theoretical system, but a tried and feasible working plan. There is no harm in investigating, and the experience is worth any effort expended. Some one with initiative come forward; let us organize and see what the prospects are. R. H. S.

ARE WE THANKFUL?

Shall college students join in with the spirit of Thanksgiving? Are students thankful for the blessings they enjoy? Let us face these questions fairly and answer them like men.

What is Thanksgiving? Do we know its full meaning? It is primarily a day set apart annually, by the Government, for thanksgiving to God for national mercies. Is it more than that? How are we college students interested in it? I would have each one of us imagine he is writing this article and ask himself the question, What is my own, personal, individual relation to Thanksgiving Day? Shall I raise my voice in thanksgiving for any blessings? I find that by answering truthfully the first question, I answer all the rest.

Thanksgiving is a day of national gratitude, but more than that. It has come through the different stages to be a day of personal gratitude. I am part of the Nation; I am part of the State; I am part of Society; I am a part of the Church; I am a part of my home. With the flood of blessings which these thoughts bring to my mind, there is no question as to whether I enjoy any blessings for which I should be thankful. The question I find, if I am frank and honest, is, *Am I thankful?* Am I consciously grateful for anything?

I live in a Nation that is peculiarly the leading Nation in the world, a Nation that is positively the leader in the great inevitable movement toward universal democracy and the

brotherhood of man, a Nation that is the avowed champion of religious, intellectual, and political liberty and the common rights of humanity, a Nation that at this time seems indeed a favored and blessed Nation—a Nation that has contributed, even in its youth, a tremendous share to the world's civilization. Just as the older nations have contributed laws, literature, art, and government, so my Nation has contributed science and Christianity, the two forces which have given civilization such leaps and bounds of progress as it had not enjoyed in centuries before the birth of my Nation. I am a part of that Nation. Am I thankful for this? Am I consciously grateful and glad?

What is the State of which I am a part? It is one of the federated commonwealths which compose the Nation. The State protects my life and liberty; the State makes it possible for me to become educated; the State mobilizes and organizes all of its wealth and advantages and administers them to me; the State directs agriculture, manufactures, commerce, and coöperates with education and religion for *me*—to the end that *I* may benefit and prosper. Am I thankful? Am I consciously grateful?

I am a part of Society, a society which offers to elevate me and inspire me to a constantly larger development, which offers me at the same time culture and human fellowship, refinement and common fraternal rights and privileges. Society of older days meant class distinction, political preferment, and unhappy national conditions. I am a part of a society which has aspired to wipe these things away and give comfort, knowledge, and opportunities to all. Am I thankful? Am I consciously grateful?

I am a part of the Church (I am to be pitied if I am not). I have come to the thing of all things that was established by the Creator for the purification of the world which had disobeyed His laws. Society would be a mockery, a thing vain and purposeless, if it were not for the Church. The

State would become selfish and oppressive; would breed ignorance instead of knowledge—would be a burden instead of a blessing, if it were not for the Church. The Nation could not hold such a world position, would not be the happy champion for human freedom, would not be on a never-failing foundation, if it were not for the Church. The Church gives me my religion, without which I live in vain. The Church is the gift of God to a world that had forgotten its Maker—the Maker who gave His Son, our Savior, to the world which even "knew Him not." I am a part of the Church (I am to be pitied if I am not). Am I thankful and grateful for this?

I am a part of the home. It will astound some when I say that this is greater than all the other institutions named. The first three institutions are subordinated to the Church. And the *Church came out of* the *home.* The home is the beginning of all. God established the home *before* He established the Church, and the first Church He established was *in* a home. I have loved ones who have reared me and blessed me. They have given to me freely of their love and devotion, have counseled me wisely for my daily life and work. The home awaits me always with a glad and joyous welcome—always. If all else totters and fails of purpose, I can find shelter and comfort and counsel and love in my home. Am I thankful?

Am I truly thankful for all of these blessings? Am I consciously grateful for the goodness and mercy of Providence to *me?* Shall I join in with the spirit of Thanksgiving? Indeed, who would be left out of the mass of God's people who on this blessed day lift their eyes and voices toward heaven with glad praise and thanksgiving?

I would thank Providence for all of these things. And as I seek to put my praise in a form that will fittingly serve for all things, I look for the blessing paramount—one that comprehends all. I pass through Nation, State, and Society. I

find the Church comes from the home. And in the home all that is good and virtuous, all that is divine and lasting, is embodied in—my mother. Is it possible that I should fail to be thankful for her, that I should forget her? Remembering Christ and His mother, the Virgin Mary, I instinctively thank God for my mother.

Then, at this glad season, I would thus be thankful: I thank God for the Nation; I thank God for the State; I thank God for Society; I thank God for the Church; I thank God for the home. And in gratitude for the best that is in the home, I thank God as did a godly minister who prayed:

"I thank Thee, O Lord, for my mother—for the tenderness with which she carried me; for the courage with which she bore me; for the unselfishness with which she nursed me; for the devotion with which she watched me; for the prayers with which she blessed me; for the smiles, and the kisses, and caresses with which she warmed me; for the sureness with which she told me and showed me the nature of God—I thank Thee, O Lord, for my mother. H. H. King.

WAYSIDE WARES

A FRESHMAN, BEFORE AND AFTER

Not yet old enough to vote,
Medal blazing on his coat;
Graven thereon is his name:
A Freshman, late of high school fame.

Dazzling socks and varied tie,
Blasé air and roaming eye,
Pipe protruding from his face;
His bearing says, "I own this place."

(*After going on English a few times*)
Though not in years—he's older now;
With face as meek as the kindly cow,
His "Woolley" open on his knee,
Trying to learn 221 G!

A DEFENSE OF THE SO-CALLED MENAGERIE OF SERPENTS

(AN INTERESTED BYSTANDER)

It is natural, of course, that all the evils of the human race be attributed to woman. Especially is this the general nature of man. Let us return to the most primeval days and take an example from antiquity, the case of Adam, Eve, and the Apple. The story goes that the sin belonged to Eve; whereas, if the truth were known, Adam coaxed Eve to steal the apple, pushed her up the tree, and then gave her nothing but the core. I maintain that man and woman were created equal—the woman more equal than the man; and I not only maintain these principles, but a shiftless husband as well. Hence it is

easily seen that some one else besides "poor man" was stung in *our* nuptial agreement.

The author of the recent article, *The Menagerie of Serpents,* states that he "speaks not of reptiles concealed in dahlia beds or those of the little brown jug." Personally I am inclined to believe that the "reptiles of the little brown jug" were bothering him at the time he wrote his untimely article. Likewise I have observed that this same "One who has been stung" is still a frequent visitor at the Fraushack. Evidently he likes to be stung very much. The aforesaid author continues to extol the witchery of the serpents, but he forgets that a female is not to be blamed because she is attractive. It is a natural thing for man to look for the coquetry of feminine ways, and in betwitching her masculine admirers, the female is only accomplishing what they desire.

The author of *The Menagerie of Serpents* would make one really believe that women are deceptive. Are they as deceptive as men? To my intimate knowledge, the Fraushack Vipers have been able to separate the "One who has been stung" from only about 50 cents in change during his four years stay in college. Does this indicate that the "poor youth" has been robbed? Let us do a little figuring on this basis. Suppose that a fair damsel of our co-eds should be able to catch as many as six freshmen, and that these same freshmen should spend 50 cents a year on her. Wouldn't she have a riproaring high time? Just think of it! Three whole dollars for candy and the movies for one whole year! Add to this the time spent in talking to these green freshmen. The young "viper" in return for such a lavish outlay of money and good times has given the freshmen two hundred and fifty-two sweet smiles, has added twelve grey hairs to her own head, talked on two million uninteresting subjects, and has been forced to keep a freshman's company for a whole year. Has the "poor Freshy" been stung? Do you think he will

ever recover from his great financial loss? Or will he become a charter member of some new graveyard association?

On the other hand, is the fair maid recompensed? As far as good times were concerned, she could have had a much swifter time on her native heath. There she received the dual attention of Reuben Raw and James Jimsonweed. The former had money to spend at the drug store and only movie in her town, while the latter was the owner of a new big six "Roughroller" touring car. Again I ask, is the blushing maiden repaid for her trouble with the green freshmen?

Of course, there are freshmen who are greener than grass, but, as any fair inhabitant of the Menagerie of Serpents will testify, there is no freshman green enough to spend more than 20 cents a month on the ladies. The only possible blame I can fix on the "bewitching young vipers" is that they themselves are being stung by the "innocent freshmen." Honorable judges, I leave it to you. Should the freshmen take the advice of the cranky "One who has been stung," or should he continue to come to the Fraushack, reaping the joy and benefits offered by fair ladies?

Below are a few feeble lines in answer to "those that voiced the sentiments of many poor victims":

"Broke, broke, broke!
'Tis no such thing!
The money you spent for dopes
Should have bought a ring.

Broke, broke, broke!
Why, all your debts are paid!
The only thing you really owe
Is presents to some maid.

Broke, broke, broke!
Yes, you ought to be!
But the money thrown away
The co-eds got not from thee."

EXCHANGES

The first issue of the *University of North Carolina Magazine,* in addition to the more serious editorials and department contributions, contains several pleasing short stories and sketches. "Fluff and Fixedness" is the frivolous flirtation of a fluffy summer-school girl with a straight-backed pedagogue who is too much burdened with the freight of humanity to consider romance or marriage. The style is well adapted to the theme, and the spirit of the summer school saturates the story. The sketch department which this magazine maintains should be adopted by other editors who wish to encourage short descriptive writings and light essays. Contributions of this sort are often rejected for want of an appropriate space. The *University of North Carolina Magazine* has done well in providing a place for such articles.

In the *Wake Forest Student* for October, Dr. Benjamin F. Sledd has contributed a delightful descriptive sketch of a visit to the Temple of Delphi. The general informal tone of this sketch, spatter-dashed with rich humor, makes a thoroughly pleasing article. The *Student* should be congratulated on the virile, wide-awake tone of the various departments. Practically every interest of the student claims space in one of these departments. "A Southern Autumn" is creditable verse and the application of this prosperous season to Europe is especially happy: "Ere fifty years have passed of tranquil bliss, God grant to Europe such a peace as this."

The *Davidson College Magazine,* in its initial number, features a discussion of Shakespearean characters. The author claims that no dyed-in-the-wool hero appears in the works of Shakespeare. In agreement with John Ruskin, he maintains

that the really heroic characters of Shakespeare are in every case women. Follows a character sketch of some of Shakespeare's prominent male characters, a sketch in which the author proves, at least to his own satisfaction, that Ruskin's stand is well taken. "All's Fair" is a humorous short story in which two love-smitten rustics submit their claims to the primal ordeal of warfare, only to find at the finish of a bloody fight that a third suitor has won the "bone of contention." It is an ancient plot, but is very well written and is fairly interesting. Dr. H. B. Arbuckle of the Davidson faculty has contributed an article on "The Curriculum, with Special Reference to That of Davidson." He handles in a very instructive way some of the problems which confront modern educators in their attempt to shape the college curriculum to the needs of the majority of students.

THE ARCHIVE wishes to acknowledge receipt of the following magazines:

The Arkansan of University of Arkansas;
The Hollins Magazine of Hollins College;
The Acorn of Meredith College;
The Limestone Star of Limestone College for Women;
The Transylvanian of Transylvania College;
The Georgian of the University of Georgia;
The State Normal Magazine of Greensboro;
The Red and White of A. and M. College;
The Exponent of Bildwin Wallace College, Ohio;
St. Mary's Muse of St. Mary's.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

A MODEL IN REALISM

W. R. SHELTON, '16.

"Now, class," said the Professor in Journalism, "you have heard Mr. Collins' short story. I want you to feel free in offering any criticism that you think could be made on the story."

Every member of the class looked thoughtful for a moment. Then Clyde Fulton said slowly, as if carefully weighing his words:

"I think the plot is very clever, professor, and the local coloring is splendid; but it seems to me that Mr. Collins has an inconsistency in the character of the heroine. I hardly think that a serious-minded, conscientious girl like the one he has created for the heroine of his story would merely laugh at a lover's false reflection on her character. I rather think that she would resent it as an insult and demand an explanation."

"Yes," put in George Bain, "I was thinking of that, too. Of course, there are girls—care-free, frivolous girls—who would take such an accusation very lightly, even from a devoted lover; but in this particular character I think such an attitude is out of place."

Mack Collins listened with intense interest to this criticism of what seemed to be the only flaw in the technique of his story. He was exceedingly scrupulous about attaining perfection in realism. It was the goal of his ambition. He had chosen journalism as his life's work, and was aspiring to a big success in the field of drama and literary art. He was already credited with having more real literary talent than any member of the class.

"What have you to say to these criticisms, Mr. Collins?" asked the professor.

Mack thumped his pencil on the desk and looked steadily at the floor for a moment, and then replied:

"I prefer to withhold my answer until I have thought more about it."

When the class was dismissed, the professor called Mack to his desk and complimented his story in the highest terms.

"I think that is the best short story ever produced by any one taking this course; but you will do well to think over that criticism—there may be something in it."

Mack hastened to his room and sat down to think. It annoyed him not a little to have his special attempts at realism attacked so severely. He had set out to become an apostle of realism—a veritable literary light in that field. In order to get the best effect, he had sought to reproduce in this story the character of the girl to whom he had been engaged for three years. He considered it as necessary for a writer to have his models in order to produce a realistic effect as it is for an artist or sculptor. At the thought of failure all the enthusiasm and aspiration of youth came surging through his soul.

"It can't be! It can't be!" he said emphatically as he arose and half sat on a corner of the table. "I have known Adelle for four years, and I am sure she would do in real life just what I have made my heroine do."

Suddenly he gave a start, and then sank back as though some flitting vision had for a moment been revealed to him.

"I wonder—I wonder—" he gasped slowly, "if it would be going too far to put this matter to the test. I know it is cruel to even think of subjecting an innocent, immaculate girl like Adelle to such a false accusation; but this is art, a search for the truth, and I have read of deeds far more strange than this that men have done for the sake of art and truth. And, besides, Adelle will be only too glad that she has

helped me in my efforts at realism when it is all over and I have explained it to her. She will understand. She is different. I do wish it were over, though. I know it will seem like an age."

. . . . . .

Adelle nourished a thrill of deepening love when Mack called her on the phone and asked to come down in the evening.

"Just think!" she said to her mother, excitedly, "Right when he is in the midst of his new story he asks to call—and out of his usual time, too. Poor old dear, he works hard. I shan't let him work so hard when we are married. I do hope he wants to ask me another question about some phase of his story. I like for him to show confidence in my judgment."

It would be hard to describe Mack's feelings as he stood peering through the heavy glass door before ringing the bell to announce his arrival. Through the curtained archway he saw Adelle seated at the piano, her fingers moving gently to the magic of her music. He listened and recognized an old favorite, "Youth's Dream of Love." For the moment he sickened at the purpose of his call, and almost decided to drop the whole plan. Then came a vision of his future. Success whispered to him that his all was staked on realism.

"Why, of course," he said, "it's for the sake of life's ideals—of hers and of mine."

Ringing the bell vigorously, he stifled his conscience and steeled himself for the rôle he was about to play. Adelle turned quickly and started toward the door. Her face seemed to radiate all the realistic charms of loveliness. She was wearing a new gown, too—the most bewitching he had ever seen.

Her smile of greeting was not returned. Mack strode into the room as one burning with jealous fury. She noted his attitude and steadied herself against the table. Suddenly he burst out in excellent imitation of tragic wrath:

"You—you, of all the girls that ever lived! You let me love you and believe that you were a pure-souled girl—and now—and now I find that you have ruined my life! I have the proof—it's enough!"

Adelle's face began to draw and paled under the glow of the pink chandelier. The corners of her mouth twitched—her whole body shook. Turning quickly, she dropped loosely to the floor and buried her face and arms in the cushion of a big Morris chair. Then slowly between sobs:

"I have felt for a long time that it would come to this. I can only ask that you forgive and, as you go, bear in mind always that I was just a girl of seventeen."

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

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MANAGER'S NOTICE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the College

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students whom we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their Alma Mater. *If you do not wish to become a subscriber, please notify us at once,* or the magazine will be sent to you during the year The names of all old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

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CHRISTMAS EVE

CLARK ALEXANDER

O Night of nights for all most full of cheer,
For you the anxious hearts of children long
When seems a day a week, and week a year;
Yes, joy you bring to both the weak and strong,
As gathered 'round the Yule-log, burning bright,
Or jubilant over the gifts received,
Or with an humble soul and heart contrite
A life is freed because it has believed!
Then hail the First of gifts on Christmas Eve,
And let not man forget, whate'er his state,
That on the Christ he should through faith believe,
And once a year His birth commemorate,
And cheer to others give and cheer receive,
While grateful for this Gift of Christmas Eve.

HER FIRST OFFENSE

REVILO RAC

"I don't believe I'll go," said Lucy Pearson, with a sigh as she and Gaynell Miller finished reading a very urgent invitation to attend Clarissa Vaughn's annual house party.

"Don't believe you'll go?" questioned Gaynell, with a look of surprise. "And why not, please?"

"Simply because I'm tired of house parties," answered Lucy. "If I were like most other girls I should go; but Gaynell, you know that I simply cannot flirt and fall violently in love like you do on every house party you go to. I simply never could."

"For goodness' sake, Lucy, you are a regular prude! Why in the world don't you act human? Just think! Twenty-one years old and not one violent love affair! This is not the nineteenth century you are living in."

"Well, possibly I am old-fashioned and prudish," said Lucy, dejectedly, "but I never could bring myself to do what some one has termed 'playing with fire,' and I don't see any use of going on a house party just to watch lovers go around arm in arm, while I sit back on the porch and read some old novel. The men these days don't seem to like old-fashioned girls. No, I don't think I'll go."

"Well, all I've got to say is that you are certainly foolish," said Gaynell, as she ripped open another envelope with the muttered observation: "Um, it's time Sarah Baldwin was answering my letter. Wonder if she's invited to the house party?"

Lucy and Gaynell, though different types in every way, had always been inseparable friends. They were now seated on the Pearson front veranda reading their morning mail. Gaynell was a blonde of the chorus girl type and was well liked by all who came in contact with her, especially those of the opposite sex. Lucy was a decided brunette. Her hair

was almost black, while her eyes were a dark, rich brown, fringed by long, curved lashes—the kind of eyes that make men want to write poetry. The two girls were as different in disposition as they were in appearance. Gaynell believed in a good time, and was called indiscreet by some of the older generation; while Lucy was naturally of a quiet disposition and took a serious view of life, and, as Gaynell termed it, "wouldn't flirt with her brother."

"Oh, Lucy, I have a brilliant idea!" cried Gaynell, excitedly. "Sarah says she is invited, and she also says Dr. Wilbur Rankin from her home is invited. You know he is the one who has just returned from Europe, where he has been seeing active service in a French army hospital. Sarah says he won't even look at a single girl there, and they are all trying to annex him to their string. Now, Lucy, my idea is this: you go to the house party and try those eyes of yours on this woman-hater. You see he doesn't know you and your disposition, and he'll probably 'fall' like a good fellow. What do you say, Lucy? You'll have the time of your life for once."

At first Lucy laughed at the idea, but after much persuasion and some ridicule from Gaynell, she said: "All right, then; I'll do it, but——"

Gaynell let her get no further. "We leave day after tomorrow," she cried excitedly. "I must hurry home and get things packed up. Oh, yes, I have got to have some altering done to that lavender evening dress of mine, too. I'll see you later, Lucy"; and with that she precipitated herself down the steps and hurried across the broad avenue to her home.

. . . . . .

A crowd of men were lounging about in the Commercial Club of Hertford, Virginia, smoking and conversing in a friendly tone. Sitting off a little to the edge of the group was a tall man of about thirty-five years of age, quietly puff-

ing at a cigar and glancing over the evening paper. His crisp, wavy hair was prematurely gray, but his blue eyes were clear and had a look of determination about them. His face was clear-cut, and when he smiled he showed a row of even, white teeth.

"Well, Dr. Rankin," said one George Watson, addressing him, "so you are going to Miss Vaughn's house party, eh? So am I; I wouldn't miss it for anything. I always have a swell time at the Vaughns'. But, doctor, you will certainly have to break down that adamantine reserve of yours, for every one has a love affair at Clarissa's parties."

"You needn't worry, Watson," said the doctor, laying his paper aside and smiling. "When I am in Rome I generally do as Romans do; however, I never take any of those house-party affairs seriously. Oh, no. No danger of my boat breaking to pieces on some summer siren's island. By the way, Watson, who's going to be there?" And they launched into a general discussion of the house party.

. . . . . .

The house party was in full swing. Already Gaynell had several college fellows desperately in love with her. Each was confident that he was first in her affections, and it kept her busy to keep them in that frame of mind.

It was the second day of the party before Lucy had a chance to try her wiles on the doctor, who had thus far evaded the alluring glances of the others, and was that morning seated on the porch enjoying his morning cigar. He presented a rather pleasing appearance, attired in white flannels which fitted his tall, athletic form to perfection. Lucy was just issuing from the breakfast room with the inevitable book under her arm, looking as fresh as a young daisy. Nodding to the doctor with an apparently indifferent air, she made her way toward the large wicker settee at the extreme end of the veranda. Just as she passed the doctor her small crepe-de-chine handkerchief fluttered to the floor. It was an old trick, but the doctor "fell" for it easily.

"Your handkerchief, I believe," he said, approaching the settee.

"Oh, thank you so much," said Lucy. "Won't you have a seat?", and she moved over a little to make room for him.

It may have been her eyes, or possibly the pleasant tone of her voice; at any rate, the doctor avoided a very comfortable-looking chair close by, and sat down beside her.

"What are you reading?" he asked by way of starting the conversation.

It developed that she was reading *With the Allies* by Richard Harding Davis.

"Oh, yes," she said. "I am intensely interested in the Allies' cause, especially in the suffering of the poor French people. O doctor, do tell me something about them!" That, just as she had planned it, started him off on a subject with which he was familiar.

The doctor was not easy at first. For several days Lucy had to sprain her ankle or grow suddenly faint to gain his attention; but it was not long before he was looking her up, and on the third day after the porch affair he asked her to take a stroll with him the next morning. After that they were constantly together.

It was the evening before the house party was to break up, and Lucy and the doctor were strolling about in the large front yard. The night was clear and still; the moon shining through the trees dappled the smooth lawn with silver. The only sound to be heard, except an occasional tree-frog's chirp, was the strains of the "Venetian Love Song," delightfully rendered on the violin by one of Gaynell's college-boy lovers.

"Lucy," said the doctor, in a low tone, "I am thankful that I am living in this age. Why, suppose I had been born a hundred years ago?"

"Well, suppose you had?" she questioned with a laugh.

"Why," he said seriously, "if that had been the case I should never have met the sweetest little girl in the world! Lucy, dear"; he bent closer and tried to draw her to him, but

she pushed him away and said, in her soft, musical voice: "Not yet, Wilbur, give me time to think."

There! She had fallen down when the supreme test came. But something about the doctor's tone made her forget her intention of merely flirting with him.

"Tell me now," the doctor persisted. "I don't see how you can help loving me, when I love you so much."

"No; I can't decide now. I'll meet you down in the grove tomorrow morning, after breakfast, and tell you. Now I must retire."

He held her fingers to his lips for a second, and murmured, "In the morning, after breakfast."

As Lucy passed through the front hall on the way to her room she heard subdued voices issuing from the men's den, but would probably have passed on if she had not heard her own name mentioned. She recognized George Watson's voice:

"Oh, yes, the doctor certainly has Lucy Pearson going. It's a shame the way she 'falls' for his line. You know he told me before coming here that he could flirt with the rest of 'em."

That was all Lucy heard, or cared to hear. She ran quickly up the stairs to her room and locked the door.

"Flirting with me!" she cried through clinched teeth. She looked at her hand which still tingled from his warm kiss. Then she seated herself at the dressing table and looked long and earnestly into her own eyes. Her head dropped slowly forward on her arm, and she began to weep softly.

"And I love him! I love him!" she sobbed. Then she jumped to her feet, her eyes flashing. "But he'll never know it! I'll leave tomorrow on that 9 o'clock train instead of the 12 o'clock, and he'll be down in the grove when I leave." She quickly wrote a note and addressed it to him, and went to bed, but not to sleep.

The breakfast next morning was a quiet affair, just as all

the "last breakfasts" are on house parties. No one seemed to notice that Lucy had on a blue traveling skirt instead of the usual morning dress. The doctor noticed that her eyes were swollen and seemed to avoid his, and wondered.

Directly after breakfast Lucy went to Clarissa and told her that she had received word in a letter that morning to come home on the next train. Clarissa tried to persuade her to stay until the 12 o'clock train, saying that she could not possibly pack in a half-hour; but Lucy told her that she had packed before breakfast. Of course, every one was surprised, and Gaynell especially was puzzled.

The car had been brought around to the front, and Lucy was telling every one good-bye and begging them not to worry about going to the station with her. George Watson, however, insisted on going to carry her small hand grip and check her baggage. At this moment some one asked where the doctor was.

Lucy quickly said, "That's all right. Just give him this note for me, Clarissa," and then, "Oh, we must hurry—only twenty minutes till train time!" and the car sped away.

The car had not been gone five minutes when the doctor walked up to the porch with a puzzled expression on his face, and he seemed still more puzzled when Clarissa told him what had happened and handed him the note. He quickly ripped it open, and read:

> Dear Doctor Rankin: I have only been flirting with you, and though I am sure the flirting was mutual, I am leaving without saying good-bye. I hope you will soon forget me. Lucy.

The doctor jerked out his watch. "That train leaves at 9, doesn't it? Not quite fifteen minutes! Is there another car close around here? No, of course not! Nearly two miles to the station, isn't it?" Without another word he peeled off his light sport coat, for he was dressed for tennis, and before any one could remonstrate he had started off

with a long, even stride that had won medals for him in college.

The train had just pulled into the station yard, and Lucy was telling George Watson good-bye, when they heard some one cry, "Wait a minute there!" and Dr. Rankin came panting up to them and sank in a heap at their feet. Lucy forgot everything in her anxiety and surprise.

"Get some water, quick!" she cried to Watson, and in a moment she had the doctor's head in her lap and was wiping his perspiring face with her handkerchief.

When he opened his eyes, the doctor asked: "What does all this mean, Lucy? Why did you write me a note like that?" But a crowd of people was fast gathering about them, and Lucy paid no attention to his question.

Watson came running with the water, which was not needed then, and he and Lucy assisted the doctor to his feet and into the station master's office.

"All aboard!" sounded from the station yard. Lucy started suddenly as if to catch the train, but the doctor caught her by the hand and drew her to the bench beside him, and said: "Now, young lady, I want to know what you meant by writing me a note like this?"

Lucy was crying now, and between sobs told him what she had overheard. Watson, hearing the conversation, was quick to admit that he was exaggerating in his remarks, and begged the doctor's pardon. He also had sense enough, as did the station master, to think of something on the outside to engage his attention.

Lucy told the doctor all—how she and Gaynell had planned the trap for him; how at first she was only flirting, and how at last she came to really love him.

"Wilbur," her voice sounded muffled, and naturally it would, for her face was pressed against his shoulder, "I promise never to flirt again. My first offense will be my last."

AN APOLOGY FOR BACHELORS

R. E. PARKER

This is an age of bachelors. One has only to read the papers carefully to see frequent reports announcing that some rich bachelor has died and left his property to some charity organization or public institution. Moreover, a great number of the students who are graduated from our large universities remain single throughout life; and, besides, many professional men, particularly lawyers and teachers, prefer to remain celibate. For example, take a local illustration: 75 per cent of the attorneys in Durham are unmarried, and 43 per cent of the instructors at Trinity are single men. Now, it is true that much may be wisely argued in favor of matrimony; but there is something to be said against it.

The high cost of living keeps men from wedlock. The social requirements at present are numerous. Men not only have to build comfortable, luxurious homes for their wives and employ servants to do all their domestic work, but they also have to supply unnecessary money to the women they marry. Not many married women in the city are satisfied unless they have plenty of "long green" to spend at summer resorts, brilliant theaters, social clubs, and fashionable restaurants. It's the style now in New York for a spouse to take her husband out to Taylor's, Sherry's, or Delmonico's for supper. Such "doings" cost money, and the men usually have the bills to pay. Moreover, men have to supply their wives with automobiles. A few years ago a Ford would do, but at present high-brow ladies spurn the idea of riding in any kind of machine except a Packard, a Cadillac, a Pierce-Arrow, or some other reputable car which has its history written up in "The Who's Who" of the "auto" world. Single men observe conditions. They see business men poring over

ledgers, and sweating in exchanges, while their wives "blow in" excessive sums of money at fashionable resorts. They are aware also of the fact that young ladies visit considerably, dress extravagantly, and, apparently, never think of their tired old "dads" who hardly make expenses. In fact, some women cannot get a fit in a pair of shoes unless they pay $12.50 or more; and $75 is the lowest a lady of social prestige can afford to pay for a coat-suit; besides, no lady of "klass" wishes to pay less than $25 for a hat, and the styles change four times a year. How is a man going to pay for this extravagance? It now costs approximately from $3,000 to $5,000 a year for a moderate liver to feed his family and give them a change of diet now and then. Besides, women spend enormous sums traveling. I heard a drummer say some time ago that three-fourths of the people he met on the trains were women. Surely, one cannot blame the young graduates who do not marry, and the professors and lawyers are to be congratulated for their celibacy; they know that one can dress and board much cheaper than two, or more; and they have observed—

> "That of all the plagues with which poor man was cast,
> His enforc'd love of woman is the worst;
> Her crooked mind's a metaphor of hell,
> Her tongue's an engine which doth harm tell."

Furthermore, many a man remains single because he does not wish to be plagued to death with the relatives of a wife. After a man has married and settled into the placid belief that all congratulatory visits are at an end, who knows how many third, fourth, fifth, or sixth cousins will appear at careless complimentary intervals, to offer their greetings? How many twisted-headed brothers will want to give advice to their wedded sister? How many spinster aunts will come and spend months with their "dear niece," and want to know at every tea-time "if she isn't a dear love of a wife"? Moreover, a father-in-law often likes to take both of his daughter's

hands in his, and give her filial counsel different from that which her husband has determined to administer. And dear mamma-in-law must stick her nose in her darling's cupboard, and insist on knowing the combination of her son-in-law's safe. Then, too, in all probability a number of dirty-nosed nephews will always be on hand at holidays to eat up the good things prepared for such an occasion. These youngsters are forever tramping over one's head, or raising the devil while one is busy writing or reading. Last, and worst of all, is some fidgety old uncle, with eccentric ways, forever too cold or too hot, who takes delight in impudently kissing his little niece. No man wishes to be tormented to death by his wife's relatives, and, hence, old bachelors sit under their own vine and fig tree and say, "Ich Gebible."

Every bachelor has freedom of action; he can call on as many young ladies as he chooses, and he is never tied down to any special one; he can leave his room when he gets ready and never have to explain to a fretful female where he is going. In addition, the bachelor can go to a restaurant or hotel, and call for what he pleases to eat; while a married man frequently has to drink cold coffee, if he sleeps late, or eat thin, poorly cooked chops without any rolls. Imagine, too, if you please, the nauseating butter which some poor husbands have set before them. No bachelor would tolerate it. Yet many a married man sits meekly down to his table, scarcely dares to lift his eyes, and utterly fagged out with some quarrel of yesterday, chokes down detestably sour muffins which his wife thinks are "delicious," and disgustedly slips in a few mouthfuls of burnt ham. Such a person never feels like a competent sound-minded man until he gets out of the presence of his shrewish wife.

Finally, who has the best time and gets the most out of life—the father who keeps two or three crying babies for his wife to go to church, or the old bachelor who sits in his room, in a Morris chair, smokes his pipe in peace and quiet, and has

no one to interrupt him? The bachelor goes to bed and sleeps soundly, whereas the father is frequently awakened from his quiet slumbers by a yelling voice calling for water or cover. Now, is it reasonable "for one whose life has been but a nimble succession of escapes from trifling difficulties to broach without doubting this matrimony, where, if difficulty beset him, there is no escape"? "Can a man stake his bachelor respectability, his independence and comfort, upon the die of absorbing, unchanging, relentless marriage, without trembling at the venture?" I think not. Therefore, bachelors, live in peace, and "laugh up your sleeve" at your unfortunate brothers, for you know—

> "That help which nature meant in womankind,
> To man that supplemental self designed,
> But proves a burning caustic when applied;
> And Adam, sure, could with more ease abide
> The bone when broken, than when a bride."

BUTTERFLIES

D. W. NEWSOM

Oh, the lovelight of her eyes
Like the warmth of dreaming skies,
And his red blood how it flies
To and fro!
Keats and Byron seemeth dull,
And old Wordsworth such a pull,
When his heart's so raging full,
As you know.

When he sees her passing by
With the grace of butterfly
And a cunning sweet and shy,
Then he feels
That naught else is worth the while
If he miss the simple guile
In the springtime of her smile
That he steals.

How dare he greet that mild-eyed fellow
With a whisper, soft and mellow?
Ah, I hear him wildly bellow,
"Be it so!"
All the violet of her eyes
Looks as bleak as winter skies,
And his heart in madness cries,
"Let her go!"

A PLATTSBURG IN INTERNATIONALISM

DAVID BRADY

Norman Angell, though he may have been imprisoned by the British Government under its conscription laws, has nevertheless begun a praiseworthy undertaking. His work of interesting students in international problems, of building up and constructing an enlightened public opinion for the time of the "great settlement," has been steadily and irretrievably progressing—in spite of his personal absence from the work.

The International Polity Clubs or study clubs which he organized at Oxford and Cambridge and other English centers of thought have grown widely. This intense growth has been marked by a similar spread of polity clubs throughout American colleges and universities. Up to this year forty-two active clubs in forty-two ranking institutions have been organized, a federation has been established, and a bulletin is being published. It was my honor to attend, at Western Reserve University in Cleveland, Ohio, late in June, a second conference of these clubs, which marked definite gains over the gathering a year ago at Cornell under Norman Angell's leadership.

George W. Nasmyth, of the World's Peace Foundation, is president of the federation. But this year's conference was conducted under the leadership of Manly O. Hudson, professor of law at the University of Missouri. Delegates and delegations representing Amherst, Bates, Colby, Columbia, Cornell, Dartmouth, Davidson, Drake, Earlham, Georgia, Harvard, Illinois, Indiana, State University of Iowa, Johns Hopkins, Kansas, Louisiana State University, Michigan, Minnesota, Minnesota College of Agriculture, Missouri, Nebraska, North Carolina, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Princeton, Roanoke, University of the South, South Carolina, Syracuse,

Texas, Trinity (N. C.), Berkeley Divinity School, Harvard Law School, Andover Theological Seminary, Trinity (Conn.), Tulane, Vanderbilt, Western Reserve, Williams, Wisconsin, and Yale formed the student body of the conference.

The main subjects for the discussions were the international point of view, world organization after the war, and the international problems and policies of the United States. There were two or three sessions a day for ten closely packed days. On one exciting evening an intensity of interest was aroused by the attempt of some amateur hecklers to imitate the historical Madison Square, the Hyde Park, and the Boston Common open-air meetings. Upon another occasion, when the Mexican question was at fever heat, when the Carrizal tragedy was an incident only two or three days previous, and when American intervention seemed inevitable and immediate, an almost bitter debate was raised as to whether the conference should send the President a telegram asking him to refrain from intervention, to desist from insulting Mexican sovereignty, and to cease outraging constitutional government.

Although there was much talk of "social progress and the Darwinian theory," force as a factor in human relations, freedom of the seas, enlightened self-interest, and other abstractions in the coöperative and informal discussions in which the members—ranging from rank pacifists to vehement militarists—took part, the characteristic trend of the conference was to get down to specific foreign policies—practical issues—and the fundamental principle of the convention was to build up an enlightened public opinion in order to give America a rational foreign policy.

In addition, world organization and internationalism became personified and more practical through contact with such speakers as Senator Henri La Fontaine of Belgium, Sidney L. Gulick, long a member of the faculty of Dashisha

University (Japan), Alejandro Alvarez, counsel to the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Chile, Luis Bosero, a Carranzista, and Dr. T. Iyenaga, of the University of Chicago, from Japan.

Among the student delegation were several who brought hopes and an expectation of their ideals and beliefs. There was John Mez, president of the International Federation of Students, who was disinherited by an arbitrary parent because he rebelled against German militarism; W. H. Crook, an Oxford graduate, an irreconcilable enemy to the English policy of conscription; Suh Hu and Lay Chang, Chinese students at American universities; Prof. James G. McDonald of Indiana University, just returned from a year in Spain under a Harvard fellowship; Alexander L. Trachtenberg, a Socialist and an ex-Russian Nihilist, who satisfied his appetite for war as an engineer in the Russo-Japanese War to such an extent that he has become an everlasting enemy to all kinds of conflicts except word battles and heckling.

It is natural that in a conference on international relations the reformers were in the majority, just as in a conference of lawyers the prevailing sentiment would be one of dissatisfaction with existing conditions and the unjust and old-fashioned methods dealing with them. But the visitor who expected to find a body of pussyfoots or an old ladies' tea party would have been amazed to find the delegates not different from those found in a military training camp.

Many of the cross-questions and heckling remarks in answer to euphuistic or flamboyant utterances would have "made a hit" at a public dinner or a political convention. The director of the Columbian School of Journalism, who lauded the press with unstinted praise, was taken aback by proof from a number of cities—line and text—as to suppressions and distortions.

The director-general of the Pan-American Union blurted,

"Why don't you applaud?" when a bit of spread-eagleism, as to our diplomatic service surpassing everything in the world, failed to bring its customary answering applause—not realizing that his listeners had been discussing the American embassy where not one of the four men holding the highest posts could speak the language of the country to which they were assigned; and analyzing the inconsistency between our avowed repugnance to imperialism and our taking, little by little, through annexation, protectorates, and force, control over the land bordering on the Caribbean.

Moreover, the director of the East and West Bureau fared no better in his abstractions and generalities as to Japan's Asiatic policy and as to the friendly relations existing between the United States and the Orient.

On the whole, the delegates were a group of young men and women ranging from pacifists to militarists, who were vitally interested in international questions, who had something to say—in fact, decided opinions—and who had no reluctance or hesitancy in expressing them.

THE SONG OF THE ANGELS

H. K. KING

I sat and wondered at the world. I saw men and women living, working, eating, sleeping, laughing, playing, loving, hating, fearing, and themselves wondering. And I wondered at the complexity of this thing we call "life" and of this thing we call "the world." I saw, perhaps in a feeble way, the several stages of the history of the world. I saw the Egyptian world of culture, the Grecian world of art, the Roman world of law, the Franco-Teuton world of wars, the English world of letters. I saw our modern world—an evolution of all that has gone before—I saw our own world of business, science, pleasure, oppression, learning, ignorance, wealth, and poverty. And through it all I saw an everlasting nature that has been common to all mankind. Humanity has been essentially the same always.

I saw men happy, successful, and joyous; I saw them discouraged, broken, fearing. I saw women in happiness, their lives full of love and sunshine; I saw them in sorrow, bereaved or dishonored. I saw children gladsome, care-free, and healthy; I saw them suffering, orphaned, and broken-hearted. I saw people with plenty, with much goods and wealth; I saw people cold and hungry and cheerless.

I saw the world of goodness, love, and beauty, the world of hope, faith, and virtue; and I was filled with joy and gladness. Then my heart was chilled to freezing, for I saw the world of sorrow: I saw the world of sickness, pain and sadness, the world of doubt, fear, and darkness; and I was oppressed and heavy hearted.

So I wondered, then, if we saw, or tried to see, the meaning of it all. I thought: what if we could see the explanation of our lives, the simple meaning of them, and the destination of ourselves? I was led to this query, in this Yuletide season, by the simple word "Christmas." I find, in turn, the answer to my question in this comprehensive yet

simple word "Christmas." From my confused vision there broke in upon me a beautiful guiding light.

And as I wondered at the world with many strange commingling emotions, I saw the Means of Justice, the Messenger of Hope, the Minister of Righteousness; for I heard a message from the Creator of all men, the very Ruler of the universe. I saw the heavens bright with glory, as they sent forth the holy announcement. I heard, in all its splendor, joy, and music, with all its hope and life eternal—

The Song of the Angels!

GLORY to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.

FEAR not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

FOR unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord!

Such a song! No wonder the heavens shone with glory! The Song of the Angels! The heralding of Christ, our Lord, Jesus! The beginning and the meaning and the consummate definition of our yearly celebration which we know as—simply Christmas! No song has ever equaled it, no song can even approach it. It breathes joy and hope unbounded; it is as clear and pure and holy as the Life it sang in gladness.

And it brought in rapid review the real history of man, in words of the master authors:

IN the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.

AND God said, Let us make man in our image: and let them have dominion over all the earth.

And man disobeyed his Maker and was condemned for sin to suffering:

THEREFORE the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden. So he drove out the man.

AND God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth.

AND it repented the Lord that he had made man, and it grieved him at his heart.

FOR the people turneth not unto him that smiteth them, neither do they seek the Lord of hosts.

And in time the people cried:

MY God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give ear unto my cry. Remove thy stroke away from me.

I WAITED patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.

And the Creator sent his prophet with the message for his people:

COMFORT ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God.

HAVE ye not known? have ye not heard? hath it not been told you from the beginning? have ye not understood from the foundations of the earth?

THAT the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? There is no searching of his understanding.

PRAISE ye the Lord; unto thee, O God, do we give thanks; unto thee do we give thanks.

THE heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork.

Then the prophet came again with a message for the people:

BEHOLD, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel.

And long before the Child was born the prophet sang the song:

FOR unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

And as the end is the beginning, so we come again to the subject of this writing, the gladsome Song of the Angels:

GLORY to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.

FEAR not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

FOR unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord!

VICE VERSA

R. I. LEAKE

It was one of those long winter nights when the fiery fireplace emitted showers of sparks up into the chilly blackness of the heavens. I was at the house of my most intimate friend, Louise Ditmore.

This girl had a lovely disposition. One would not call her beautiful, but that slender prettiness and sweet face always caused one to glance at her twice.

Her complexion was snowy white, and her eyes were dark gray, that many mistook for black, on account of the dark protruding lashes protecting them.

Louise always wore a facial color similar to that of the blushing rose, and appeared healthy; still she seemed, at times, quite to the contrary.

During school hours and on the basket-ball court I have seen her quiver and turn pale at incidents that scarcely affected me. Perhaps this very nervous weakness, so different to my masculine strength, endeared her to me, and I began watching over her as if she were a sister.

I had been spending a great deal of the winter in her home, and my visits had been happy ones.

As I entered her parlor that night she was fumbling a note, and her face was so ghastly pale that I thought she was ill. Utterly unnerved, she dropped, without one word of warning, into a chair near the fireside where I was standing.

"Louise, what is the matter?" I finally asked.

She placed her white hands to her face and wept bitterly; but, calming herself, she sobbed:

"O, Ingram, Hazel is dead!"

I uttered an exclamation of horror. "The report can't be true! We saw her this morning out on the skating pond, and she was in perfect health."

"She was taken ill soon after she came home, and died about two hours ago. Read the note, if you like!"

Tenderly, I took the tear-stained note from her quivering hands and read the statement of the untimely death. Since Hazel was our mutual friend, we wept together.

Hazel was the daughter of one of the wealthiest men in our county. She, like Louise, had a kind and amiable disposition, and was petted and thought much of by every one.

Louise and I had never lost a dear friend before, and we felt this bereavement quite forcibly.

Soon we were at the house of bereavement and mourning.

Hazel had been laid out in the parlor, and there we went to look at her. Just two weeks before we had danced on Hallowe'en night in the identical room where her body was now lying.

She was like a sweet cape jessamine that had been plucked from the living world. It was the most lifelike corpse I had ever seen. On the French curve of her lips rested a smile, and her skin was stained with a roseate hue.

Louise and I, among others, were to sit up with the corpse. The hours dragged slowly by. In the front parlor the body rested on a bier, lengthwise, in the middle of the room, between a tall upright mirror and folding doors opening into the room where we were staying. On either side of this mirror we had placed candles. Everything near the corpse was clothed in whiteness. Several times during the night two of us, together, went in to snuff the candles.

In the early morning hours, when the other attendants complained of a severe headache, and lay down on a near-by sofa to snatch a few hours of sleep, only Louise and I were left awake.

Not many hours afterward Louise wearily said to me: "I feel as if something terrible were about to happen. The very sight of our dead companion fills me with terror."

"I feel wretchedly, also; but I am sure this feeling is the

result of my loss of sleep and the long and tedious vigil over our friend."

Just as Louise passed me to go into the next room to snuff the candles, she faltered, as if she were about to ask me to accompany her. I watched her carefully unfold the doors and enter the adjoining room.

I was sitting just opposite the door and could see everything in the next room. There were seven candles still burning. Louise advanced from one to the other, leaving the two on the table near the mirror, at the head of the corpse, to be extinguished last.

I noticed a tremor of her lips and an unsteadiness of her hands.

Suddenly she turned her head deliberately away as she approached the mirror. As she stood, with her head bowed, directly in front of the mirror, something prompted her to glance up.

Plainly I could see the reflection of her terror-stricken face. Jerusalem! The right hand of the corpse moved. The left hand moved, and a sudden convulsion of the entire body sent the drapery fluttering to the floor.

Louise had seen this queer, weird spectacle in the mirror and stood speechless as if she were stone. Just as the drapery fell to the floor, she tottered forward and fell over the body.

I called for help, and immediately the room was filled with our friends and neighbors.

Every one put forth an effort to resuscitate Hazel.

After many anxious moments of persistent endeavor, we succeeded in applying the restoratives in an effectual manner that aroused her from her abnormal sleep. Her father knelt at her feet weeping and praying.

Suddenly he uttered an explanation of joy—"Look!"

The once motionless eyelids quivered and opened, and the pretty mouth smiled. Life was assured and there was noth-

ing to fear. Peal after peal of rejoicing reverberated throughout the house.

"Now, Louise, come and see Hazel," said one of the girls, as she went over to the sofa where the former had been laid when she was overcome with terror.

"Louise! Louise! Speak to me! What is the matter? Come here and help me, girls!"

During our neglect of Louise, the fainting spell had proved fatal.

I had regained one friend only to lose another.

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT

REVILO RAC

Since Christmas comes but once a year,
And while we're all rejoicing,
Let's try and think of those so near
Who're sick and almost starving.
Let's try and think of those afar
Who fight in bloody trenches,
Who fight 'neath sun and fight 'neath star
'Midst human groans and stenches.

Let's try and think of the widow poor,
And while we're all receiving,
Let's drive the wolf from the needy's door
By sane and kindly giving;
And celebrate our Savior's birth
In a calm and fitting way,
By making peace and joy on earth—
That holy Christmas day.

THE TREASURE OF MONEY ISLAND

C_2

The moon was full, and a gentle breeze fanned the surface of the water, making it sparkle like the scales of a silver fish in the dusk of a July evening. Just where the moon path touched the end of a long white pier sat a girl and a boy. In front of them stretched a wide sound, dotted with large clumps of marsh grass around which the water ran in irregular channels. At first glance there was nothing visible except grass and water, but upon closer observation, far to the right and about a mile from the mainland, appeared the dim outline of an island.

Neither of this youthful pair had spoken for what seemed to them ages. All was silence except the lapping of the water against the piles and the faint roar of the distant white-caps as they broke upon the far-off sandy beach.

"Moby," said the girl, "let's do something romantic. Such a night as this is too beautiful to be wasted."

"I don't call it wasted to sit here and talk to you; but just as you say. What shall we do? Sail?"

"Sail? Why, we do that every day! That's nothing romantic. Let's get the motor-boat and go out into the inlet."

"Miriam, now, look here! You know as well as I do that's a fool idea. Why, you can't swim a lick! The surf at night—well, I reckon I won't."

"Well, if you are scared to do that, let's go over to Money Island and look for Captain Kidd's treasure."

"Go to that place at night? It's bad enough by daylight. I have been there often enough and so have you. You know the story that Old Captain Kidd's ghost comes back to watch his treasure, and that you can't get a fisherman to go within a mile of that place after sunset. Now you ask me to paddle you four miles to that God-forsaken island!"

She flushed, and before he could speak another word she quickly replied: "You are scared. Oh, but I hate a man who has a yellow streak!"

The words hit him like a lash. Yellow! Who had ever dared to call him yellow? His blue eye flashed, he bit his lips, and then a smile crept over his thin face. Slowly he got up and without a word caught her by the hand and led her to the small boathouse on the shore. He lifted a long graceful canoe from its stays and gently slid it into the water. Then, going to the tool chest which stood in the corner, he got a shovel and a hatchet, which he put in the bow of the canoe.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"Get in and hush," he answered in a none too pleasant tone.

She obeyed him, and took her seat on a pillow in the center of the boat. Then he picked up a lantern and placed it under the stern, waded out into the water, gave the craft a shove, and, jumping in, guided the frail canoe out into the open water.

In a short while they turned around a sharp point of marsh, and there before them, not a hundred feet away, lay Money Island. In the moonlight, truly enough, it looked like the abode of some spirit of darkness. The tall, black-looking trees stood out like giants behind the white strand at the water's edge, and as the faint rays of light fell beneath the crooked limbs, one could easily imagine that the ghosts of Captain Kidd and his men might be lurking in the forest.

"Remember, Miriam, not a word until we get to the treasure. I will dig at the place where the moonlight makes a crescent on the ground just like the legend says, but mind—whatever you do—not a word, or you will spoil everything."

As the canoe grounded on the sandy beach he stepped out into the water and pulled it far up on the shore. He reached

for a match and lit the lantern. Then, carrying the shovel and hatchet in one hand and the lantern in the other, he started walking toward the center of the island.

They had gone only a few hundred yards when Miriam caught him by the sleeve and pointed to an open space in the distance. She turned and walked toward the spot, while he slowly came behind with the lantern. Suddenly she stopped and looked as if she intended to run. In a moment he was by her side, and there before him on the ground was the distinct shape of a crescent. Terror rose in his throat, the hand that held the lantern lost its grip, and with a crash the frail glass broke into fragments as it hit the ground. For a moment the pair stood motionless. Then, like some one in a trance, Moby stooped and began to pick up small sticks. He arranged them in a pile at the side of the clearing, and soon had a crackling fire to replace the shattered lantern. He took off his sweater and hung it on a near-by bush, and then began to dig. As the girl watched the pile of dirt grow bigger, she noticed something white in the black earth. Quickly she stuck her fingers into the pile and pulled out a white object about the size of a cocoanut. When she held it up between her and the fire, she saw that it was hollow and had two holes in it. Then the truth came like a cold shower; she held a human skull between her fingers. Things grew hazy before her. Moby heard a faint sigh just in time to keep her from falling. Then, as if an answer to the soft moan of the almost fainting girl, came a distinct moan from the opposite side of the clearing. She jumped from him and flew down the path like a frightened deer without waiting for further developments. He followed. She reached the boat first.

"Hurry! O God, please hurry!" she cried.

Now they both paddled, and the small green canoe flew through the water. The moon had gone behind the clouds, and the water glittered like fire as their paddles dipped in

the phosphorescent surface. Then a quick gust of wind—the canoe swerved, Miriam's paddle slipped, and out she went into the water. A second splash followed, a strong arm closed around her throat from behind, and only the slim form of Moby Hollister stood between her and death. The canoe floated off into the distance and the boy knew he must swim with her back to the haunted island. At first it was easy, but soon his muscles began to hurt and grow stiff. His burden seemed to weigh tons. Should he—should he leave her? He could easily make it alone, but he could not last very long like this. The thought came to him, "Yellow? No!" If she went under, he was going, also. When he was almost ready to give up, he saw the white shore ahead, and with one supreme effort he dragged her up on the sandy beach.

After resting a few moments Moby walked across the narrow beach, up the path, through the forest, and laid her beside the smouldering fire. With some dry twigs he soon restored the blaze which lighted up the desolate spot. He smiled across the fire at her, as he threw more sticks upon the blaze.

"Feel all right?" he asked.

"Yes; I was very scared, but I feel better now."

"Let me get you my sweater," he said, as he happened to see the garment which he had left hanging on the bush.

He got the sweater for her, and then sat down on the ground beside her.

"Did you think——"

Behind them, in the forest, a loud moan was distinctly heard; Moby gripped the hatchet tightly in his hand and turned in the direction of the sound. There, in the outer circle of light, stood the Ghost of Money Island. The couple dared not move, but stood gazing at the white object in the shadows. Then it began to beckon them. Slowly it beckoned, as if to say "Come, come, come!"

The blood ran hot in the boy's veins. He raised the hatchet and started towards the object, determined to fight the ghost of the island. The apparition vanished into the darkness. Quickly the boy disappeared from the ring of light. Miriam did not know when he would return. Seconds dragged into minutes, then into hours, then ages. Oh, why didn't he come back? She knew she loved him. Big tears began to roll down her cheeks; she buried her face in her hands and wept like a child. Then she heard some one whistle in the forest, and in a moment Moby stepped out into the light.

"What was it?" she asked.

He laughed. "A white cow! How foolish it was of us to think it was a ghost!"

He brought some cedar boughs and made her a place by the fire.

"Go to sleep, now; some one will come for us in the morning," he said, as he took a seat with his back against a tree-trunk on the opposite side of the fire from her.

As he was just beginning to sleep, an owl hooted in a near-by tree-top. He heard a faint rustling and knew that the girl was afraid again. He kept his eyes closed tight, as if he were sound asleep. A voice close to him said, "What was that?" Still he pretended to be asleep. A soft arm slipped around his neck, and a musical voice close to his ear whispered, "Moby, please wake up; I have a secret to tell you."

Moby's eyes opened slowly and looked straight into hers. "Moby, there is a treasure on Money Island, and I want it. May I have it?"

The old owl in the tree-tops hooted again, and if only his big eyes could have looked toward the light, he would have seen that the treasure was easily captured.

BOOK REVIEW

Margaret Deland: *The Rising Tide.* Harper Brothers, New York, 1916. 293 pp., $1.50.

"Only the Truth shall make us free." This is the leading theme which Margaret Deland portrays through the principal character, Frederica, in her recent novel, *The Rising Tide.* Unusual characters, and, consequently, uncommon circumstances and situations, throw over the book a veil of unreality and impracticability; yet the artful and the attractive handling of the feminine question by the author makes her story impressive and appealing.

The story is a well conceived and excellently depicted treatment of feminism, the exponent of which is Frederica. Equal civic rights and a single code of moral and mental decorum are the two familiar slogans which this confirmed feminist attempts to bring into the open view of her fellow-townspeople. Her dogmatic temperament and true-to-self disposition make her at once the butt of widespread scorn and ridicule and the object of keen admiration and sympathy. Presumptuous in her views and masculine in her nature, she endeavors to raise women to an equal plane with their unnatural superiors, men. She races with the increasing suffrage movement and she surpasses it by far. Naturally, her rash teachings at length climb out of the reach of her listeners. Then that indomitable germ called love creeps into the life of the feminist leader. As a result, teachings droop, fall, and die; teacher realizes, loves, and lives.

"Fred" is brought up in a home the happiness of which was marred by the cruelty and the injustice of her dead father, Mr. Andrew Payton. A physically and mentally deformed brother is the idol of Mrs. Payton's heart. This brother, Mortimore, well fitted to occupy a cell in an asylum, is looked upon by Mrs. Payton as the head of the family

just because "he is a man." "Fred" grows tired of these conditions, and rebels.

A new life then presents itself to "Fred" as she enters the real estate business. With the help of her counselor, Arthur Weston, she builds up a happy and, surprising to say, a paying business. A part of her time she devotes to her duties as real estate agent; the other part she spends in boosting woman suffrage.

Howard Maitland, a suffragist and a regular "Lizzie," hunts shells for a pastime and a trade, and occasionally visits his confidential friend, "Fred," and his something-more-than friend, Laura Childs, Fred's cousin. He and Fred are especially chummy. They go together and talk on even the most delicate matters just like two boy friends, for Howard had once said to Fred: "I would rather talk to you than any man I ever saw."

Amid Fred's home difficulties and suffrage teachings, parades, and the like, she awakens to the startling belief that she is in love with her pal, Maitland. She tries to eradicate this growing belief by increased work. She even rents a country cottage in which to plan out her routine of suffrage duties. Maitland makes frequent visits here and causes the dim flame to burn brighter. Finally Fred oversteps the line of feminine propriety and proposes to him. Stricken with bewilderment, he attempts to explain that he understands their affection to be merely platonic. She grits her teeth and mutters more than once: "He refused me."

Meanwhile Arthur Weston has been continually and diligently counseling his suffragette protégé. Her confidence in him and her appreciation of his services finally reach his heart, and arouse a feeling which he tries in vain to expel. Being himself a disappointed lover, and thinking that Fred and Howard are in love, he has no idea of trying to come between them.

The tide of Fred's feminism now reaches its flood, partly because of Howard's spurning her, partly because of the deep

impression made on her by her adviser, Weston, when he said: "You are like all the rest of your sex—self-conscious as hens when they see an automobile coming! . . . That's the trouble with women nowadays; not that they do unusual things, but they are so blamed pleased to be unusual. And if they only knew it, they don't shock a man at all. They only bore him to death."

From this time on the tide falls. Howard Maitland marries Laura; Fred reflects, turns woman, and becomes dutiful to her mother and to her sex. Weston still feels more than a counselor's interest in the transformed Fred. Fred makes another proposal. This time she is accepted.

Upon a close examination of the author's extremely partial portrayal of characters, it is easy to see how feminism reached the height at which it arrived—in the novel. In the first place, the best developed characters are all women. Fred with her rare masculinity, Laura with her exquisite charms, Mrs. Holmes and Mrs. Payton and the two Misses Grahams with their old-fashioned ideas as to how girls should be reared—all are depicted in a thoroughly extraordinary but convincing manner. The men, on the other hand, such as William Childs with his love for Shakespeare and Bacon, and Howard Maitland with his shell-collecting ambition, are mere ninnies. Even Arthur Weston, the main instrument in the conversion of the staunch Fred, shows a real manly power only once.

The whole plot is based upon the momentous issue of equal rights for women. For a time the cause of feminism is elevated through the efforts of the admirable character of Fred and at the expense of the weak under-characters, especially the men. Then love, the unconquerable master of womankind, steps in and drives feminism out. The tide, hitherto rising, suddenly turns and falls; suffragism, after soaring, now halts and drops. Fred becomes only a woman among women.

Banks Arendell.

EDITORIAL

TWO KINDS OF GRINDS

Today, when college is currently regarded as "an athletic field surrounded by students," the grind is looked upon with contempt, and the opinion is widely circulated that he stands little chance of success in life. On a question like this statistics may be used in arguing the case either of the grind or that of his assailant; but all that these figures actually prove is that distinction in later life does not bear a direct and unmistakable ratio to college study. Still, it is unbelievable that there is no connection whatever between college study and success in life. This relation, however, is not superficial; it lies back of the mere amount of study and deals with the motives which impel that study. The essential question is not *"How much* do you study?" but *"How* do you study?" And, according to their answers to these questions, grinds will fall into two classes: those to whom study is an end, or static grinds, and those to whom study is merely a means to an end, or dynamic grinds.

For the static grind, education consists of a collection of facts, which are, in themselves, vitally important and worthy to be remembered. His life is run systematically—so systematically, indeed, that he is in a rut, although he himself is blissfully ignorant of the fact. The static grind regards college as a preparation for life, and life as an entirely new field which he will enter upon graduation. And, being letter-perfect in its rules—these facts which he has learned in college—the grind expects to make of life a great success. When he leaves college, however, he is doomed to disillusionment. The life which he enters is strikingly like the college which he has left. The multitude cares not a snap about the

derivatives of camphor or the philosophy of Epicharmos of Kos. What the world demands of him is not "What do you *know?*" but "What can you *do?*" And his answer to this question consists largely of "what this man said that another man said." In other words, the static grind in gaining the knowledge which he believes to be power has lost his own soul, has become a nonentity. His key does not fit the door of opportunity, and, with a tragic inability to understand the reason, he sees men whom he knows to be his inferiors enter into positions of honor which he himself cannot attain. The work which is left to him is subordinate, work demanding accuracy in detail, not originality in thought. He becomes a clerk, a chemist, or a school teacher, who—shades of future generations!—industriously passes on his ideal of education.

Not only in business, but socially, the static grind is doomed to failure. He is liable to be either dictatorial or grouchy. He will bore you with a narrative of the details of the problem in calculus which he solved in his Junior year, or will correct you in regard to the pronunciation of *Elizabethan.* To him life is still a schoolroom. He has lost the power of changing his point of view and adapting himself to his surroundings. He is too conscious of virtue to be successful.

It is this type of grind who has brought study into disrepute. But there is another type of grind, the dynamic grind, who regards study not as an end, but as a means to an end. For him, college study is worth while and pays.

The dynamic grind does not regard college as a preparation for life, but as a part of life. Facts to him are not in themselves all-important, but are valuable only as they can be translated into terms of actual living. His knowledge on various subjects is not stored in separate water-tight compartments, but is woven into a connected whole available for instant use. The static grind may surpass him in attaining a knowledge of the letter of his college classes, but can never

equal him in catching the spirit of education. The whole mental attitude of the dynamic grind makes him a more important person in college life than the static grind. The purpose which acts as a motive power for his study makes itself felt in other phases of college life as well. He has "pep" enough to play baseball, debate, or edit the college annual. These activities bring him into actual contact with people in their ordinary working relations and do much to give him the poise which will be indispensable to him in later life.

In actual work, then, the dynamic grind has an immense advantage. He is before graduation used to living and using his mind. Naturally, greater opportunities in the business world are open to him than to the one whose mind has not been made into such an effective tool. Socially and politically, too, the dynamic grind has an immense advantage over the static grind. Just as he realized that college is a part of life, so he realizes also that education does not stop with graduation. His active mind has that power of adaptability, of grasping the situation, which is necessary to success. The earnestness which he has gained by his work in college will in later life give him the force which will make him a real power in his community.

On the whole, it seems that the college men who are counting for most in the world are drawn from this class of dynamic grinds. Of course, human beings will not fall into definite categories. We often meet success where we have most right to expect failure, and failure where we have most right to expect success. But, all in all, the odds are on the man who knows how to form definite purposes, to go straight to the goal and reach it in the least possible time, and who knows, too, that success demands actual work. Such a man has learned that "Knowledge alone is not power. The ability to use knowledge is a latent power, and the actual use of it is power."

A. A. L.

SOME DIVERSE MEANINGS OF CHRISTMAS TO COLLEGE BOYS

What is the meaning of Christmas to me? This is a question which should be carefully considered by every college boy. The manner in which the question is answered will determine whether or not we really get the most out of our Christmas holidays.

The meaning of Christmas to us is almost as varied as our individual selves. To some college boys Christmas has no deeper meaning than merely a recess from class attendance and from casual glances into a text-book. These boys look forward to the Christmas holidays only as a time when a chapel monitor shall not be able to report their absences from chapel. The holidays mean to them a jubilant season of the year, a time only of celebration with their old friends at home. No higher ideal dominates their mind than the gratification of their pleasure-seeking passions.

Among every body of college students is to be found another type, a number of ardent lovers, romanticists of a certain kind. To these boys Christmas has a profound meaning. The thought of this festive season brings back to them pleasant memories, fond recollections of some fair one left behind. They begin to look forward with longing to those days when once again they shall gather in the circles of that society where only two compose a crowd. They yearn for the time when they can feel the touch of a tender hand, a time when they and their ideal of womanhood can revel in one another's love and caresses. This kind of student forgets absolutely that the rest of the world exists.

Another class of college boys, found in every institution, forms perhaps the largest numerical body of students. To the youths of this group Christmas has its *full* meaning. Fruit-cake, pie, and the brown fowl swimming in its own grease make their appeal alike to these young men. They generally fast the day before the holidays in order to develop

a greater devouring capacity. Such descendants of Esau always realize a considerable gain in their size during the Christmas vacation. Nothing eatable is too small or too large for them to attempt. Their almost boundless limitations extend from a peanut to a roasted pig.

None of these classes of college boys actually enter into the real meaning of Christmas. There are perhaps some with good intentions to be found in all three of these classes, but whether or not their motives, in themselves, are to be condemned, they are all looking forward to Christmas for mere selfish gratification. Most boys who return from college to their native towns forget that Christmas is not solely for them. They forget that there are many about them whom a word of cheer would uplift, a thought of kindness ennoble, a deed of thoughtfulness brighten and gladden.

It is not the purpose of the writer, with his mass of imperfections, to picture an ideal Christmas, because such an attempt would prove futile. It is merely desired to point out that there is a small body of college boys to whom Christmas means much more than the satisfying of cravings for pleasure.

To this class of college boys, which should increase greatly every year, the Christmas holidays mean opportunity to bring light and sunshine into a fond mother's and father's heart, pleasure to brothers and sisters, and joy and gladness to every one with whom they come in contact.

The members of the first three classes should go beyond their narrow spheres in their conception of Christmas, and should quickly realize that this joyful season of the year is not for their pleasure only, not a time only for the strengthening of their love bonds, not a time to sell out for a mess of pottage, but a time to live a charitable life, that others may also be happy. When this kind of conception of Christmas has taken hold of the majority of college boys, the real meaning of the term and the season will be much more appreciated.

E. C. F.

WAYSIDE WARES

THE HISTORICAL SIGNIFICANCE OF KISSING

(With moral for students during holidays)

The art of kissing is an institution almost as old as man himself. We do not have any record of the first kiss, probably because the historians of the early ages did not realize what an important factor the kiss was destined to be in the development of humanity. But since we know the instincts of our race as we do today, it is not hard for one to picture Adam chasing Eve around the fig bush to secure his first kiss, and by securing it set in motion a custom or pest, as some people call it, which has remained with mankind until the present day. Nor is it hard, if we accept the Darwinian theory of life, to imagine our early forefathers swinging from the branches of the trees by their tails and gently caressing their mates and occasionally strengthening their love entreaties by close contact of their lips. Anyway, whatever the origin of the first kiss may have been, it is impossible to deny the fact that kissing is a very, very old custom; for no science—since real genuine kissing is a science—could have been so well developed in such a short space of time.

As we study the history of the different nations of the world, we find that the historians have neglected to a certain extent the majority of kisses which have been beneficial in making history. But a few examples have been recorded, and they will suffice to prove that the kiss properly used really amounts to something.

One of the first historical kisses dates back to the days of Publius Clodius and Julius Cæsar. During the reign of Julius Cæsar there was a great festival observed by the women which was known as the *Bona Dea* or Good Woman's Day. While the rites of this festival were being observed, the males of every household were banished, and the festival

was conducted solely by the women. During the observance of these sacred mysteries near the close of the year 62 B. C., Publius Clodius, a young wag, conceived the idea that it would be a great jest upon Julius Cæsar were he to invade the home of the great Cæsar in the guise of a woman. Wearing the garb of a woman, he entered the house as a servant. All would have been well had not Pompeia, Cæsar's wife, told after the feast how a silly, ungainly woman had taken her place among the servants, and had, in a kind of laughing way, kissed several of the ladies-in-waiting, and even pecked at the cheeks of herself, Pompeia. Whereupon, Cæsar immediately demanded a divorce from her. Not, as he admitted, because she was aught than innocent, but because the dictator said, "The wife of Cæsar must be above suspicion." And so easily were divorces procured in Rome that Julius Cæsar was freed. But the effect of the kiss did not stop there. Three years later when Clodius was elected tribune, one of his first acts was to exile Cicero, who had refused to defend him in the trial for sacrilege which was committed when he entered the house of Cæsar. Later, however, Cicero was recalled in spite of Clodius's opposition, and soon after his return to Rome Clodius was murdered on the highway by some of Cicero's followers. All these events, the result of a man's desire to kiss somebody.

The kisses of Antony and Cleopatra, Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, it has been said, "shook empires and destroyed religions." That they led, in one instance, to Cleopatra's self-murder by secreting a poisonous asp among the folds of the robe on her bosom, and that it was because of these kisses that Anne Boleyn went to the scaffold, are points which the historians, in their thunderings against their effects upon religions and empires, quite overlooked.

Another kiss beneficial in history-making was one given by Rowena, daughter of Hengist, the Scandinavian. Sitting at the banquet table at which she and her father were guests

of honor, Rowena turned suddenly to their flattered host, Vortigern, one of the early Briton Kings, and to his great surprise and delight kissed him. Gravely resuming her meal, she said, "Pardon me, Your Majesty! I did but follow a custom of our country."

"A charming custom which my country shall at once adopt," replied Vortigern with the tongue of prophecy.

Turning now to the French, we find that they also have been blessed with historical kisses. The lips of Margaret, Queen of France, brushed the bearded cheek of the ugliest man of France, Allan Chartier, the poet. Seeing him asleep one sunny afternoon in the corridor of the palace, she fluttered to his side and pressed the salute with the lightness of a butterfly's wing upon his ugly visage.

"How could you kiss a man so mismade?" exclaimed one of the pert ladies-in-waiting.

"I kissed not the man, but the lips which have uttered such beautiful words," replied the Queen of France.

Thus instance after instance we find of kisses which have had an important historical significance. Our own country, we find, is not lacking in valuable kisses. It was a peck of the lips denied Samuel Randall that caused the twenty-million dollar philanthropy, Sailor's Snug Harbor, to come into being. The row of pleasant homes built for sailors on the shores of Staten Island, New York, would not have existed, even in a dream, had not the man who founded them turned into a bitter bachelor because a fair maid of Manhattan refused him a kiss and bestowed one upon another man. The old sailors who sun themselves on the lawn look at the statue of their benefactor, and thank Heaven that one maid followed her heart instead of ambition.

Osculation is like vaccination, for it does not always "take." The heart does not follow some kisses into unknown spaces. Not given by the right person to the right person, they are forgotten featherweights. But favorably given and received, they may, as I have shown, make history.

As the kiss has come down to us through all the ages, it has lost a portion of its real significance, and especially is this true in regard to its historical value. Today we look upon the kiss as an expression of intimacy rather than of affection. It is a sort of tender, mutual grimace which people have an instinct for indulging in. Even one hundred years ago the girls of that day prized their kisses as one of their most sacred possessions. They realized that the bargain of kissing was rarely ever fair, for the kiss which was taken did not mean as much to him who received it as it did to her who gave it. They knew, also, that when they parted with their kisses, they had parted with a portion of their territory, so to speak. For these reasons they did not dare to toss off their kisses from the tips of their fingers, as is a growing custom among the girls of today. Nor was there at that time to be found on the street corners the fair maids with their lips all puckered up, offering their kisses for five cents apiece in order to secure money for the relief of the needy. No, young man; to secure a kiss one hundred years ago meant that you had won more than the kiss.

Perhaps one cause for this divergence is the rise and fall of the kissing instinct. Today we all learn to kiss long before we learn to talk. One of the first things which the baby has to experience is a kiss from all the visitors, and a list of compliments which makes it the exact image of its mother or father. With age come more kisses until finally the child loses the value and real significance of the kiss. With this idea of the kiss in mind, he grows into manhood with the unscrupulous and marauding masculine nature which makes him willing to cheat again and again at kissing, no matter how honest he may be in all his other dealings, and no matter how often he realizes the tragedy of it for the woman.

Still, it is a pity never to kiss or be kissed at all! The tight, vinegar expression about the mouths of some people may be accounted for by the fact that their kisses soured

there, or faded into the saddest of all wrinkles. And there are others, women in particular, who wear a dim unkissed look, as if a nun's veil separated them from the carnal lips of the world. But soured expressions and unkissed looks do not always mark unkissed lips. Perhaps when the whole story has been told, most of us have had more experience in this business than our features indicate. Kissing is a thing which we do not confess to the world for ourselves, nor approve of in others. It is an aside expression of life and nature which the grandest of men and the best of women seldom avoid all their lives. But the primmest women and the gravest men have nearly always kissed somewhere years ago for the same reason that the rose blooms and the oak puts forth its green beard of bloom in spring.

One of the chief evils with kissing today is that we do not keep up the practice long enough. The lover who travels a thousand miles to secure the promised kiss of his sweetheart goes to his office every morning after their marriage without a thought of the tender farewell. But the wife thinks of it, and puts herself in the way of receiving it—an act more pathetic than it appears when one considers what it means to the woman to have her kisses thus depreciate in value. What we need, then, is not less kissing, but more of it in the right-hand division of life, where there is no possibility of romantic fraud, as there frequently is before marriage.

Therefore, when we abandon our routine of college life for a few days, and return to our respective homes to spend the Christmas holidays with our loved ones and with those who love us, let us always bear in mind that the kiss has a history-making importance. Let us strive to elevate this importance to a higher plane than it has ever reached before. To accomplish this purpose we must be careful in the use of our Christmas kisses. Bestow them only on those who are worthy of them. Let us receive none ourselves of which we are not worthy. And by so doing we can rest assured that all our kisses will have history-making importance.

EXCHANGES

The November issue of *The College Message,* the magazine for Greensboro College for Women, shows room for much improvement. Most of the reading matter takes the form of sketches or essays, which are simple in thought and structure and uninteresting to the average reader. The chief fault of the magazine is its lack of good short stories. The issue contains only two articles, "The Lost Princess" and "The Idol With the Feet of Clay," which one would even dare term short stories. These two stories, moreover, are weak in plot and simple in detail; they are "kid" stories —the kind grandmother would tell to five-year-old Eddie or Mary—instead of literary productions of college students. The two poems which the issue contains are somewhat better than the prose articles; but they, too, are only mediocre in both thought and rhythm. The one redeeming feature of the magazine is the insight which it gives into real college life. With its various departments and numerous sketches, it gives one a clear idea of what is happening at G. C. W., and of the spirit which prevails there.

"Our Mother Tongue" is probably the best poem of the issue. It traces the development of the English language from its birth among the Saxons down to the present day. The latter part of the poem is simply an eulogy of our language. The poem contains good thought, and several of the stanzas may be termed real poetry. Other stanzas, however, lack rhythm and swing, and contain many forced, stiff expressions which really go far beyond the rules of poetic license.

Of the stories, it is a difficult matter to pick out the best; all are about on the same plane. "The Lost Princess" is a

miniature "Sleeping Beauty." It is a fairy tale through and through—with a godmother, a handsome prince, a wishing ring, and an awakening kiss. It is written with the conventional "once-upon-a-time" beginning and in the most simple English and style. It would form a first-rate addition to "A Collection of Stories for Children." "The Idol with the Feet of Clay" is equally simple, but decidedly more original in plot.

Some of the sketches contain good thought and are cleverly written, but still they are uninteresting. "The Epitome of Sticks" is probably the most clever, while "Poetry: Its Aims and Value" and "Conceit" are above the average in thought. The second editorial is decidedly the best article in the magazine. It is sound and logical in thought, very appropriate, and clear in style and diction. Advice to students on forming friendships is always dealt with in the editorial page of every college publication, but here the editor treats the hackneyed subject in a different light, places the stamp of her own personality and originality upon the old subject, and makes it appear new and interesting.

The initial number of *The Era* from Emory and Henry College contains a sufficient number of stories, essays, and poems to make the magazine a well balanced production. All of the articles are at least readable. "Jiro and Hanna," a story of the time-worn conflict between love and duty, reveals the distinctly human side of a young Japanese, but at the same time is permeated with such religious fervor as to decrease its literary value. Less didacticism would probably have made the writing better literature.

Likewise, "Ignorance Rewarded" and "Proof," short stories in this issue, might be improved by the omission of a few details. Everything is told; nothing at all is suggested. Both stories, it must be said, however, possess suf-

ficient qualities of humor and individuality to make them entertaining. From the point of view of literature, probably the best production in this number is the "Dawn of a New Day." This is another old story, of how love steps in to settle a long-standing dispute between two mountaineer families of Western North Carolina. Although it does not possess much originality of plot, the story is told with such vividness and the characters are drawn in such a manner that the article makes quite an interesting account. Other articles are mediocre in thought and expression.

A well balanced combination of short stories and essays is displayed in the *Wofford College Journal;* the verse, however, is conspicuously absent. Probably the best and most readable essay is "For His Country," the story of a patriotic son of New Hampshire who "sacrificed his life upon the altar of his country" in the American Revolution. A sympathetic touch is added by the introduction of the young man's love affair and its unfortunate termination. The style is bromidic in places; on the other hand, the use of dialogue and quotations from the hero's own words helps to increase our admiration for the central figure and to add a personal touch to the sketch.

The author of "Billy's Best 'Possum Hunt" has undoubtedly experienced the joys of this nocturnal sport, but the hunt was too good, or rather too accidental: good fortune makes its appearance too often and too conveniently.

In "Ol' Hardtimes," the best of the poems in this number, negro dialect and the usual negro thought about hard times are combined with striking effectiveness.

The brevity of the editorials is noticeable. A closer adherence to college problems and college achievement would undoubtedly strike a more responsive chord than either a panegyric on the old-time Southern honor or a handful of statistics concerning illiteracy in the State. "Teaching—A Trust"

strikes a keynote regarding the levity in which this profession is held by the majority of college students. A much longer discussion would not have been out of place.

The Archive wishes to acknowledge, also, the receipt of the following magazines:

Red and White, A. and M.
Laurel, Young-Harris College, Georgia.
Arkansan, University of Arkansas.
Transylvanian, Transylvania College, Pennsylvania.
Limestone Star, Limestone College, South Carolina.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

THE COMPROMISE

ELLA W. TUTTLE, '16

In the cool shade of the bungalow porch the girl talked on, and Mrs. Leary's eyes never once left her face. It hurt her lately to listen to Georgia's enthusiastic plans—Georgia, who was going out to work, to be independent, and then possibly to marry because she wanted to, not because she must have some one to feed and clothe her. Georgia's hopes were a 1916 edition of her own youthful aspirations; yet she wondered if she could have talked as assuredly, as confidently of what "she should do" after she had done the very opposite. She decided that she could not—1893 was not to be compared with 1916, when a Southern woman's attitude to economic labor was concerned; and then she had never had the training which Georgia had received.

"Georgia," she said, as she dropped a piece of mint in her clinking glass of tea, "of course, you wouldn't think of marrying now, but you know you're going to be old some day, and think how lonesome you'll be." She had to admit to herself, shame-faced, that she wished to justify herself in the eyes of this "new woman," but the reply was noncommittal.

"I have that all provided for, too," Georgia laughed, between sips of tea. "I shall become engaged when I'm—well, about twenty-five; but I shall put the man on coldstorage—in Alaska, maybe—until I'm sixty-nine. Then I'll put him in a comfortable rocker across the fire from me, and while he's thawing, I'll have somebody to talk 'at' until I die."

She picked up the books Mrs. Leary had lent her and started toward the steps.

"I wish," she said, "that we had a library in this town. These are the last of your books I haven't read."

"There'd be no one to use it after you have gone," Mrs. Leary replied. "You had better stay and found one; you know our success in such things."

"Blighton has no opinion of me whatever—I wouldn't join the Embroidery Club. If I should ever come back——well, I never will. Good-bye. I'll be seeing you before I leave next week."

Mrs. Leary watched her until she passed out of sight down the walk between the smooth grass and the widely spread umbrella trees. Until now she had not realized how she should miss Georgia, the only companionable person she had found in Blighton. Georgia had made her laugh over all her disappointments in organizing clubs, over all her efforts to arouse the women of the place into doing something worth while. After six months of fruitless efforts she was too discouraged to see any humor in the reason Blighton matrons had given for not joining The Woman's Civic League or The Thursday Afternoon Book Club. The ugliness of Main Street was now too serious a matter to laugh away, and the presence of a signboard on the otherwise only pretty plat of ground in the town could not be dismissed with a smile, and the recollection of Mrs. Kitbull's sage remark, "Leave everything to the Lord, I say, and you'll get along all right. He made this town, and when he's good and ready to better it, I'm thinking he'll do it."

And so Mrs. Leary had been forced to leave the sordidness to an agentless Lord, and to try to amuse herself—a thing she had never had time to do in her wide-awake Maryland home—and a thing, she discovered, very nearly impossible in Blighton. She had tried Georgia's formula for a livable existence there, "Read, and walk in the country, and read some more," but with the exception of walking, the recipe for her did not work. Roger was forever ordering

books and magazines for her, but she read only the essays on civics and the shortest of short stories before she passed them over to Georgia. She had to be active; she had to feel that she was accomplishing something; that because of her something was bettered. For a year she had not experienced the thrill of achievement, and the sense of being a useless atom in the world was beginning to tell on her nerves.

When she heard the chug-chug of Mr. Leary's little car in the garage at the rear, she called Lucy, the maid, to take away the tea things. She watched the girl contemplatively as she went into the house, but not until she returned to the porch with Roger, after supper, did she express the thought Lucy had created. She waited for the opportune time when Roger's feet would be on the low balustrade, his chair atilt, and his cigar glowing.

"Roger, what do you think about discharging Lucy?"

He turned his head, clasped lazily between his hands, slowly.

"Discharge Lucy?" he repeated, blankly.

"Yes, we don't really need her, and I—— I——" She knew she was balking, and was ashamed. She had never felt any hesitancy in telling Roger all her plans and desires, and Roger in all those eighteen years had never failed in sympathy. But now she remembered there was one subject she had never mentioned in any personal way, either house or economic work for herself. In the discussions they had had of other people and such work there was no ambiguity as to Roger's opinion of woman and work. Now in the back of her brain she remembered his emphatic statement several years before when she had told him that one of their friends was going to do her own housekeeping and another was to resume her place in the business world.

"Bosh! Utter nonsense!" Roger had exploded. "What's the matter with women these days, anyway? Now, there's my mother——"

Mrs. Leary remembered that she had vaguely hinted at the uselessness of the lives both women were leading; but Roger had not listened. She had never thought, with all the work she had had in Maryland—all the clubs and leagues she had directed—that she would ever be put in such a situation. For the last two months, since the failure of all her patriotic dreams, she had seen just how she was placed. With Georgia gone, she would be companionless; there was not another woman in Blighton interested in anything beyond her own front yard, except the Missionary Society—ah, she would take that back. The "smart set" was interested in the Embroidery Club. She had not thought of either of these élite organizations. How had she escaped the thought? Certainly that was the way to work them. She was sorry she had begun the conversation about Lucy, and Roger, who usually preferred a comradely silence to conversation, gradually brought his chair to a perpendicular relation with the floor, and turned toward her inquiringly.

"What's all this about Lucy?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing. I'm just thinking how careless she is becoming. But it doesn't matter. Listen at this——"

Leary put his chair again at an obtuse angle with the floor, and smiled to himself at the note of old enthusiasm in her voice, a note he had been missing lately.

"Do you know?" she went on, leaning forward, eagerly, "the only way to get at these people is the only way I haven't thought of. I'm going to join the Missionary Society and the Embroidery Club, and work through them. In two months they will be using the energy they're wasting on new stitches to get those stables off Main Street!"

"Good!" Roger never failed in interest for her voluntary labor. "But can you just walk into those august assemblies and say, 'I am a member'?"

"Oh, I've been invited to join them, and I promised to—some time."

Silence came between them again. She was planning her crusade against ugliness and he was reviewing the cotton market. When they started in the house, Leary flashed on the porch light to inspect the flower beds.

"I'm glad Uncle Ned is well enough to attend to the flowers again."

"Uncle Ned hasn't been here today. I worked on them a little."

"Miriam, will you never learn to let a gardener do a gardener's work? You know you've no business attending to the lawn."

"But, Roger, I didn't have anything else to do and I love to——"

"Never mind," he replied, turning off the light and opening the door for her. "It isn't a woman's work."

What, she thought, pensively, besides community work, did he think was a woman's work—polishing her nails and inspecting them all day? But her mind was too occupied with the conquest of unsuspected Blighton to dwell long on her own domestic questions.

The following afternoon at three—Blighton's popular hour the year around—Mrs. Leary, radiant in unselfish hope and lavender voile, sallied forth to brave the matrons of Main Street Methodist Church. From the shade of her own lawn she entered the long, shadeless street, unpaved and uneven, that stretched to the church. The yellow dust covered her white pumps and the sun blazing through her fragile parasol was hot; but Mrs. Leary was scarcely conscious of the heat, so intently was she wondering at the bare, grassless yards, the stiff, vineless verandas, and the stiffly curtained windows. From a house which in another town would have been made into an attractive home, a girl of not more than fifteen, dressed in the garb of twenty, sauntered out and informed Mrs. Leary that she was on her way to the "Kill-Kare Club." Mrs. Leary looked at her and decided to organize a Junior

League when she should have remodeled the Missionary Society and the Embroidery Club. They would be her great successes.

It was the last time, however, that she ever thought of success and Blighton in the same sentence. After two months of faithful battle with the existing societies, she had to admit herself beaten. And combined with her lack of occupation was the unavoidable consciousness that she was helpless to prevent the ugliness and ignorance of the town. Often she heard from Georgia, but the letters, full of enthusiasm for her work and pride in her independence, hurt Mrs. Leary. Just nineteen years before she might have written such letters, when after three years of idleness and play she had awakened to the fact that if she would be happy she must work. But then before she could put her realization into action she had met Roger, admired his eyebrows and the set of his collars, and fallen irrevocably in love with him.

Until now she had never regretted it; she had never had time to imagine herself in a different position. Ever since her marriage until now she had had the most congenial of friends, had aided in the administration of clubs that were an invaluable part of the city government, and she had had even a place in Roger's business. Here she was without companionship, unable to improve conditions in the most deplorable town she had ever seen; and with Roger's mill eighteen miles in the country, she was a negative factor in his business except for the cares he expressed to her at night.

Listening to Roger continually, she had to admit, was beginning to bore her. Their conversations were too one-sided; she had nothing to talk to him about. In Maryland her review of the day's work was as interesting to him as his business was to her. She knew that Roger saw the change in her, and she was not surprised at him one night,

"Miriam," he said, "what do you think about a little trip to the mountains? You need a change; you're looking tired."

Tired! To her it was a synonym for old age. He couldn't have made a more tactless remark.

"No," she said, in a tone that after eighteen years was new to her, "the only use I am in the world is being here with you. If I were to shirk that duty, I would be even more of a parasite than I am already."

"Miriam!" He said nothing else, but in that exclamation he expressed all the surprise one Mr. Leary could have at Mrs. Leary's remark, all the contempt a man who held a woman above economic labor could feel for a woman's resentment of that superiority. He did not understand that her resentment was not against him, but against Blighton.

Mrs. Leary had meant to ask her husband to discharge the servants, that she might learn to keep house, or to ask that he take her into his office, that she might learn to be of service; but at his tone she bit her lips and remained silent. His cigar went out; she wanted to ask him to relight it—its glow and its fragrance made her feel closer to him—but she just gazed out under the umbrella trees at the irresolute street light, and tried to think of a way to be active and happy again. Several weeks before when a new social worker had come to one of the mill sections, she had helped her begin her work; but now the new woman was not in need of her assistance. Every mill community, Roger's included, had its efficient, trained worker; many of them had assistants; so that all Mrs. Leary could do for a people who resented charity was to make an occasional visit or conduct a children's party.

When Roger's little car had made its noisy departure the next morning, Mrs. Leary hurried to the station to catch an early train for Elksboro, the shopping district for the middle section of the State. She had nothing to do there except match some lace, but she had to be away from Blighton if it were only for a few hours.

From the train she went toward Main Street, and before the largest department store she stopped to watch a salesman

place a sign. "Wanted immediately—A saleslady and manager for the Dress and Suit Department." Mrs. Leary went in resolutely. Twenty minutes later the sign was removed.

When the six-thirty train pulled out of Elksboro station, Mrs. Leary, tired for the first time, but happier than she had been in a year—dropped into the first seat she reached. The woman who shared the seat with her touched her timedly on the arm.

"I just want to thank you for persuading me to take this suit instead of the green one. I know I'm going to like it better." At Mrs. Leary's smile she continued: "It's such a relief to find somebody who will help you decide about things. Now, when I bought my last years suit——"

Mrs. Leary drank in everything she said, and when the woman, who would have been an eye-sore in a green suit, left the train at a tiny junction with the declaration that she was going to send everybody she knew to "Lillitons" for winter clothes, Mrs. Leary experienced the sensation she had been missing—the sense of having accomplished something.

Week by week she, if no one else, saw just how much she had accomplished; she had never known before what an influence one person could have on the dress of a county. She never advised, and she rarely sold to the best dressed people —she was not needed there; but when people from the surrounding mill towns came in, she used every tactic to sell them tasteful things. When she could persuade a fat woman to buy a solid color in preference to a plaid, or a sallow looking girl to wear dark blue rather than tan, she felt that her day was not lost. On the return trips in the afternoon she had a sense of possession in the many "Lilliton" suits that she saw. At the end of the month the stock of vivid greens and gaudy plaids had scarcely diminished, whereas the prettier, less conspicious things were all sold. She knew, without a conference with the chief buyer, that there would be a difference in the next order to the wholesale house.

The only thing that bothered her was the constant fear that Roger would discover the cause of her perpetual good humor, her increasingly interesting conversations, the return of her former attractiveness. To the several inquiries of curious neighbors, she had replied that she was doing some work at the Elksboro library, and she had been skillful in escaping the Blighton people who came into her department.

The night she came home with the first money she had ever earned, she thought she would have to tell somebody, and fearing her ability to keep the secret, she left Roger before the fire and started upstairs to write to Georgia.

"O Miriam," he called to her when she reached the steps. "Are you going to Elksboro tomorrow?"

She stopped. "Yes," she answered. "There's a lecture at the Civic Club I want to hear. Can I do anything for you?"

"No; I think I'll go with you. There's a cotton man there I want to see."

"Fine!" she answered weakly, as she went up the stairs.

Her letter to Georgia was not written for three weeks. When it was written, it was very different from the one she began that night.

"—— And when Roger came in the room that day and saw me fitting a colored woman in a gingham dress, you should have seen his face! He has been lovely about it though, and he has taken it all so much better than I had any idea he would. We talked it all over, and we each see the other's side. Miss Corbin, the Social Service woman at his mill, has resigned, and I'm to have her place out there. She is going to give me a month's training before she leaves. At first Roger would not hear of it, because the mill has to pay every employee a salary; but when I promised to spend half of it in the work (I shall really spend it all that way) he finally consented."

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MANAGER'S NOTICE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the College

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IF I COULD SELL MY DREAMS

ARITA HARPER

If I could sell my dreams and live by them,
An income large I'd have;
For precious dreams would costly be,
For cozy dreams a special fee;
Then comforts sweet would come to me.
If I could sell my dreams and live by them,
An income large I'd have.

If I could sell my dreams to passers-by,
A pleasure great 't would be.
I'd stand in sight with outstretched hand
To offer dreams of every brand
And send my fancies o'er the land.
If I could sell my dreams to passers-by,
A pleasure great 't would be.

If I could sell my dreams of murky days,
To knaves and snobs they'd go.
The miser'd get a dream of spite;
'T would fill his days with wan-faced fright
And drive away all sleep at night.
If I could sell my dreams of murky days,
To knaves and snobs they'd go.

If I could sell bright dreams to dull gray lives,
What joy 't would bring to me!
Dreams of peace that make men kin,
Dreams that make new lives begin,
Of love and hope and goals to win!
If I could sell bright dreams to dull gray lives,
What joy 't would bring to me!

DICK AND THE USEFUL PRESENT

NANCY MAXWELL

Richard Archibald Cravenhill was seven years old. He was generally called Dick, except when there was company. He was also his mother's pet, except—well, except at times when he wasn't. Now Dick loved his mother very much, and on one occasion, just before her birthday, his heart was completely filled with love for her—yes, filled to the point of overflowing.

"I'm goin' to give mother a birthday present," he would say over and over to himself as he played.

"Wisht I knew what she was *jist crazy 'bout.*"

He puzzled over his problem until he developed two perpendicular lines between his eyes. On the afternoon before her birthday he had not arrived at any satisfactory decision. He, therefore, decided to "ast 'er" what she wanted more than anything in the world. That step, however, proved to be unnecessary, for as he passed the sitting-room on his way to find his mother, he heard voices within. Instinctively he placed his ear to the keyhole and received the desired information.

"I got a pair of felt bedroom slippers for Christmas," said a visitor's voice, "and I'm just crazy about them; they are so comfortable."

"Well, I'm just dying for a pair of those red ones I saw at Cohen's yesterday," said Dick's mother, and Dick thought that she spoke with emphasis, as if she meant what she was saying. "They were priced two dollars; but they would be *so* useful to me. I like them because they have leather soles on them."

Mrs. Cravenhill seemed to put more emphasis on the second statement than on the first.

"Oh, goody!" cried Dick, softly. "I'm goin' to buy them for my mother right away quick, this very minute," and he

ran into the library, grabbed his little "pig bank" from the table, and marched up the street feeling very proud.

"I want to get a birthday present for my mother, something useful—those slippers there," Dick explained to Mr. Cohen as he shook the last of the pennies and nickels out of the slit in the pig's back. He lacked thirteen cents of having enough to buy the slippers, but Mr. Cohen let him have them anyhow.

It goes without saying that when Mrs. Cravenhill received her son's gift, she was overcome with delight. Her pride in Dick's devotion and her admiration for his thoughtfulness knew no bounds. She demonstrated her feelings so enthusiastically that Dick became somewhat embarrassed thereby. During the afternoon when some friends called, she started a new demonstration in their presence. Dick felt extremely silly and tried to think of something to say which would change the subject. As he glanced shyly around at the faces of the women, his eyes were caught by one on which there was spread a smile of wondrous expansiveness. He watched it for a minute; it remained fixed in its dimensions as the owner reached out a fat hand to pat Dick's head.

"Mother," said the promising youth suddenly, "is that Mrs. Jones?" pointing directly toward the smile.

"Yes, dear. Oh! Mrs. Jones, you—"

"Well, *mother,*" broke in Dick, "she is the one that looks like a cat, *ain't she?* You remember you *said* she was like one."

And just for that little speech, for those few, those very few words—on account of them, and for no other reason—Richard Archibald Cravenhill, aged seven, found himself, about twenty minutes later, in his mother's room undergoing the traditional form of corporal punishment. For five minutes or more he was completely absorbed in testifying to the fact that he violently resented such indignities. But presently his discomfort somewhat abated and he decided to open his eyes. The first object that he saw was a red bedroom slipper, leather sole

upward, lying where his mother had dropped it at the conclusion of the recent ordeal. The look he gave that slipper was anything but pleasant.

"Lot of use you are! Snf! Snf!" His trembling voice contained the very quintessence of disgust. As he gave the slipper a violent kick, he said grimly:

"I ain't *never* goin' to give her nothin' *useful* no more!"

AN APOLOGY FOR BROMIDES

ADELAIDE LYONS

"Are you a bromide?" demands Mr. Gelette Burgess, and then proceeds to expound his sulphitic theory that the world is composed of two great classes of people: the sulphites, those who do their own thinking and form their own conclusions, and the bromides, those who think only what others have thought before them. If you are compelled to give an affirmative answer to his question, a study of his theory leaves you with the feeling that you are a proverb and a byword among men, and that even suicide would be a privilege. Indeed, as Mr. Burgess says, the adjective bromidic has become "a common carrier for the thoughtless damnation of the Philistine."

Verily, the sulphite has ruled the earth, and has ruled it a bit arrogantly, too. Yet I would not for a moment be guilty of a sweeping condemnation of sulphites; in fact, I must confess an innate admiration for the whole clan. But the sulphite needs no apology, and deserves none. He is what he is by divine right—self-sufficient, self-sustaining, self-advertising. It is the bromide who, if he has not always been mute, has certainly always been inglorious—it is he who needs to have his claims for consideration more persistently advanced. Therefore, although realizing that I labor under the inherent deficiencies which cumber the race of bromides, I venture to speak for my clan. I would not dare in any instance to claim that the bromide is superior to the sulphite, but would only assert that the excellencies of the bromide, while differing from those of the sulphite, are none the less important.

In the first place, let us consider the relative importance of the bromide and the sulphite in the scheme of things as they are. Suppose that the sulphite were eliminated from society, what would be the result? I doubt if his removal would be noticed at all, except perhaps in the increased feeling of comfort that would pervade the world. But what would

happen if the bromide should suddenly cease to inhabit the earth? The result would be such an upheaval as the world has never known. Diplomatic negotiations would inevitably cease, for the Secretary of State, instead of "politely informing" the German ambassador of this or that, would tell him exactly what he thought; the Republican campaign last fall without the bromide would have been an impossibility—for lack of a candidate; the suffrage movement would be severely hampered because the Sleevemakers' Union would no longer march in parades under banners proclaiming their conviction that votes for women would end all their woes; without the bromide, universities would probably assume the classic proportions of "Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a boy on the other." Business, too, would be entirely disorganized were there no bromides to support it. Take, for instance, what would happen in a single branch of industry—the manufacture of cloth. As the world now stands on its stable bromidic foundations, whenever three or four leading fashion magazines announce that brown and purple will be the stylish colors of the season, cloth manufacturers straightway set themselves to making brown and purple cloth, in the sure and certain belief that their product will be sold. But if the bromides were removed from the earth, the fashion books would never know what to predict; and if perchance the manufacturers should make purple and brown cloth, the sulphitic public would probably decide either that it would buy only red and green or that it would wear its year-before clothes. The result would mean bankruptcy to manufacturer, wholesale dealer, retail merchant, and dressmaker alike.

Similar conditions would prevail in all branches of industry. If the bromide were removed from society, the preachers and teachers—at least the few of them who remained—would have to revolutionize their doctrines and methods of instruction. Were it not for the bromide, entertaining on a large scale would have to be abolished, for what would be the use

of planning a dinner party if at the last moment the sulphitic host were liable to decide that he had rather go fishing, or if in all probability half of the guests might conclude they would rather stay at home? Without the bromide how could women's clubs continue to exist? Members would frankly admit that they did not care a snap about seventeenth century art and would contentedly remain among the mass of the unenlightened. The missionary societies, too, would have to discontinue for lack of bromides, for sulphites would be interested neither in the spiritual condition of the poor, benighted Hindoo nor in neighborhood gossip. Worst of all, without its bromidic subscribers *The Ladies' Home Journal* would necessarily cease to breathe its soul-inspiring platitudes over the wicked world. In short, without the bromide the wreck of civilization would be complete.

These are the disastrous results which would follow the elimination of the bromide from society at large. We shall now consider the value of the bromide in everyday life. A slight change in a time-honored motto makes it read, "What is home without a bromide?" And, indeed, what would it be? A bombarded trench "somewhere in France" would be as a garden of peace in comparison with a home where there are no bromides. Sulphites are too volatile, too explosive, to be permitted to form entire families. They have "too much ego in their cosmos." Among them must be placed the bromides, the harmless, necessary bromides, who perform for the domestic atmosphere identically the same function which nitrogen performs for the physical atmosphere. Can you imagine your sulphitic father without the bromidic wife who keeps up with his elusive collar buttons and sees that his eggs are cooked exactly right? Or, again, can you imagine righteousness and peace—according to Scriptural tradition—kissing each other in a home where the cook was not a bromide? Nay, rather would that home be the dwelling place of wrath, the abomination of desolation.

Let us now consider one of the chief charges which the sulphite brings against the bromide: that his conversation does not scintillate with unexpected flashes of wit. This accusation may be true, but it is also true that the set remarks of the bromide are among the hallowed traditions of the age. We could not be happy without them. From the first time our mothers cured our cut fingers with the time-honored balm, "There, now, don't cry; mother will kiss it well," until the last time a bromidic friend soothed our injured feelings by saying, "I wouldn't pay a bit of attention to it; I would simply consider the source"—yea, all of our lives, each of us—even the sulphite himself—has been dependent on these bromidic proverbs. There are, I am sure, certain occasions when the veriest sulphite of them all would feel uncomfortable, even sacrilegious, if some one would not sententiously announce, "No, it isn't the money, but the principle of the thing I object to." Bromidioms are just as necessary to society as its other decorative conventionalities, such as neckties, Doric columns, and kings of England.

Doubtless the sulphite may have been loved because of a lack of pyrotechnic display in the conversation of the bromide; but the sulphite has often been guilty of a worse fault. He has many times deliberately carried a conversation into realms where he knows the bromide cannot follow, and has delighted in the unhappiness of the bromide whom he has left behind—hurt, perplexed, and entirely miserable, for all the world like a faithful dog that has been tied and is doomed to watch his beloved master go away where he cannot follow.

Again, I say, I do not disparage the brilliance of the sulphite; not for any consideration would I deprive him of his gifts. I would only pray him to beware lest he exercise those gifts too arrogantly. Let him remember that he is merely the decoration on the cake, the froth on the wave; that the great world beneath him is bromidic. And as the bromide accepts the sulphite, remembering his frailties, his irritability, and

lack of understanding, but still honoring him for the brilliance which enables him to see beyond the range of bromidic vision; so let the sulphite honor the bromide, forgiving him his dullness, his lack of insight, and admiring him for his stability, his common sense, and his dependableness. If the sulphite is exultant because to him comes the rare gift of genius, let him also be humble because to him comes the curse of insanity. Let the sulphite recognize in the bromide the glory of the commonplace, and remember that a man may be a bromide without being a bromidiot.

CHANGED PLANS

CORA JENKINS MOSS

It was a warm, drowsy afternoon in early summer. Not a traveler was visible on the hot, dusty road that wound itself between the ploughed fields and over the hills until in the distance it seemed to be only a shimmering blur. Travelers were, indeed, few and far between in this out-of-the-way section of North Carolina; the location was undesirable. The heat was oppressive in summer, and the ignorant one-horse farm settlers usually let their farms take care of themselves and spent the long summer days in pleasant idleness. Down through the meadow near the road a creek flowed listlessly. On the bank Tim Harper, a shabby-looking farmer, accompanied by his dog, was sitting with his back against a large tree, fishing.

"Don't believe they'll bite much, Bill. Guess it's too hot for 'em," mused the farmer as he lazily watched the cork float about.

Just then Harper heard voices. Two men were passing along the road talking earnestly. Just opposite Harper they paused so that one of them might tie his shoe. The farmer from his position behind the tree could, without being seen, hear every word they were saying. Always suspicious of strangers, he listened intently to their argument.

"But, Johnson, how do you know there's ore on the old man's land? Let's not be in such a hurry. Suppose it—"

"Suppose nothing!" snapped the other; "I've been over every inch of the ground, and I know what I'm talking about. I can't see why the old man hasn't found it himself."

"Say, did you see the girl at the cabin?" asked the other stranger.

"No, Jennings," was the reply; "I'm not looking at girls."

"Well," said the other, "if she's his daughter, and if I have to stay here while I'm working the deal, maybe she'll help pass

away the time, and maybe, if I seem interested in her, it'll help us get the land cheaper. That's a capital idea."

"Pretty good," agreed his companion as they moved on down the road.

When the men had passed, Harper rose from behind the tree. He eyed the departing strangers for a minute.

"Umph!" he grunted. "Some city chaps what thinks they're goin' to work a monkey trick on somebody 'round here somewheres. Wish I knowed more of what they was goin' to do; but I heard one of them talkin' 'bout comin' back; so I reckon I'll be seein' 'em again." With these words he got up, called his dog, and started home.

Strangers in that secluded part of the State were not common, and, for that reason, when Jean Harper saw two well-dressed men crossing the pasture back of her home, she was surprised, and watched all of their movements.

Jean had had more advantages than most of her neighborhood companions. After she had finished the country school, her father had sent her to the county-seat to high school. All of the neighbors had considered this a very foolish act, but Harper wanted his daughter to have the best he could afford in everything. She had done well in school, and now she was back at home to love and take care of him and to try to fill her dead mother's place. That afternoon when she saw her father returning from his fishing trip, she ran to meet him and to tell him of the strangers.

Although farmer Harper did not have much education, he had a good deal of common sense, and did not tell everything he knew. He, therefore, listened quietly to Jean's story of the two men who had examined the soil around the spring, across the meadow, and, in fact, over the whole place. When she had finished her story, the old man thought he had the situation pretty well sized up.

"So, I'm the old man they was talkin' 'bout and Jean's the 'stunner.' I'll show them a few things if one of 'em comes

back here—the rascals!" muttered Harper to himself as he went to the barn.

Harper did not have long to wait for his man. About a week later a young man climbed the hill to the Harper home and told Jean, who met him, that his name was Jennings. He asked to see her father. The old man went out to talk with him.

"Yes, I reckon you can stay here a bit while you are lookin' for a farm," agreed Harper after he and the newcomer had talked things over. There seemed nothing else for him to say, for the old fellow had immediately taken a liking to Jennings, and could not believe that the young man was trying to fool him, as the conversation down by the creek had led him to think.

Since Harper had never mentioned this conversation to any one, everything ran smoothly at the farmhouse. Jennings was always there at meal time, and soon became more engrossed in affairs around the house than in looking for a farm. He got along well with Harper, and the old man, won over by the stranger's pleasant manner, almost forgot what he had overheard down by the creek. He simply could not believe that Jennings was the swindler he had at first suspected him of being. Jean, too, liked the new boarder. He talked to her of the life in the city which she had learned to like, and the two soon became good friends.

"Seems to be a pretty good fellow; and he's right pleasant company, ain't he?" Harper asked his daughter. "It's gettin' on towards winter now, though, and it seems like if he was goin' to buy a place, he'd have found it by this time."

"Yes," Jean answered without the slightest idea what she was saying. "And, father, he wants to know when he may see you on some important business. I think he's decided to go back to the city. He seems worried about something, and he won't tell me what it is. Father, you—er—like him, don't you?"

"Pretty well," grunted her father. "Here he comes. I'll see him now. What is it you wants to see me about, Mr. Jennings?" he asked, as Jean slipped quietly out of the room.

"I hardly know where to begin, Mr. Harper, but—er—the truth is, I've been working here rather under false colors, and I'm ashamed of myself for not explaining things sooner. I've decided to change my plans; I mean I'm going back to the city to—er to—" began Jennings, only to be interrupted by the old man. The half-forgotten conversation had come forcefully back to Harper's mind.

"You'd just as well to go back. I knowed your infernal plan from the very first; but you seemed like such a decent feller that I hoped it warn't so. I heard you plan to fool me that day by the fence," he roared angrily. "You ain't goin' to get my land on that plan. I had come to think you was straight and believed I was mistook in what I heard."

"Please let me explain," begged Jennings. "I know the conversation you are talking about. My cousin and his partner in the mining business came through this country last spring and planned to get a large fortune out of your ore land. I was just out of college and had gone in business with them. I didn't fully understand their crooked methods; so I fell in with them. They sent me here to find out all I could about this place. After I got here I found out how crooked their deal was to be and I pulled out of the scheme, but I stayed on because—well, because I'd changed my mind."

"What! you ain't crooked, then?" asked Harper, as the truth dawned on him and he began to cool down. "I thought when I seen you that if you was a rascal, I was fooled worse than I ever had been. I'd heard you all plannin', though, and I warn't goin' to let you fool me in the business. Now, young man, if you didn't stay to fool me, why did you stay?" asked the old man.

"Well, to tell the truth, I stayed because of Jean. I love her, and I want to marry her. I have to go back to the city

on business, and I want to take her with me. But, Mr. Harper, what they said about that land being worth a fortune is all true, and if you'll trust me I'd like to come back and work out a straight deal for the land and stay here with Jean and develop it."

"Well, them's more changes than I was countin' on at once. But you call Jean," said the old man with a sly grin. "If she's willin', I reckon I'll have to be."

TO LIVE

JAKE

The Wonderful Queen in her diamonds may shine,
But she has not a heart half so lightsome as mine!
Nor all the fine ladies in this country wide
Can boast the glad heart that in *me* does abide!

"The wildfire that flashes so glad and so free"
Is never so wildly as buoyant as *"me"!*
E'en the birds that so freely soar on their wing,
Than *I,* ne'er a happier song can they sing.

Each minute that comes makes me more surely glad;
There's *never* a minute in which to be sad!
For God made this World where Beauty is rife,
And gave to our spirits the master-gift—Life;

In which we are able (if we have only the mind)
To do wonderful deeds which are loving and kind;
And the one who has *Joy—that* wonderful gift—
With a smile or a word can much sorrow uplift.

So I long to be happy and cultivate cheer
And to live a bright life all the time I am here,
So that when I am gone, perhaps some one can say,
"By her presence she brought me a happier day!"

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE POSITION OF WOMAN IN CONTEMPORARY LIFE

BLANCHE MANN

The position of woman in contemporary life is a topic which is at present receiving much consideration and which is causing much consternation and misapprehension in the masculine mind. This consternation is, in a measure, natural. Men do not desire a change in the social order; the party in power never wishes for á readjustment. The misapprehension of masculine humanity also is natural, for man has seen woman enter "one sacred man's calling after another," has seen his traditional ideas of "ladies" set at nought, and has been at a loss to understand the reasons for these changes and the results which they may be expected to bring about. The consequence has been that, without due consideration, he has set the whole feminist movement down as a womanish caprice. But there are beneath the movement fundamental causes which need to be considered.

The truth of the matter is that the modern woman is "between the devil and the deep blue sea." If she stays within the "sacred precincts" of the home, she is denounced as a parasite and a social butterfly; if she enters the industrial field, she is as bitterly repudiated for the desertion of her "natural sphere" and the invasion of a "sacred man's calling." Masculine logic has found in the feminist movement a field of innumerable possibilities in which he has performed the most incredible feats. The existence of these conflicting views concerning woman's place in the social order is due to the fact that men have persistently ignored the existence of a profound and all-sufficient reason for woman's invasion of the preëmpted fields of human endeavor. The reason is that, beyond the bare duties of child-training, the labor of woman in the home has, under modern conditions, been greatly reduced, and, under these conditions, there are not enough

duties to consume her time, employ her energies, or exhaust her skill. Our grandmothers spent much time in spinning yarn, weaving cloth, and painfully sewing fabrics together by hand. Cooking, scrubbing, laundering, and many like "poetic" and "appropriate" tasks commanded their attention, consumed their time, and wearied their bodies; and the sum total of their duties was such as to keep them busy from early morning until late at night. Modern machinery and the economic conditions of the day in which we live have eliminated from woman's rôle at least three-fourths of this work. What, then, shall woman do with this unused time? Shall she become a social butterfly and suffer bitter condemnation, or shall she in all seriousness look the world in the face, select a task, and do it with all her powers? Assuredly, the latter is the saner and safer course.

The time-worn argument that woman is traditionally merely a helpmeet for man, and that she is, therefore, to expend her talents solely within the domestic circle, is a specious plea that has faithfully served its generation, and should "fall on sleep." Do the advocates of this doctrine contend that because man was originally set to the task of tilling the soil, all men should be farmers, and that no other type of work should be done? Certainly not; and yet this position is just as tenable as that which assumes that because woman in the development of the race became a handmaid, in servitude to the domestic and maternal grind of household duties, she should now attempt no rôle beyond this; and that if she presumes to do so, she threatens the stability of all orders of social and economic life.

Those who maintain a hostile attitude towards the "Woman's Movement" contend that it is a caprice led by women who want to create a furor for the sake of notoriety. This statement is as fallacious as it is frequent. Women are striving to take their places in the industrial world because of economic necessity. The women with sufficient income to be

able to live at home without industrial work after the loss of husband or father are constantly becoming more rare. As a matter of fact, middle-class women are with increasing frequency forced to earn their entire livelihood, not because of their own caprice, but because of circumstances which offer as the only alternative absolute economic dependence upon some male relative. It is the rule rather than the exception that women, in addition to their so-called domestic duties, take their places in industrial fields, work right beside the men, and accomplish great results without any real loss of resource to domestic life. Moreover, what is to be said of the men who, either disqualified or disinclined for work, force their wives and daughters to labor and bear the responsibilities for all work done within and without the home? If such men did not exist, these women could certainly subsist without them; and if they did so, they would not perpetuate a crime on society.

Since woman has entered the lists she has met rebuff, abuse, and insult. The Feminist Movement is seeking to create a social order in which woman without a handicap may compete with man in any phase of industrial labor. It is not the claim of feminists that women would make good railway guards, soldiers, or foreign ministers; but they do claim that women should not be debarred by law or custom from competing for these offices. Competition will see to it that women hold no offices for which they are not qualified. At present male society either hampers or favors woman. It is unable to regard her as a rival or an equal, but must consider her an humble collaborator or an enthroned queen. Feminism claims that she should be treated merely as a human being, and that her work should be regarded as a human product, competitive with all other products of like character. It asks no quarter in this regard and will give none.

Feminism in making its claims upon the world has been at all times assertive, sometimes wrong, and often radical.

There never has been a great revolution, however, without these very conditions. Our forefathers of 1776 did not obtain freedom by supinely sitting down and submitting to "taxation without representation." They obtained their freedom by agitation, rebellion, and revolution. But just as there was final readjustment in the colonies, so, we believe, woman will come into her own and become an integral part of the social order. Man does not want to change the old order of things, of course, just as the Democrats did not want to change the administration last November. Averse as man may be to the economic independence of woman, nevertheless, it is a perfectly evident fact that it is here, and here to stay so long as our civilization exists. Anti-Feminists may jeer, utter direful prophecies, and pour out their abuse as much as they please; they cannot stop its progress. With our present civilization it is not possible to put woman back where she was before the invention of machinery.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE'S "GITANJALI": AN APPRECIATION

AGNES

Of all Rabindranath Tagore's poetry the most popular, perhaps, is the *Gitanjali*. It was this work which won for him in 1913 the Nobel prize for literature. The wonderful charm of these songs of the soul is indescribable. The verse is full of spiritual meaning, profound, yet allusive. It vibrates with the tone of youth, of freshness, of the exuberance of life. Tagore has caught the real comedy of life: the fact that the soul is born old and grows young; in his songs the music of eternal youth is singing. "The tone of wonder, of eagerness, of fullness of life, either for joy or for pain," is the great quality which distinguishes his work from other works of the age. The pervading spirit of his work is an intense, unconquerable optimism. A belief in the human soul's desire for perfection and a calm assurance that this desire will ultimately be attained through trials and temptations of this life, underlie all of his work. He says: "The traveler has to knock at every alien door to come to his own, and one has to wander through all the outer worlds to reach the innermost shrine at the end."

He also says: "Day by day thou art making me worthy of thy full acceptance by refusing me ever and anon, saving me from perils of weak, uncertain desire." As Mr. Yeates' Indian traveler says, "To read one line of his is to forget all the troubles in the world."

We of this western civilization particularly need some such mental relief. Amid the din of war it is a comfort to turn from all that is harsh and dissonant and to listen to the transcendent music that comes to us in this voice of the East—this voice which seems an echo of the Master Poet himself. The poets of the Occident have devoted much of their thought and inspiration to songs of hate, to the turbulent actions and

petty strife which arise from man's meaner nature. In Tagore the Orient has given us a poet who concerns himself not at all with what is ephemeral, one whose soul is severed from all "materialism, conscious and unconscious, by a severance sharp as that between life and death," yet who is not severed from love of life and of humanity. His creed is: "Everything has sprung from immortal life and is vibrating with life. *Life is immense.*"

His work is "the work of a supreme culture," yet it appears "as much the growth of the common soil as the grass and the rushes." He wishes for no culture "if it will rob one of the right of entrance to the great fair of common life."

Tagore is completely self-effacing. For himself he prays: "Only let me make my life simple and straight like a flute of reed for thee to fill with music."

For his country, on the other hand, his prayer is great and comprehensive:

"Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high;
Where knowledge is free;
Where the world has not been broken into fragments by narrow domestic walls;
Where words come out from the depths of truth;
Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection;
Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert of dead habit;
Where the mind is led forward by thee into ever-widening thought and action—
Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake."

A LEAGUE TO ENFORCE PEACE

A2 L.

Mr. Bolling took a piece of cake and stuck his spoon appreciatively into the chocolate mousse. As his wife watched the well-fed Sabbath expression of "peace on earth" steal over his countenance, she decided that the moment for attack had arrived. She, therefore, began:

"James, did you notice the Hill's new Packard today?"

"Uh-huh," grunted her husband; "big, clumsy car."

"That's exactly what I thought," agreed his wife; then she added: "There's the most beautiful Pierce-Arrow at the garage down on Fifth Street."

Mr. Bolling, apparently, was obtuse; therefore, Mrs. Bolling became more specific. "Our old car is so dilapidated-looking; I do wish we could afford a new one."

This remark brought the curt response: "Well, we can't, and that settles it."

But Mrs. Bolling knew that that did not settle it. She continued: "Well, dear, I thought that maybe, since we had sold the place on the mountain and weren't going away this summer, we could afford to put some money into a car."

"Now, Laura," explained her husband, "you know that with the price of coke out of sight and with the mines sending us stuff that acts like it had more sulphur than iron in it, we simply can't afford anything."

"But, James," said Mrs. Bolling, defensively, "it does seem as if the president of the Virginia Iron Company ought to be as prosperous-looking as the general manager of the Russellville Sulphuric Acid Company; and the Hills have bought a car."

Since this remark brought no response, Mrs. Bolling chose a new point of attack.

"Mrs. Burke says that the Hills aren't going away this summer, either; and I certainly do hate to think of that Hill

boy running a new car while Janet has to go around in that same old rattle-trap."

"I don't give a hang what the Hills do," retorted Mr. Bolling, "if only I don't have to hear about it."

"But, James," insisted Mrs. Bolling, "I do think that since this will be Janet's first year out of school, we ought to try to do something particularly nice for her; and the upholstering on that car—"

"If you'll shut up," broke in Mr. Bolling, "I'll go see that thing tomorrow; but I want you to understand that I don't expect to buy it."

But Mrs. Bolling, knowing that her point was won, only said sweetly: "Won't you have another piece of cake, dear?"

In due time the Bollings became the owners of the Pierce-Arrow; in due time Janet Bolling, full of tennis and sociology, returned from Wellesley to take her place in Russellville society; in due time, also, Roger Hill, likewise full of tennis and with a smattering of sociology, was graduated from Princeton and came home to learn the business of the Russellville Sulphuric Acid Company.

Late one afternoon, about a week after Roger's return, he and Peter Howe, who had recently been graduated from the State University, and who, like Roger, was a tennis enthusiast, were seated on the veranda of the Russellville Country Club. Roger was trying to extenuate the humiliating fact that he and Louise Hunt had twice been defeated at tennis by Peter Howe and Nancy Burke.

"I'll tell you, Pete," he explained, "if I had a girl who could play as well as Nancy does I could beat you. Nancy's the only girl in town who can play decently."

"No, she's not," announced Peter.

"Show me another one," challenged Roger.

"Janet Bolling."

"Huh!" grinned Roger; "I've got a vision of myself playing with her. If I did, mother would have to be put on ice

to cool, and dad would start on a lecture that wouldn't end for a month. You know they never have got over that business quarrel dad and old man Bolling had twenty years ago."

"Janet's getting to be a mighty good-looking girl," remarked Peter.

"I haven't seen her since about the time we went to prep school," said Roger.

"You haven't!" exclaimed Peter.

"No," Roger explained; "I've always been at school in the winter, and we've usually gone away for the summers, and I believe the Bollings have, too; so there hasn't been much chance for us to get acquainted."

"How does it happen that you have never met during the holidays?" asked Peter.

"I don't know," said Roger; "I suppose we never have happened to be here at the same time."

Then, for lack of further interest, the topic was dropped. After a few minutes, however, it was suddenly revived. "I say," exclaimed Peter, "there goes Janet Bolling now; see, on that second court, with Bob Wallace!"

Roger saw. For a few minutes he silently watched the girl play. Then he said:

"Peter Howe, I've got a partner that can beat you and Nancy now. Watch that serve! Family feud or no family feud, I'm going to play tennis with that girl."

And play tennis with her he did—just about every afternoon during the summer. He also danced with her and talked with her, about sociology—and other things.

In the meantime Roger was proving apt in learning the sulphuric acid business. One evening his father said to him:

"Roger, I don't see how we are going to get enough acid to fill that DuPont contract. We are running full capacity now and can barely keep up with the back orders."

"I'll tell you, dad," suggested Roger, "I happen to know that the Clayton mines are giving old man Bolling a lot of

ore that has so much sulphur in it that he can hardly make pig iron out of it. It has put his concern in a pretty tight place financially, and we might be able to get a lot of his ore cheap. If it has as much sulphur in it as they say it has, it would turn out acid quicker than what we are using now, and it would make things easier for old man Bolling."

At that point his father interrupted him. "Roger Hill," he exclaimed, "do you mean to tell me that you would advise any dealings with old man Bolling? You! when you know how he acted about those very Clayton mines when I first came down here. If old man Bolling is in a tight place, it is exactly what he deserves. And, right here, Roger, let me tell you that I've heard that you and that Bolling girl have been playing tennis at the Country Club. It's got to stop; do you understand? Why, old man Bolling—"

And Roger, for the hundredth time, was forced to hear the story of "old man Bolling's" perfidy.

That same evening the Bollings were discussing an accident which had occurred that afternoon at the plant of the Virginia Iron Company. Janet, schooled in modern sociology, said:

"Daddy, you ought to have an emergency hospital down there in East Russellville near the works. It's so far up to the general hospital. Couldn't you fix up a hospital and have a club house for the men and a playground for the children?"

Her father's answer left no room for doubt; he said: "Huh! I look like turning East Russellville into a suburb of Paradise when the Clayton mines are sending me ore that costs a fortune to reduce, and with all this war demand I can't get any other ore anywhere. I look like building a hospital when I can hardly afford to keep you supplied with silk stockings."

"But, daddy," persisted Janet, "maybe you wouldn't have to do it all by yourself. All the plants down there need a

hospital, and if you'd put it just beyond your works, maybe Mr. Hill—"

"Great Scott!" exploded Mr. Bolling, "are you having the impertinence to suggest that I go in cahoot with that old rascal when he came down here and with his Yankee shrewdness tried to cheat me out of the title to those very Clayton mines?" Mr. Bolling's eyes narrowed. "Look here, kitty puss," he said, "somebody told your mother that you had been playing tennis with that young Hill idiot at the Country Club. Is that so?"

"Yes," admitted Janet, somewhat defiantly.

"Well, it's got to stop!" ordered her father.

"Now, look here, daddy," pleaded Janet, "it's this way: Young Mr. Hill and I are up against Nancy Burke and Peter Howe for the doubles championship next Saturday, and I certainly do want to win the cup. Please let us play that game."

She smiled at him, and her nose wrinkled up in the way that always amused him. When she looked like that, he could refuse her nothing. "Go on," he said, genially; "but let that be the last time."

Janet only smiled and kissed her father goodnight.

When the tennis tournament came off, Janet and Roger won by a narrow margin. It was, therefore, only proper and right that they should entertain their defeated rivals with dinner at the club. It was, also, only proper and right that after dinner the two couples should separate. Janet and Roger were on the side veranda.

"So your father said this must be the last time?" Roger was saying.

"Yes," answered Janet.

"I believe dad would have said the same thing if he hadn't got to talking and forgotten all about it," Roger declared. "The whole thing is perfectly preposterous. Especially when they could be so much help to each other in a business way."

"I know it," agreed Janet. "But I'm afraid they will never come to terms. You know my father."

"Well," was Roger's reply, "I've never had the opportunity of knowing him intimately, but I do know mine; I guess that amounts to the same thing. Janet," he continued, "do you know the only thing in the world that would put an end to all this foolishness?"

The two looked at each other and laughed.

"Do I understand you to suggest, Roger Hill, that I should sacrifice myself to the business interests of my father?" Janet demanded, but her eyes were twinkling.

"Oh, well," grinned Roger in return, "if that's the view you take of the situation, I guess I'll not say what I started to say."

Again the two looked at each other and laughed.

Later in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Bolling were in their library.

"Hasn't Janet come yet?" demanded her father.

"No," Mrs. Bolling answered. "She ought to be here. Maybe she decided to stay all night with Nancy Burke. I'll phone and see if I can find her."

Just as Mrs. Bolling started to the telephone, the door-bell rang. She answered the summons and came back with a telegram for her husband. Mr. Bolling's hand shook as he took the message. To Mr. Bolling just at that time all telegrams boded financial trouble. As he read the message his face became white. Without a word he handed the paper to his wife. She read:

Dearest Mother and Dad:

Roger Hill and I were married in Radford tonight. We knew that if we asked you, you never would consent; so we just did it anyhow. Please forgive us and forget that old quarrel. Tell Roger's father and mother for us. We will come back when you say you will forgive us. Address White Sulphur Springs. With oceans of love,

Janet.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Bolling were for the instant speechless. Then Mr. Bolling broke out:

"The young fools! No, I'll never forgive them! No, I'll not tell the Hills! A daughter of mine with no more sense that that! I'll never speak to her again! I'll never—"

Then he turned suddenly and said: "Laura, look up Hill's number for me."

The next day the inevitable had been accepted. Mr. Hill was in Mr. Bolling's office. Blowing a generous puff of cigar smoke, he said:

"Yes, I had to have the young scamp in the business. He has a good business head, and I'm getting old. And, by the way, Bolling, could we work out a deal to exchange a couple of hundred tons of that Clayton mine ore that's high in sulphur for some that's not so high?"

"Sure!" said Mr. Bolling, and the two men shook hands.

EDITORIAL

GREETING

The present number of The Archive is somewhat in the nature of a minority report. Except the exchange department and the editorial entitled "Management of Publications," all of the literary contributions which appear in this issue are the work of the young women students of the College.

Of course, we do not expect to please everybody. There are some people, we are sure, who will be convinced that we are invading a "sacred man's calling" when we should be in our "proper sphere"—washing dishes or following the advice of the *Ladies' Home Journal* as to "how to construct a stylish hat for $1.98," and there are some who will see in this issue merely another form of the Serpent's snare.

We hope, however, that on the whole this number of the magazine will be accepted as an indication of how the other half thinks—or, at least, of the fact that she does think. For we do think; or, at any rate, we think that we think. One of the things that we think we think is that in the matter of dormitories and athletic facilities we should be given, in fact as well as in name, "all the privileges granted to young men as students of Trinity College"—in other words, we think that we should have not a make-believe Fraushack, but a real sure-enough Woman's Building with a gymnasium and tennis and basket-ball courts all our own.

Another thing that some of us think is that if the women students themselves would exhibit more college spirit—more co-ed spirit; if they would put more energy into their organizations and would comfortably furnish the room set apart for them in West Duke Building, they would materially improve their chances for receiving consideration from the powers that be.

"And so," as Falstaff says, "endeth my catechism."

L.

COLLEGE SPIRIT AGAIN

When the lack of college spirit at Trinity is the subject of public remarks by the president of the College and of repeated editorials in the student publications, the condition is evidently serious. Just how serious it is may be gathered from a few figures, which, as everybody knows, can't lie.

Subscribers to ARCHIVE 90
Subscribers to *Chronicle* 125
Subscribers to *Chanticleer* 250

To these might be added the following significant statistics:

Dramatic activities 000
Class Day Exercises conducted by Senior Class 000

Of all the forms of college activities, athletics is the only one which receives anything like adequate support. One reason for this support is not hard to find. "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." The students are required to pay their athletic fees. If they were not, how many do you suppose would volunteer to buy season tickets?

So much for the symptoms. Now for the diagnosis.

One trouble with the students at Trinity is that they have had so much done for them that they have lost the power of initiative. The attitude of the student body as a whole is similar to that of the old man who, after he had given up all active work, was asked how he passed the time. "Well," he answered, "sometimes I sets and thinks; but mostly I just sets." Now, that is largely the condition at Trinity. The student body is "just setting"; and if there is any state of mind which is hard to remedy, it is this very attitude. A few students here, a very few students, are working to keep the breath of life in the student organizations, while the majority "just set." For the most part, they do not even "set and criticise"; they "just set."

Now, for the remedy.

The primary remedy is not organization; we are organized to death now with clubs and societies which are little more than names. The remedy is individual activity. Such activity might—probably would—result in strife; but there are several things—stagnation, for instance—which are worse than strife. If each individual student at Trinity would become interested in at least one college activity, in anything outside of himself, the results would be revolutionary. One result would be a college spirit which would be the greatest asset Trinity could possibly possess; but the greatest benefit would come to the individuals themselves. For each student may accept with certainty the fact that he will get out of college just what he puts into it—exactly so much and no more. L.

MANAGEMENT OF PUBLICATIONS

All elective officials of the student body are at all times responsible to the students, in the sense that the students have the right to call them to account by pointing out their mistakes. It is the business of the College press, when it is fully cognizant of the duty it owes to the students it serves, to point out those mistakes, so that they may be looked into, and that such representatives discharge to the best of their ability the trust imposed in them.

It may seem to some that the deficit which the *Chanticleer* suffered last year has received sufficient editorial comment; but the lesson we learned from that has given rise to the thought of other dangers which may arise from the loose manner in which all our publications are managed and financed. It is true that the *Chanticleer* has been the subject of much comment, public and private. Private criticism does not savor of fruitfulness, because it is uttered by a

few individuals who refrain from letting the public know the facts; nor does the ARCHIVE wish to quote any of the criticisms; but we do urge that some system be adopted whereby the College publications will be placed on a sound financial basis, a system which will insure the organizations supporting the publications against any bad management.

The system by which the College publications are financed is a deplorable one. The business managers are appointed by the students and entrusted with the whole affair without there being any check upon their proceedings whatsoever. In some cases the business manager is elected by the ballot of the students; in other cases the manager is appointed by a board which is elected by different organizations. Too often it happens that the popular man is elected without any regard to his business ability. Then it is that the publication suffers. If his ability is sufficient for him to collect the money, he pockets the surplus, and nobody ever knows how much.

It is evident that advertising and subscription rates are sufficiently high to insure financial safety if the right force is behind it. Under the present system, suppose the *Chronicle,* or the ARCHIVE, or the *Chanticleer* should show a deficit. Fortunately, the *Chronicle* and ARCHIVE have been saved this disaster; but if they should be in arrears at the end of the year, upon whom are we going to lay the blame? The managers are not bonded, and they could easily escape the consequences. Moreover, the system provides no way for any one to tell how much has been received, or how much has been expended. Often the managers accept merchandise from their advertising patrons, such as room furniture, railroad mileage, meal tickets, et cetera, all of which have been disposed of by the time they come to balance up their books. In case of a deficit, managers have forgotten all about these personal comforts. Again, we have been told that business managers sometimes keep the publication's bank account in their own name, making no distinction between the funds of

the publication and their own private money. This happened last year, we are told, in the case of the *Chronicle,* so that when the business manager retired and turned over the business to another man, there was no account of expenditures whatsoever. The retiring manager had to figure from *memory* his expenditures, and thus determine the remainder which he was to give his successor. Needless to say, the business manager accepting the place "got stuck." With such a system, where is there any degree of safety? Yet this very plan is allowed to continue in operation at Trinity from year to year.

The Archive would suggest a plan whereby a strict account of expenditures be kept and all books of the management be carefully audited. Business managers, we think, should be placed under bond to the amount of the business, until the end of the year. This should be done as a matter of business, and not because we doubt their integrity. Such bonding would encourage better business methods and lessen the possibility of mismanagement. A statement of all transactions should be turned over to an auditor, say the treasurer of the College, once every month, or at least once a quarter. The business manager and the editor-in-chief should be paid a fair compensation for their services, and the remainder, over and above what may be needed to finance the publication, should be placed in the bank to the credit of the publication. This surplus could be used to advantage in raising the standard of the magazine or paper, and would insure the students against a deficit of a lean year, or other disasters which might arise. The unwritten law of our present system, that the business manager pocket all the surplus, should be modernized. The editor-in-chief does practically as much work as the business manager, and he, too, should be rewarded with a fair compensation.

The Archive has no knowledge, general or particular, of the causes of the deficits in the past. It is not our purpose

that there should be even a suspicion of mismanagement. A reform is recommended merely as a means to the more rapid elimination of the existing bad form. It is hoped that if this recommendation is adopted, it will serve to perpetuate a sound basis by which the publications may be financed, and secure a good guarantee to the organizations supporting them. If the proposed change becomes effective, we will at least know what becomes of our money. Let us do something before it is everlastingly too late. R. H. S.

WAYSIDE WARES

MEASLES

Hurrah for the measles
As it affects the college boy!
There's lots of fun in having it;
It's what he calls real joy.

"Dear Ma," he writes, "I'm broke out thick
With little fine red bumps;
I'm 'fraid I've got the measles.
I'm all down in the dumps.

"I'm almost scared to take a breath
Or go outside the door.
The doctor says I'm quarantined—
That's when I almost swore.

"Now, please send me some peach preserves
And a glass of jelly, too;
And if you'll send a chocolate cake,
I'll be obliged to you.

"And please tell pa to send a check—
For a hundred, if he can,
For it's bound to be expensive
When measles strike a man."

And so they send the cash and feed,
Which give unbounded joy;
He has the time of his young life,
While they fret 'bout their boy.

FEET

Feet have more individual marks that are signs of character than is usually suspected. I had not thought much of the subject until one day while I was sight-seeing in one of our large cities. Tired by excitement, I withdrew to a rest-room in one of the large public buildings. This room was on the level of the street, and, since the window shade was lowered, only the feet of the passers-by were visible to the occupants of the room. I settled myself comfortably in my well-cushioned chair and began to meditate over the day's experiences. My attention was soon attracted, however, by a pair of vivid green feet moving along with the mass of others past the window. These feet were a little larger than the usual size. They were clad in very thin green hose and low-cut bright green satin pumps with brass buckles and French heels. The pumps were badly soiled, and the heels were run over. The way the feet hopped rather than walked made it evident that the shoes were too tight. Immediately the image of the owner of those shoes flashed into my mind. Her dress would be cheap green satin, badly soiled, bedecked with an abundance of cheap lace and messy spangled stuff such as women sometimes wear. The hair would be a wad of hideous yellow, the kind of hair that looks like flax. The face would be rogued and powdered until it was lifeless looking, and the eyes would have a vacant stare. The hat would be a cheap straw affair with a huge, stringy plume. And she would chew gum—I could almost hear her. Cheapness, gaudiness, and shallow-mindedness—these were the characteristics I read from those feet.

My attention was next attracted by a quick, steady stride on the pavement. A pair of well shaped, good-sized masculine feet came into view. They wore a pair of high black shoes of a comfortable, comely cut and showing signs of recent polish. Immediately there arose in my mind the

picture of a well dressed middle-aged business man. A sound mind and business ability marked those feet.

The pair of feet which I noticed next was clothed in rubber-soled canvas shoes. At their side was another pair, very similar except larger and heavier. I could tell by the stride that one pair belonged to a girl and the other to a boy. Immediately I pictured two school children—sweethearts, most likely—returning from school. I could imagine the girl's middy suit, red tie, and red hair ribbon, and the boy's flashy necktie and suit. I could almost see the girl's coquettish glances and the boy's attentive gaze. Their stride bespoke youthfulness, freedom, and vitality.

The next actors to appear on my little stage were a pair of black patent leather pumps—masculine pumps. They were accompanied by a walking-stick. Above them were white silk hose. At once I knew that a "sport" was passing by. Every motion of those shoes cried out, "Mollycoddle!"

A pair of shabbily clothed little feet came trudging along next. There were holes in the toes. A ragged stocking overhung the top of one shoe. I could hear the strident call of a newsboy, and I knew that these were his shoes. I pictured his tattered clothing, dirty face, shaggy hair, and his great load of papers. Just at that moment there appeared from the opposite direction the daintiest, most shapely feet imaginable. I could see a pretty girl whose attire was faultless in every detail. I admired those shoes from the moment I saw them, and I soon began to admire the owner, too. The two pairs of shoes met. The dainty ones halted, and the shabby ones stood beside them. The ragged little feet seemed very nervous. They tramped each other, kicked the pavement, and seemed altogether ill at ease. "Very well they might with such superior ones close by," I thought. Then a half dollar tumbled down as if to make their acquaintance, but it was immediately snatched up by a dirty little hand, and the little feet shuffled on in great haste. But another

pair—a well clothed pair, too—had joined the dainty ones. I involuntarily began to grow jealous. Then I laughed at my foolishness. "Why, she might be an old maid," I said.

Other feet passed by—big shuffling ones, the "colored mammy" kind, patched ones, sensible, durable ones, chic ones, baby ones, and many others—but somehow I had lost my interest.

It may be vain to assume that all of the characters I fitted to the feet that day were as I pictured them; but I know that one of them was. That very afternoon on a street car I sat opposite a most attractive young lady. When I noticed her shoes, I started, for there were my "dainty feet." I stared so long that I attracted her attention, and both of us became embarrassed. But later I came to know her and found that my original assumption was correct, for my lady of the dainty feet has for five years made me an ideal wife.

THE CO-ED

(*As she evidently appears to the author of "The Managerie of Serpents"*)

My heart leaps up when I behold
A "dater" drawing nigh:
So was it in my Freshman year;
So shall be till I finish here;
So be it when I'm gray and old,
About to die!
My chief aim is to snare a man;
My only hope is that I can
Keep one who will spend cash near by.

EXCHANGES

The exchange department of the *Hollins Magazine* evidently features adverse and ignorantly directed criticism toward male college publications. The editor seems to feel that a successful short-story must bear about it that delicate female touch which characterizes every line of pseudo-literature embraced in the columns of this magazine. No impartial judge, however, will deny that the Hollins publication is very commendable in some respects. The local department is well edited and expresses an idea which many another college would do well to adopt. But the fact that the magazine has its virtues does not grant it license to revile exchanges in shrewish terms, or to direct militant sarcasm at every literary attempt not reeking in that "eternally feminine" atmosphere which saturates the Hollins publication like London fog.

The Randolph-Macon *Tattler* for December includes two sketches which are very originally conceived and particularly well written. "Concerning Self-Pity" is just what the title promises—a discussion of this demoralizing human frailty. The author probes rather subtly into some of the weaknesses of mortals, especially lady-mortals, and turns out to the sunlight some of the reveries of the victims of the malady under treatment. "Radiators" has an air of originality about it. The author draws a character sketch of the ordinary household variety of radiator in a vein that is decidedly entertaining. Some of the information contained in this sketch is rather enlightening; for instance, "Young ladies find an infallible friend in the radiator when they wish to dry their hair." "Now, what d'you think of that?" Evidently a radiator is a far more significant fixture than Webster's *Unabridged* would have us believe. The only outstanding objection we find to *The Tattler* is that there is not enough of it.

We wish to acknowledge, also, the receipt of the following:

State Normal Magazine from Greensboro, N. C.
College Message from Greensboro College for Women.
Pine and Thistle from Flora Macdonald College.
University of North Carolina Magazine.
Vanderbilt Observer, from Vanderbilt University, Tenn.
Roanoke Collegian from Roanoke College, Va.
The Era from Emory and Henry College, Va.
Limestone Star from Limestone College, S. C.
The Erskinian from Erskine College, S. C.
The Exponent from Baldwin Wallace College, Ohio.
Black and Gold from Winston-Salem High School.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

THE BRINGING OUT OF MARGUERITE

ELLA W. TUTTLE, '16.

As Marguerite Glenn and George Hudson crossed the porch of *The Breakers* the rocking-chair brigade stopped its maneuvering to review them. Marguerite knew what they were saying; she was afraid they could see her self-conscious pride radiate from her as Hudson nonchalantly guided her through the doorway.

"Did you ever see the like," Mrs. Porter, who was from Rocksville, said to Lieutenant Wilbor, who visited in Rocksville. "Marguerite Glenn with a suitor! The poor child never has any attention at home."

"And never since she's been coming here." The general of the brigade took active command. "I remember how surprised every one was when she came back for her second summer last year. She had never had a good time like the other girls here."

"Yes," chirped a would-be lieutenant, mentally saluting the general, "somebody asked her—very tactfully, you know—why she came back, and she said she would have died if she could not have come here; she would never miss another summer as long as she lived; she had such a *won*-derful time here."

Mrs. Porter nodded emphatically. "Precisely the way she talked in Rocksville. Every one wondered what had happened."

"And isn't she any more popular there than she is here? Don't the girls like her any better?" The general demanded a report from the colonel.

"No, not a bit." Mrs. Porter gave it rather sadly. "They

all go with her, because, you know, the Glenns are such lovely people. I can't understand about Marguerite. She's good looking enough—"

"Quite shallow, though, I should say. But," the general settled the question, "there's Le Jeune. She's one of the most flippant girls I know, yet she is charming. It's a part of her. And there are dozens who are apparently as light, but there is something attractive about them."

"What does Mr. Hudson see in her?" a private ventured, too timid to take her eyes from her knitting.

"I can't see to save my life, when there are so many lovely girls here," the colonel gave the information, "why he devotes himself entirely to her."

"Devote himself to her! He's with her all the time, if that's what you mean; but he is so careless of her, so otherwise indifferent," the general corrected the report. She had won command of the brigade because of her skillfulness in diagnosing other people's affairs.

"But she doesn't realize that. He's a suitor." The colonel was a creditable pupil of the general.

Marguerite, however, did realize it, though quite vaguely. She left the crowd on the veranda debating between a swim or a sail, and went up to her room slowly. In one of her queer moods she flung herself across her bed where the wind from the sea was most vigorous, and in spite of her resolution to the contrary, she began to think. Lately she hated to think; her thoughts were too hostile to everything she was doing. This morning she had been happy and perfectly satisfied with herself, and now just because Isabel McRay had bluntly told her she talked like Clara Everitt, the freak of the summer colony, when she had thought she was talking like Le Jeune Slocum, the belle, she was miserable. But was it because of just that? Marguerite had to admit that it wasn't entirely Isabelle's tactless remark. Everything had contributed to it—something Hudson had said about being true to one's self,

something somebody else had said about what an unaffected girl Isabel McRay was. Everything had piled up to give her food for thought more heavy than she wanted just then.

Since she was fourteen and a prep in a correct boarding school, she had followed blindly her senior crush's advice: "If you have any sense, don't let anybody know it. Sense in a girl will *scare* a boy *quicker* than anything in the world." Hungrily she had swallowed that admonition of a sage; her unpopularity at birthday parties had been her secret sorrow. Even while she was shut off from boys in the prep school, she had schooled herself in hiding the sense she knew was beginning to sprout. By the time she had been graduated from Miss Winston's School (she had gone there because the other girls of the "butterfly set" did) she was an adept at self-deception. She had watched the girls who were popular; she had copied the little remarks, the little coquetries of all of them, but most unerringly she patterned herself after Le Jeune Slocum, whom she had met three years before, here at Silver Beach. It had profited her nothing. She had never had a real friend in a girl or a man—until this summer when George Hudson, one of the few attractive men at *The Breakers,* had so incomprehensively dropped Le Jeune for her. Her patience had been rewarded at last; her "crush" had been right. If she had shown her sense—that was now asleep from lack of exercise—she would never have attracted Hudson.

She had attracted him. Even she herself must admit that without a qualm; but as for keeping him!—she felt about as sure of her grasp on this suitor as of her grasp on an eel. She lay awake at night weaving nets for the slippery thing, but to her own and to every one else's surprise he stayed without persuasion.

Marguerite jumped up out of the bed and began to unscrew her hair. After supper she had "a date" with Hudson to walk on the beach.

"How silly," she thought, "to think of trying to change

myself when it's just beginning to work. I will not do it," she concluded, emphatically.

In spite of her resolution, Le Jeune at supper asked her, between sips of iced tea, why she was not talking. She laughed nervously and began immediately. For the first time in years she wondered if she really liked to talk. She became silent again and then looked up to follow the other's glances to the door.

"Just look at him! He's the best looking thing!" somebody at her table said. "Marguerite, aren't you wild about him?"

"Why don't you tell us something about him? We don't know a thing," Le Jeune asked.

Marguerite changed the subject without admitting that she did not either.

When she reached the veranda, Hudson was waiting for her. As they sauntered toward the beach, Marguerite was beamingly conscious of the spectators and speculations on the steps of the hotel.

"Did you go on the sail this afternoon?" It was Hudson who started the conversation.

"No," said Marguerite eagerly, as if she had a second in which to put an hour's talk. "They were all perfectly furious with me, but I simply couldn't go. I was too thrilled over Robert Chambers."

"Do you like him?"

"I adore him!"

Through his heavy spectacles Hudson looked at her as if she were a puppet he had heard talk many times before.

They were sitting on a beach above the water's edge. The lights from *The Breakers* shone dimly, the stars brightly; except for the sleepy sound of the sea, everything was quiet. Then the orchestra began.

"Oh, listen—*Chin-Chin!* We mustn't miss that fox trot." She jumped up. Hudson did not stir. He merely smiled as if he were humoring a child.

"Not yet, please," he said.

Marguerite sat down submissively. She had not wanted to dance really, and it made her happy to feel that Hudson had rather talk to her than dance.

"You do like to dance, don't you?"

"I live for it," Marguerite answered rapturously.

"Then, I see how you could leave this sea with the stars singing their anthem of glory over it."

"Leave it for dancing? *Cer*-tainly!"

"But," said Hudson, slowly and deliberately, "yesterday you said you loved the sea more than anything in the world."

"Oh, did I?" Here was a chance "to do" Le Jeune. "I never know one day what I said the day before."

Hudson smiled at her, and told himself to remember the incident for his third paper on "The Feminine Mind"; Marguerite glowed and asked herself how she had ever considered changing her tactics. They were silent for a time. Marguerite was afraid not to talk—Le Jeune never stopped—but the spell of the slow-swinging sea was beginning to make its impression on her. She had never experienced the sensation before. There was an intermission in the dance; there was not a sound except the waves and a staccato laugh far away on the hotel veranda. Hudson looked at her curiously, meditatively. She wondered if men ever proposed after they had known you just six weeks. She shivered nervously and was furious with herself for doing it. She waited.

Hudson was gazing across the sea. On the ripples he was writing his opening paragraph in his next paper. "Woman is inconsistent. She has few definite, lasting impressions. She is as fickle in regard to ideas as she has been sung in regard to men."

Marguerite was embarrassed at the silence. What would

Le Jeune say in such a case? Maybe she *would* sound like Clara Everitt, but she must talk. Before she could think of anything she had not said before, Hudson spoke:

"Did I tell you I am leaving tomorrow?"

"Leaving?" Marguerite gasped. Then she thought of Le Jeune. "How very sudden! We shall miss you terribly."

"You will scarcely have time to miss me. I shall be back in a week or two."

Marguerite was glad the stars could not publish her relief.

"I'm just running up to New York to see my publishers."

"Your publishers?"

"Certainly. Didn't you know that I am a writer?" He was thoroughly enjoying her astonishment.

"A writer?" She looked at him as if he had been a German with a bomb. It was astonishing enough that a plain, everyday man should like her; but a writer! For the second time she lost her speech. Le Jeune had certainly never been placed in such circumstances. Finally—

"But—what do you write?"

"Oh, just little things—magazine stuff, you know," he answered carelessly, reaching for a handful of sand.

"How perfectly grand! Why haven't you ever told us? How could you keep it? I must read some of it." At last she had regained Le Jeune's formula.

Hudson was exceedingly deprecating of his gift. He promised that she should read some of it, but he doubted whether she would care for it. She assured him she should love it, but he was so fearfully deep she was afraid she couldn't understand it. (Le Jeune had said that very day that the best way to please a man was to flatter his intellect.)

When he told her good night in the lobby, he also told her good-by. She had a vague feeling that a real suitor would not tell you good-by in a bright hall full of buzzing people; but her smile lessened not an atom as she listened to his ambiguous farewell.

When Marguerite was in bed that night, the annoying thoughts of the afternoon returned full-armed for battle. She fought them desperately, and went to sleep. When she awoke, they marched up. After breakfast she found a battle-ground far down the beach. What was the matter with her? Why should she worry now, when she should be happy? If Hudson wasn't over-eager, he was certainly a suitor. If he were not, what earthly reason did he have for trailing around after her all the time? The knowledge that he was a writer stirred a forgotten trait of her own—her English teacher at Miss Winston's school had told her that she had a talent for writing if she would cultivate it. She had not wanted to develop it; every one, she had been told, shunned an intellectual woman. But if it were natural for her to be intellectual—

When she returned to *The Breakers* for lunch, she had determined on her course. She had worked hard to be what she was not; with the same persistency she would find herself. She would lose Hudson; of that she was painfully sure, but it were better to do that, she decided, finally, than to have to pretend the rest of her life.

Marguerite was like a prize package. Every day she discovered something unsuspected in herself. She discovered her taste for good literature. She looked up books the names of which she had heard in her English course at Miss Winston's. She no longer fought over the best sellers in the reading room with the other girls; she declared openly (feeling as if she were announcing herself an infidel) that she didn't like *The Cosmopolitan*. To her surprise, Isabel McRay didn't either. A bond sprang up between them. A few days later she discovered "He then learns, that in going down into the secrets of his own mind, he has descended into the secrets of all minds." The essay on *Self-Reliance* became her Bible.

Yet it was harder to find and portray herself than she had thought. She had to think twice before she spoke—once for Le Jeune and once for herself; but her speech when it came was worth waiting for. She began to be called original. Except for the thoughts of Hudson's return (*with the daily sight of a suitor lost*) she was happy for the first time in her life. These thoughts kept her awake, and she knew that much of the old Marguerite was still alive. She tried to persuade herself that she didn't like him, but the nearer the time came for his return, the more she dreaded it. Only one thing was certain—she would not give up her "new self" for any one.

Just three weeks later Hudson returned. He had never felt better in his life. In his pocket was the most inclusive check he had ever received for writing; in his heart was a self-confidence never there before. With another month of hard work he would be famous. His publisher had told him that one more paper like his last would make him the greatest living authority on the feminine mind.

He received the welcome from the general and her staff, he shook all the proffered hands, then he looked around for the owner of the most typical feminine mind.

"Oh, you're looking for Marguerite." Le Jeune gave the information. "She's out on the rocks reading. I've been waiting for her to go bathing all the afternoon."

Hudson wondered at the cordiality. He had had a notion that the girls didn't like Marguerite.

An hour later he found her in the cool shade of a rock. When she saw him, she dropped her book, but her greeting was a surprise to him. She gave him her hand.

"How natural it seems to have you back."

There was some change in her. He could not decide what it was. He didn't know that her first step toward naturalness had been straight hair or that the unusual color in her face, the sparkle in her eye, was due to the excitement of trying her new scheme.

He sat down beside her and waited for her to talk. She sat quite still. He looked at her, perplexed. Then he reached for her book.

"*Mankind in the Making!* Whew!" He looked at her, his incredulity evident. "What are *you* doing with this?"

"Reading it." She gazed out over the sea. Then more slowly, "I like it."

He had expected her to rush into silly apologies for knowing the title of anything deeper than *The Seven Darlings.*

Before they had reached *The Breakers* he had told her little incidents of his trip. She had laughed at the right places, and once when he was talking nonsense, thinking she would consider it the expression of intellect, he had looked at her to see the formal smile she had always worn replaced by undeniable boredom.

Though he stopped to reconsider six different sentences in his writing that night, he was not really dumbfounded until the next day. They were coming back with the crowd from bathing, across a rough sound. Every girl on the ornamental boat that was trying to appear useful had gone into hysterics except Marguerite. Hudson waited impatiently for her to begin. She looked at Le Jeune wringing her hands and imploring the men "to get them home; to please hurry" with a curious expression. Hudson was disgusted at losing the actions of the typically feminine in a storm. He turned to her suddenly.

"Aren't you frightened?"

"No; I love it."

"Love the sea like this! You said once—"

"Yes; I didn't know I did love it until now. It must be the blood of some sailor ancestor."

"Or a reincarnation." He wondered as he said it whether she would understand.

"No," she said, perfectly assured; "only as much as an ancestor may be a reincarnation."

That night the paper on the feminine mind refused to go. It limped along. He could put no assurance into it. The idea of his perfect material turning on him like this!

The next morning he decided to probe the mystery. They were sitting on the sand. Marguerite was punching it idly, drawing little blocks and cubes and squares. Her indifference irritated him.

"Why don't you talk?" he asked.

"I don't like to talk. I'm sick of it."

"But—"

"Oh, please don't tell me anything I used to say and do. That wasn't me."

He stared at her blankly, then followed her gaze down the beach.

"It's so disillusioning."

"What?" he asked.

"The Tennants. Summer before last they were here—engaged, wildly in love. Now look at them. They are as placid and as unemotional as that star-fish down there. I think it would be dreadful to marry a man you loved and have him for just your husband and get used to him."

He laughed. "But how about that declaration that you could marry a garbage man if you loved him?"

"I know I said it; so did Le Jeune."

He was tired being surprised. She drew a new square topped by a triangle.

"Did I tell you I am going to work this winter?"

"Work! You—!"

"Certainly; why not? I'm going into my father's office. I know now that I've been so unhappy because I have nothing to do."

"But you said—"

"If you tell me one time I said something, I'll—"

She was too serious. A month ago she would have laughed uneasily and let him say what he wanted to.

The general was holding the last meeting of the staff. It was the first day of September. Marguerite and Hudson came up the walk, stopped to chat a while with the council, and entered the house.

The general turned to the colonel.

"Did you ever see such a devoted suitor?"

"Never," the lieutenant agreed; "he is the best example of a lover I ever saw in my three years here at the beach."

"I'm glad," the colonel said, "Marguerite is such an attractive girl now. He has brought her out wonderfully."

The general opened her magazine, adjusted her glasses; the council became silent. "I wonder," she said, "if this Glenn who is writing these brilliant articles on *The Sexlessness of the Mind* is any relation of Marguerite's. Listen to this first paragraph:

" 'There is no masculine mind, no feminine mind. There is a higher and a lower type of intellect. Because men have written and women have been untrained, a sex has been given to the mind that does not exist.' "

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

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MANAGER'S NOTICE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the College.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their Alma Mater. *If you do not wish to become a subscriber, please notify us at once,* or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of all old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

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IDEALS

W. K. CARR

In lowly depths of doubting and unrest
The youth looks up the mountain heights to gain;
Afar off on the misty summit's crest
He sees the prize his young heart would attain.

He sees before the steps which he has planned,
And asks himself if after all 'tis worth the pain
To strive for that which is beyond one's hand,
And still plod on, the narrow path maintain.

Afar off in the distance he discerns
The phantasies which to him spell "Success";
His old resolve, refreshed, to him returns
And puts new strength in place of empty zest.

He promptly girds himself then for the fray—
For life to all indeed is just a fight—
Allows no thought his eagerness to stay,
But presses on toward success's light.

O keep thine heart, fair youth, forever strong;
Allow no thing to swerve thee from thy plan—
For manly deeds to manly lives belong.
The goal is thine; press on, just be a man.

JACK LONDON: AN APPRECIATION

H. W. KENDALL

The passing of Jack London at Glen Ellen, Cal., on November 22 marked the end, as one critic says, "of the most engaging figure in the younger ranks of American writers." His was the characteristic American career—a self-made success out of humble and even difficult origin. For this reason he is a writer who deserves full credit for his work and whose faults and blemishes are not to be condemned too harshly.

When we consider Jack London the writer, we must remember Jack London the man—uneducated, untrained, familiar only with the outdoors, the wild, the rough—himself the exact type of his chief characters. His life of forty years was full of action, trouble, and trials. There is no need to commiserate the numerous hardships of his earlier years, as they were the training that enabled him to carry out his purposes and attain his ambitions. Personal experience coupled with his strong personality counterbalanced his faults, brought about his popularity, and caused him to be recognized as the founder of the school of writers of red-blooded fiction—a fiction which deals with action that moves, interests, and grips. As founder of this school of writers he is, perhaps, the best known of American writers abroad, especially in Russia, because, says the literary critic of the New York *Evening Post,* "foreigners choose to take the primitive strength of his work as typically American."

The school which he founded has developed rapidly. Numerous writers have followed or have attempted to follow him, to imitate his style and thought, but always there has been a great difference in the tone of their work. The pupils have never been able to attain the ability of their master. In them the "gusto" and "punch" have always been the manufactured, forced, made-to-order kind, while in him it was

genuine, real—"the immediate expression of an abounding and winning vitality." His heroes were always genuine, but he was even more genuine than these primitive heroes of his own stories, because he was more many-sided and more human.

Day after day, year after year, he worked, grinding out stories and novels with almost clocklike precision: twenty-three novels, one play, and innumerable contributions to magazines in the last sixteen years—until one critic declares, "Not since the death of Mark Twain has there been a literary figure in this country that was productive of so much newspaper copy, legitimately, and not through the wiles of the press agent." But always he managed to get something of freshness, of newness, into his work, to insert a touch of his own personality, and to work into every story something of his own rugged strength and character.

How London became the writer that he did—was able to turn life into literature "without the intervention of the refining processes of schools and colleges"—is accounted for by remembering that he pictured the life he lived. The Pacific and the Yukon were his strongholds—there he always laid the settings of his stories. He knew animal nature and the rugged, strong type of man who lives in the great outdoors. Around animals and this type of man he wove his stories. There lay his great strength: thorough familiarity with his setting and his characters. He had convictions and he had knowledge—that is, he wrote what he knew. His pen never traveled outside the circle of his own experiences, except into the domain of his conclusions from them. As the New York *Times* says, "That these convictions were not always absolutely correct is a fact of no particular importance, and of less is the other fact that he was at once happiest and least effective when the artist became the preacher."

London's other great asset was his combined quality of

realism and imagination. Again quoting the *Times:* "He photographed, but he also created, and he managed somehow to do the two things at the same time. There are numerous passages in not a few of his books that reveal truly amazing powers of observation and interpretation, and, though he dealt with the impossible, he rarely, if ever, missed what in art is far more important than possibility—plausibility. His reader could believe, and did, in all the adventures and adventurers he described."

The Call of the Wild, published thirteen years ago and only three years after the beginning of his literary career, is regarded as the best as well as the most typical or representative of his works. Buck, a large cross-breed St. Bernard and Scotch Shepherd dog, is the hero of the story. Born and raised on a California ranch, Buck, when four years old, is kidnapped and carried, during the mad rush that followed the discovery of gold in the Klondike regions, to Alaska. The dog, accustomed to civilization, and, for an animal, luxury, is broken into the ways of the Great North and made to realize that dogs should work. The land of snow and ice has its effect upon him, and a gradual change comes over him. He dreams of primitive ages, of his wild ancestors. The Call of the Wild, the call of these ancestors ringing down through the many generations, sounds through the snow-decked forests, over the ice-capped peaks, to him; he listens, heeds the call, and is enchanted by it. The change from the civilized to the savage, from the domestic to the wild, takes place gradually in Buck's dog mind and heart. Then finally the luring appeal of the wild came one day with unusual clearness and distinctness; Buck, his beloved master now dead, answered the call, left the haunts of civilization, and became the leader of a pack of timber wolves.

The story is clear, straightforward, and simple; told in a most direct manner, but still interesting and at times grip-

ping. It is characteristic of London in diction, style, plot. In thought and description, however, it is above the average London story. Here, more than in any other one work, London uses a clever, impressionistic device in his descriptions. He does not come right out and describe a certain place or thing, but by the use of suggestive words and phrases he causes his reader to imagine or to picture the place or thing in his own mind. Of course Buck has various masters and comes into contact with many people; thus London brings human characters into the story. They are the regular type of his characters: big-muscled, clear-eyed, rough and ready men of the Great Outdoors; uneducated, rugged, but warm-hearted—exactly like London himself. The book well illustrates the plausibility of London's work and clearly shows his familiarity with human and animal nature.

But to consider his later works. While the zest of life, the love of adventure in the open, remained with him until the end, his original vitality and impulse became in later years too much overlaid with generalization and formulas drawn out of books. "His brief college life and his intermittent reading in economics and sociology tended toward self-conscious primitiveness. He became too fond of speaking of 'male strength' instead of men, and his strong lovers, too prone to address the object of their affections as 'my mate' or 'my woman,' are suggestive more of a training in the principles of sex education and the biological responsibility of citizenship than of the unreflecting impulses of the truly primitive nature." At least such is the opinion of the literary critic of the New York *Evening Post.* As an example of this overdrawn primitiveness, take the hero of his *Sea-Wolf:* a methodical super-man—not so much a blond beast as a man who has read of a blond beast and tries to act up to the formula. The sincere, simple type of his earlier books, in which the elements of struggle, of human endurance, loy-

alty, and sacrifice are projected with almost childlike directness against the white desolation of the Far North, which London added to the geography of literature, are far better than these later forced, fain primitives.

The latest, and probably the last, of London's works, *Turtles of Tasman,* is a kind of postscript to his whole career —a summary of all that has gone before: the Call of the Wild, the enchanting power of danger, the romance of the Far North.

London's excellencies certainly overbalanced his faults, his defects. These faults, these defects, along with a fair estimate of the man and his works, have best been summarized by the critic of the New York *Tribune* in the following words:

"He wrote far more than will be good for his future reputation, and he failed to make the best of his talent and the opportunities that it brought him. With them he might so easily have overcome the remaining handicap of his early years in training and education. He read indiscriminately; he failed to acquire the standards against whose disappearance Mr. Brownell warned us only the other day. To the last, culture and 'high-brow' were synonymous to him; states of mind were to be suspected, scorned, and combated. He might have gone much further but for this partial blindness of his; how far has been proved by that other rover of the earth, Joseph Conrad. He might have been a great writer; as it is, he will be remembered only as a picturesque one, as one of the most picturesque figures in the history of literature—as an example, also, of what even this imperfect democracy of ours which he hated can do for a man. The limitations of his success were his alone. And even here we must stop with a mark of interrogation, for Jack London died on the threshold of the fullness of his years."

A VICTIM OF JUSTICE

REVILO RAC

Bill Murphy sat with bowed head gazing intently at a lonely sunbeam that had found its way into his narrow cell. "How strange," he thought, "that a thing so beautiful should be found among such dreary surroundings!" He allowed his eye to follow the sunbeam to the small opening at the top of his cell through which he could see a square patch of blue sky. It seemed as though he looked into another world. A bitter expression came over his face as he dropped his eyes and again surveyed nothing but the four narrow walls and the small cot on which he sat. Oh, the monotony of it all! The terrible suspense! Only two days before he had heard the prison bell toll its death knell as the hangman ushered a poor soul into eternity; and he was next, so the guard had informed him. His hand slipped into his ragged shirt bosom and came in contact with something cold and hard. "Next, hell!" he muttered, half aloud. A sinister gleam came into his eyes. He drew out a small steel file and fingered it lovingly. A friend had sent it to him concealed in the binding of a Bible.

Bill Murphy was not a bad man; on the other hand, he had always tried to live a straight life. His wife, who was an invalid, worshipped him; and his little daughter Elsie thought that anything her "boo'ful daddy" said or did was wonderful. Bill had been convicted of murdering Robert Thompson, a wealthy merchant and politician of his section. Strong circumstantial evidence had brought pressure to bear against him. Public sentiment was also instrumental in his conviction. The public, as usual, was against the under dog, and the press reports were very much against him.

Bill slipped the file back into its hiding place, and muttered to himself, "Ah, tomorrow night will be the time. I'll show them who will be next." He had it all planned; in fact, everything was in readiness, for the four weeks preceding he

had been working on the bars, and he had them filed almost through so that they could be removed with very little effort. A tender expression came into the man's worn face; he was thinking of his loved ones whom he had not seen for a long time. He was thinking of how he would soon feel little Elsie's arms slip around his neck and hear her say how much she loved her "boo'ful daddy," how she loved him "a bushel and a peck and a hug around the neck." He let his thoughts go no further than that. In his bewildered mind he set that as a goal. His hand again sought his shirt bosom, but he quickly drew it away, for he realized that walls—prison walls, especially—sometimes have eyes. He had been very careful in his plans, however, and when the guards came around he always looked as dejected as possible and spoke only when spoken to. But human watch-dogs are in most cases faithful in their duty, and Tony Spitola, the night guard of the prison, boasted that no prisoner had ever escaped alive while he was on duty.

. . . . . .

After what seemed to Bill to be an interminable time the waited-for night arrived. The guard had just been around on his hourly inspection. The figure on the cot, apparently asleep, jumped noiselessly to the stone floor: A terrific storm was raging outside; the lightning flashed ominously, accompanied by reverberating rumbles of thunder. It seemed that Providence had set the scene for his escape. He climbed catlike up to the opening, and set himself to work removing the bars. It was only the matter of a few minutes before he had the satisfaction of taking out the last one. He felt the cold wind blow against his face, and when the lightning flashed he could see the green grass below that seemed strewn with pearls as it was momentarily illumined. He thrust his shoulders far out and looked around; everything appeared safe enough. He then drew himself back in and started out feet

first. It was a long drop, but the ground was soft and he landed safely. The rain was pouring in torrents and Bill buttoned his coat collar and with an inward yell of triumph started out at top speed.

"Halt!" came a voice from the darkness. "Halt!"

But Bill Murphy was not the halting kind—he only doubled his speed. A lurid flash of lightning brightened the sky, closely followed by a crack of thunder that almost drowned the sharp report of a rifle. Bill tottered a few steps and sank to the ground. A form loomed up from out of the darkness.

"Get up, you fool!" said the voice of Tony, the guard. "Haven't you any better sense than to try any of your tricks on me?" and a note of triumph was in his voice when he added, "I have been on to you for several weeks—thought probably you would try it tonight. Get up now and I will put you back in a safer place."

Bill only stirred feebly. Tony turned him over with the toe of his boot.

"Well, I'll be darned!" he ejaculated, as he noticed a thin stream of blood issuing from the wounded man's mouth and heard the sickening rattle that accompanied his labored breathing.

Bill looked up at him and tried to smile. "Well," he spoke with extreme difficulty, "I'm glad you got me instead of the hangman. Kiss my little girl for me, and tell her that her daddy will be waiting for her."

As he ceased speaking other guards ran up. One of them said afterwards that if it had not been raining he could have sworn that Tony was weeping.

. . . . . .

The room was small and poorly furnished. On a dilapidated bedstead in one corner lay a pale-faced woman. Her hand was resting on the curly head of a little child kneeling

beside the bed. The child was uttering a prayer in a brave, though pathetic, tone.

"O Dod, p'ease be dood to my boo'ful daddy. P'ease don't let nobody hurt him. Jonny Smif' said they wuz gonna hang him by his neck. O Dod, I know you wouldn't let them hurt my daddy like that, 'tause he is so dood and ain't never hurt nobody."

The brave little voice faltered and broke into a sob; and she buried her head in the bed covering.

. . . . . .

In the back room of a tenement house in a large city sat a man reading a newspaper. His face was covered by a thick growth of scraggly beard, and he had a nervous, haunted look. On a table beside him was a large flask of whiskey.

"SENTENCED MAN KILLED WHILE TRYING TO ESCAPE," he read. He was seized with a fit of nervousness, and poured out a liberal drink from the flask.

"Thank God, he's dead! Now I am safe," he muttered as he gulped it down.

FRIENDSHIP

JAKE

For your offense, fear not that I
  One loving thought omit,
But go your way and always say,
  "She has forgiven it."

And if in years your friendship wanes,
  And mine unwished-for be,
This comfort take—your wish shall make
  Yourself forgot by me.

But if in life there come regret
  And longing for me, say,
"She *was* my friend—she *is* my friend—
  She'll be the same for aye."

INGRATITUDE

BANKS ARENDELL

"Go to hell!" shouted Pat O'Henry, the would-be short-story writer, to his friend and roommate, Will Carson. And the unkind order came spasmodically from the quick-tempered Irishman just after Will had popped his characteristic joking question:

"Has Edgar Allan yielded the laurels yet, Pat?"

As Pat had so rudely suggested, Will did go—but not to the place his irascible roommate had mentioned. Checking an ill-timed outburst of laughter at the expense of the ambitious Patrick, Will walked hurriedly out of the room. Pat was left then to work out his worthless plot and bore the same or perhaps some other magazine editor.

The title of today's story-in-the-making was "Ingratitude." The final form of the composition promised to be no better than Pat usually wrote; it could not have been any worse. At the half-way point between beginning and completion, the composer hesitated for a word. His thinking for the time being brought him no satisfactory results. Then his mind, strange to say, began wandering; he began thinking of his best friend, Will.

"I'm a hell of a fellow," he confessed to himself. (Odds that he would have knocked down any other one who might have had the audacity to say this of him.) "Here I am trying to write something about ingratitude, an appropriate autobiography to come to think about it. In reality I am a veritable personification of that despicable quality. I have lately become so wrapped up in this short-story stuff that I have lost all my reason, if by chance I ever had any. I wonder if Will thought I was sore at him just now. Of course I was, but I wonder if he knew it. My three-word invitation surely sounded as if I was mad."

Then he began to worry. Will had for a long time been almost his sole companion; always ready to sympathize in trouble and to rejoice in happiness. He had been mighty thoughtless of Will and ungrateful for his friendship.

"He will soon come to hate me if I don't treat him a little more humanely," he advised himself, "and I am going to start right now acting like a living somebody. Likely as not he will come back here broken-hearted and tearful because of my unkindness toward him. I know what I'll do: the minute he comes in I'll go up to him like a man, beg his pardon, and let him know that I am going to show him hereafter that I really appreciate his friendship. Then—"

The opening of the door interrupted Pat's musing. Will, his beloved friend, to whom he had openly exhibited endless ingratitude, came inside. But Will's peculiar smile-that-won't-come-off convinced ingrate Pat that his harsh words had not played very much havoc with his friend's feelings. This conviction was strengthened by the following words of the fun-loving Will:

"Has Edgar Allan yielded the laurels yet, Pat?"

Pat's reason vanished, and so did his sense of gratitude. He got ready with a crimson-flushed countenance, aimed with two tightly squinched eyes, and fired with a short, hot

"Go to hell!"

THE POSITION PHILIP FRENAU SHOULD OCCUPY IN AMERICAN LITERATURE

BLANCHE MANN

At present there is a tendency for the arts to break away from traditional forms. The country is being deluged with *vers libre,* poems of impressionism, futurism, and other "isms" ad infinitum. One of the chief results of the movement is an increased interest in poetry. In this connection it is worth while to note Philip Freneau, who is an eighteenth century example of the modern tendency to break away from established literary standards. One may well ask, "Who now reads Freneau?" for he has indeed been relegated to a minor place in literature; his poems are still in their first complete edition; and he is today thought of by the masses as merely "the poet of the Revolution." He, however, is unique in that he was the first writer to deny America's subservience to the literary dictum of England, to discard the heroic couplets of Pope, and to appropriate the things of Nature to the purposes of verse. Notwithstanding the fact that critics have failed to recognize him as such, he is, nevertheless, a poet of intrinsic merit, and deserves more appreciation than has yet been accorded him.

Possessed of all the qualities requisite to a good poet, Freneau set out to present to the American people a poetry distinctly different in tone from anything that had been written before. His first poem of any consequence was "The Power of Fancy," written when he was eighteen years old. This poem strikes an entirely new note in American literature. Written in the exuberance of youth, it displays unrestrained poetic passion. The lines

> "Fancy, to thy power I owe
> Half my happiness here below,"

are strikingly similar to these lines from Keats, which were written later:

> "Ever let the fancy roam,
> Pleasure never is at home."

America should have recognized this new and original voice and should have encouraged it to sing its new message; but, instead, the poem was "damned by all good and judicious judges." Gradually the young poet realized that he was preaching to unresponsive hearts. His Celtic temperament would not wait for recognition. He left for more congenial surroundings—the beauties of the tropics.

It is here that he produced three of his most important poems. "The House of Night" is more gruesome than pretty, but it is important for this fact: it opened up that mysterious and terrible realm in which Poe and Coleridge delighted to revel. Mr. Paul Elmer More concedes that Freneau was "a half-hearted pioneer in that misty mid-region of 'Weir' from which Poe was later to bring back such astounding reports." Can he cite a poem of Poe's the thought of which is more imaginatively conceived or the atmosphere of which is more powerfully created than these lines from Freneau?

> "And from the woods the late resounding note,
> Issued of the loquacious whip-poor-will,
> Hoarse, howling dogs, and nightly roving wolves
> Clamor'd from far-off cliffs invisible."

One may search in vain for such a poem in England or America written during the early romantic period which portrays the weird and terrible more powerfully than does this poem which depicts the death of Death. Although Mr. More finds much to praise in the poem, he expresses the regret that "so much power of imagination should be wasted because of the poet's provincial training." It is quite true that "The House of Night" displays certain obvious faults, but would it have been possible for Poe to produce his poems of the gro-

tesque and arabesque with half the effect he secured had not Freneau first explored this mysterious realm?

In "The House of Night" Freneau displayed his ability to create a good picture of a tropical storm. His sensitiveness to sight and sound is clearly shown in the following passage:

> "Lights in the air like burning stars were hurl'd,
> Dogs howl'd, heaven muttered, and the tempest blew,
> The red half-moon peeped from behind a cloud
> As if in dread the amazing scene to view."

And again:

> "Wild were the skies, affrighted nature groan'd
> As though approached her last decisive day,
> Skies blaz'd around, and bellowing winds had nigh
> Dislodg'd these cliffs, and torn yon hills away."

Although some of the description in "The Beauties of Santa Cruz" is forced and conventional, it is very obvious that Freneau was permeated with the "ambient" air of the tropics. The following passage presents a perfect picture of tropical beauty:

> "Fair Santa Cruz arising laves her waist, and
> Among the shades of yonder whispering grove
> The green palmettos mingle tall and fair,
> That ever murmur and forever move
> Fanning with wavy bough the ambient air."

While Freneau was reveling in this beauty, however, he was not forgetful of the slaves, whose condition elicited his tenderest sympathy and bitterest condemnation. In "The Beauties of Santa Cruz" he becomes the first American poet to repudiate the injustice of slave traffic. This humanitarian element is a striking note in all romantic literature. The following passage leaves no room for doubt as to his sentiments:

> "See yonder slave that slowly bends his way
> With years, and pain, and ceaseless toil opprest,
> The eye dejected proves the heart distrest.
> Curs'd be the ship that brought him o'er the main,
> And curs'd the hands who from his country tore,
> May she be stranded, ne'er to float again,
> May they be shipwrecked on some hostile shore."

Likewise Freneau was one of the first American poets to appropriate the Indian to the purposes of poetry. At the time of his activity Philadelphia had a population of 30,000. The frontier had retired to a considerable distance from the seaboard. The Indian had already become legendary to town-dwellers. Therefore Freneau brings his "Indian Student":

> "From Susquehanna's farthest springs,
> Where savage tribes pursue their game,
> (His blanket tied with yellow strings)
> A shepherd of the forest came."

Freneau took the Indian, around whom a traditional glamour of romance had gathered, and made him the subject of several beautiful poems. He was the first writer to see the full possibilities of this theme, and in his treatment of the Indian he became an important forerunner of Cooper and Longfellow. His poems dealing with Indian life were read and appreciated in England, and no lesser men than Campbell and Scott "cribbed" lines from them. Freneau caught the spirit of Indian traditions, and by some means softened the element of paganism in their beliefs. He says:

> "In spite of all the learned have said
> I still my old opinion keep;
> The posture that we give the dead
> Points out the soul's eternal sleep."

Freneau, furthermore, produced some poems which are more remarkable than those that have been discussed. His poems of nature mark an innovation of thought and expression which was utterly new in American letters and extraordinary even in the history of English literature. Sometimes in hints, often openly, he presages the later poetry of Wordsworth. In "The Wild Honeysuckle" there is seen that moral duty which forced Wordsworth to choose for his subjects the simpler, more unpretentious things of nature. Both poets were imbued with the theory that "full many a flower is born

to blush unseen." It is a noteworthy fact that Freneau exemplified this doctrine by entering the unfrequented paths of nature and by raising the lowly plants to the dignity of poetry long before Wordsworth wrote "To the Daisy" and "Yew-Trees." The first stanza of "The Wild Honeysuckle" is suggestive:

> "Fair flower that dost so comely grow,
> Hid in this silent, dull retreat,
> Untouched thy honeyed blossoms blow,
> Unseen thy little branches greet.
> No roving foot shall crush thee here,
> No busy hand provoke a tear."

The last stanza is usually quoted as the most nearly perfect passage Freneau ever wrote:

> "From morning suns and evening dews
> At first thy little being came.
> If nothing once, you nothing lose,
> For when you die you are the same.
> The space between is but an hour,
> The frail duration of a flower."

His poems, "The Dying Elm" and "On the Sleep of Plants," ascribe to natural objects a personality such as no poet of the eighteenth century in England or America had hitherto phrased at all worthily. He implants in his flowers characteristics which establish a sort of kinship between them and man. These words from Wordsworth's "To the Daisy" express sentiments which Freneau had voiced several years earlier.

> "Methinks that there abides in thee
> Some concord with humanity."

It is remarkable to find a man independently expressing sentiments which so manifestly foreshadow those of Wordsworth.

By this time it has become evident that Freneau's poems are important not so much in themselves as in the circumstances under which they were produced. They are remark-

able not because of the conditions under which they were written, but in spite of them. A few of his poems, measured by strict literary standards, are truly great. The fact that he produced six "admirable" if not "flawless" lyrics is remarkable when it is remembered that poets in both America and England were still imitating the heroic couplets of Pope. In answer to Mr. Paul Elmer More's assertion that "any one who expects to find in Freneau anything more than a poet of hints and anticipation will be disappointed," I quote the earlier, more sane, and more just estimate of Prof. Moses Cort Tyler, who says: "Even in the larger relations which an American poet in the eighteenth century might hold to the development of English poetry everywhere, Freneau did some work both early and late, so fresh, so original, so unhackneyed, so defiant of the traditions that then hampered English verse, so delightful in its fearless appropriation of common things for the divine service of poetry, as to entitle him to be called a pioneer of the new poetic age that was then breaking upon the world, and, therefore, to be classed with Cooper, Burns, Wordsworth, and their mighty comrades—those poetic iconoclasts, who, entering the temple of idols, rejected its conventionalized diction, and silenced forever its pompous, monotonous, and insincere tune."

This place has not yet been accorded Freneau. American critics should realize that he eminently deserves to rank foremost as a precursor of nineteenth century romanticism, and they should not hesitate to give him this place. He offered his countrymen poetry that was full of the life and color of their homeland. Had they accepted his offer he would have been recognized as one of the principal poets of his country. The fact that they refused to hear him does not invalidate the contention that fundamentally he is a great poet.

THE STORM

REVILO RAC

Afar off o'er the west horizon
  Grumbling, growling, angry beast—
Like the ancient hungry lion
  Growling for his human feast.

Brighter grow the lightning flashes;
  Louder grows the monster's growl.
Now the growls are changed to crashes—
  Hearken how the wind does howl!

Now we're in the storm's full fury;
  Monstrous oaks are bending low.
But 'tis only momentary;
  Now the rumbles fainter grow.

Now the sky and bashful sunbeams
  Filter through the jeweled trees.
Lo! through all a higher force gleams
  Forth—God's power that man's eye sees.

FOOTBALL À LA PINK AND WHITE

C²

With a bang the mallet of the president of the Flora Delpha Knitting Society hit the table.

"Oh, the horrid man! He did that just to frighten me," said two-hundred-pound Mr. E. Feminate.

"No, it was done just to spite me because I stole his thimble at the Sewing Society social last week," chimed in Mr. Ruffles.

A number of voices now joined in the discussion, and soon the noise grew into an uproar. The mallet descended upon the table a second time with all the force that the president's weak arm could put behind it. In a few moments the noise quieted down. There were a few seconds of silence. Then the president, speaking in a timid, faltering tone of voice, said:

"Men, today is the thirteenth of November, 1926. This is going to be a red letter day in the college calendar, because the Students' Council decided this morning that they would forever put an end to brutal athletics. For several years we have engaged in the nerve-racking and over-strenuous game of croquet, but in the future short walks in the country are to be substituted for this evil practice. Competent knitting instructors will chaperon each group of men, and will also serve as protectors against the horrid rabble that throw insolent remarks at us when we leave our college premises. There will also be an additional social feature in our program. We are to have a tea every afternoon in the week. These affairs are to be of a very quiet nature, and those students who have weak nerves need have no hesitancy in coming."

These remarks of the president were greeted with prolonged applause. Mr. Ruffles arose and stated that he thought, after such a long and strenuous meeting, the society should

at once adjourn. A score of voices seconded the motion, and the meeting came to an abrupt close.

The members gathered about little tables in groups of four to discuss the campus news. Samuel Primrose had been the only member of the entire college who had not attended the society meeting, and of course he immediately became the subject of conversation. After many comments had been made about the rough and uncultured Samuel, Mr. E. Feminate said that he would at once report the matter to the Committee on Etiquette. Just at this juncture the huge doors at the back of the hall flew open and in rushed the delinquent Samuel. He rushed to the center of the room, and jumping on a table yelled with all the power of his lungs, *"Football!"*

The bursting of a twelve-inch shell could not have caused more disorder. The stronger members of the society contented themselves with dull groans, but the weaker sank fainting to the floor. All was noise and turmoil—only the news-bearing Samuel stood motionless. Then upon seeing the president lying on the floor, he jumped from the table, grabbed a pitcher of water, and dashed the contents into the face of the prostrate man. Up jumped the president, grabbed his mallet, and began pounding on the desk like a woodpecker. One by one the members awoke from their fainting spells, and after a period of water drinking and smelling salts the Flora Delpha Knitting Society once more sat in order.

"Samuel Primrose, what do you mean by uttering such a vulgar word as the one you have just used in our midst?" said the president.

Once more mounting the table, where he could be seen by all, Samuel said:

"The evil day has come. On account of the action of the Students' Council this morning the faculty has decided that the students are becoming unmanly. They have taken steps to promote athletic relations with other colleges, and in order

to show their interest in true athletics, they are going to give an exhibition football game on next Wednesday afternoon. The faculty has divided itself into two teams; Dr. William Wreston is to be captain of one, and William Dean is to be captain of the other."

"Oh, what an evil day has come!" moaned the president. "I can no longer protect you. Every man must look out for himself."

On Wednesday morning, as the first rays of sunlight illuminated the eastern horizon, action began on the campus. On account of the softness of the turf, a large open space, directly in front of the administration buildings, was chosen for the scene of the game. Carpenters came from all over the neighborhood, and soon a large wooden grandstand was erected on one side of the field. At either end of the gridiron, about twenty feet behind the goal post, were placed dressing tents for the opposing teams. Between these, on either side (with the exception of the space occupied by the grandstand) were placed little pink and white tents, with no sides to them. The visitors were to be given the grandstand, while the college students were to sit in easy chairs and sip tea under the little tents as they watched the game.

At noon preparations were over, and all was in readiness for the game. An air of unrest prevailed among the students. Dinner was dispensed with because there were only two hours left before the game, which time was allowed for the students to dress. There was no time for evening naps, as all the allotted time was taken up by the necessary toilet.

At two o'clock the spectators began to arrive. The entire college community and many visitors from the neighboring towns came in automobiles and Fords to witness the deeds of valor to be performed by the college heroes. The grandstand was filled to its utmost capacity, and many were compelled to sit on the ground around the tents. At two-fifteen the stu-

dents marched into the field *en masse,* and took their seats in the tents. A trumpet sounded, and the curtains of the dressing tent were thrown back and in marched the gallant teams.

William Dean's team had chosen the name "Pinks," on account of their costume. They entered from the east side, and were clad in pink silk one-piece suits, made very loose, but with tight straps around the neck, wrists, and ankles. The costumes looked very similar to those worn by clowns in a circus, with the exception of the fact that they were stuffed with goose feathers, which served the double purpose of protecting the players when falling and of adding to their gallant looks. They all wore headgears of chiffon lace, with ribbons in them like those worn by the ladies in their boudoir. They carried pink vanity boxes on their right wrists, and wore wrist-watches on their left ankles.

William Wreston's team had chosen the name "Whites," because of their opinion that it signified manliness. They entered from the west side, and wore white bathing caps, flesh-colored woolen jerseys, with ostrich plumes on their shoulders, white bloomer trousers stuffed with goose feathers, cream-colored silk hose, and white ballet slippers. Unlike the Pinks, they carried only small fans on their left wrists.

The two teams ran to the center of the field, bowed to each other, and awaited the arrival of the two captains and referee. William Dean was soon discovered on the side line, surrounded by the ladies, but Captain William Wreston and the ecclesiastical gentleman who was to referee were nowhere to be found. Upon this discovery, a sudden hush settled over the field. Then a noise high in the air caused all eyes to gaze upward. A small black object was fast descending, and soon a huge aeroplane alighted in the center of the field. The machine had two occupants—the referee and the missing captain.

Captain William Wreston wore a costume similar to those worn by his teammates, but the referee was dressed in a far different style. He wore a high beaver hat, swallow-tail coat, and white duck trousers. After acknowledging a long series of applause by many bows, the two men took their places as the band started the tune of "It's a Good Time Here, But It's Hell on Down the Road."

The Whites had the kick-off, but as it had not been decided who should do the kicking, Professors William Wreston, U. Bullum, Sackley, and Halfton, who were playing in the back field, had a conference. The referee blew his whistle a second time, but no one kicked. At this juncture Thaddeus Tubbs, who was playing center, got impatient and kicked the ball far down the field. The conference in the back field at once came to a close and both teams rushed down the field. The ball soared high into the air, but not so high that Newton's Law of Universal Gravitation did not bring it toward the earth at high speed. No rule of Nature is ever violated. The ecclesiastical referee happened to be between the ball and the earth. A smashing sound followed. The beaver hat crumpled in, the swallow-tail coat flew around like a windmill, and something hit Mother Earth with a thud.

After many buckets of water had been dashed into the face of the prostrate referee he was coaxed to stand upon his feet again; but nothing could induce him to resume his duty as referee. After a considerable time Professor I. Ridem, whose reputation as a man of great wit is known for miles, came to the front with an idea by which the referee could resume his duty in safety. Mrs. Highbrow had brought her pet parrot with her to the game in a cage. Professor Ridem deposed the parrot from his dwelling and, after knocking the bottom out of the cage, placed it over the referee's head. Still another difficulty now had to be overcome. The referee's whistle could not be blown through the cracks of the cage.

Again the ingenious mind of Professor Ridem saved the day. He stationed a bugler beside the referee with orders to blow a charge for the beginning, and the retreat when the ball was down. The teams gathered in their respective places, and the game was resumed.

The bugle sounded the charge. Professor Tubbs kicked the ball high into the air; and down the field, with fans and vanity boxes waving in the air, the two teams rushed together like knights of old. The ball hit the ground in the center of the field, but much to the surprise of the spectators no one picked it up. The two teams gathered around it in a circle, and began to debate who should carry it across the goal line. After a discussion of some minutes duration Dr. Tombstone was selected. He picked up the ball, and, with one of the opposing team to escort him on either side, he walked down the field for a touchdown. The score now stood six to nothing in favor of the Pinks. They were too modest to take advantage of their opponents, and would not kick a goal.

The Whites now received the kick, and walked down the field in a similar manner for a touchdown. The bugle sounded the retreat, and the first quarter was over with a score of six to six.

Contrary to the custom of going to the opposite ends of the field, the teams gathered at the center. A large round table was brought out from the side line, and all the players, wrapped in blankets, seated themselves on the ground around it. Cream of Wheat, hot milk, and Graham Crackers were served while the players sang, "Go Tell Aunt Patsy," "Juanita," "Swanee River," and many more of their favorite selections. Miss Orphea, who served the refreshments, was asked to do a Hawaiian dance on top of the round table. She consented, and as the band struck up the air "There's a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" she began to dance. The ecclesiastical referee at this point had the bugler to blow the

charge, and the happy players, after powdering their noses, rushed back to the line of battle.

The second quarter brought more pep with it. The Whites kicked off, and Professor I. Ridem got the ball. Without a moment's hesitation this little fellow shot down the field like a streak. On and on he went, always keeping step to "The Watch on the Rhine," until he crossed the goal line. This made the score twelve to six in favor of the Pinks. The retreat was blown, and the teams gathered at their respective ends of the field ready for another charge. The charge sounded. One of the Pinks kicked off, Professor Sackley caught the ball fair, and as the band played "The Marseillaise," rushed toward his opponents' goal. Captain William Dean, however, was too quick for him, and tackled him before he had gone ten yards, bringing him to earth with a dull, heavy sound. The real playing now began. Time after time the Whites hit the Pink line. Yard by yard they fought their way. The Great U. Bullum smote many a Pink such a cuff in the ribs that they would fain have passed out had it not been for the feathers with which their garments were stuffed. The valiant William Wreston plunged into the line time after time, but still the Pink line held its ground. The ecclesiastical referee blew the retreat, but all to no avail. The game went on. Seeing that there were signs of an approaching storm, the gentleman took refuge on a nearby flagpole, and from his high position viewed the strife.

Many great deeds of valor were performed, and many a goodly professor was slit in the feathers and taken helpless from the field. A gentle western breeze began to blow, and the feathers from the torn costumes circled in the air like snow. Like a stone wall, the Pink line held. The Whites made a fumble; I. Ridem got the ball and went down the field for fifty yards. The Pinks now began to pound the White line. Professor Spider, the quarter back for the Pinks, tried

many of his new ideas; but the White line stood even stronger than the Pink had done. William Dean, supported by Professors Lickup and Blossom, showed greater courage than that displayed by Horatius at the Bridge. But in every attempt they were met by the Great U. Bullum and the Noble William Wreston, and were repulsed. The Pinks fumbled a forward pass; U. Bullum caught it, but was nailed in his tracks by the fast end of the Pinks, Professor Woodrow.

U. Bullum now displayed more brain power than did Ulysses at the siege of Troy when he built the great wooden horse. Thaddeus Tubbs, the center, passed the ball to Sackley, who, at U. Bullum's direction, made a forward pass to Professor Archimedes, a man of great skill in science and a man small of stature. Archimedes calculated just how many ohms of resistance the wind pressure would have against the top of his head as he passed through the center of the circle formed by the peculiar curvature of the legs of his opponent, Professor Woodrow. He shot straight forward for Woodrow's stomach. The spectators held their breath, expecting to see a mighty crash as the two mathematicians hit. A great surprise occurred. Archimedes ducked his head just before he reached Woodrow, and as his opponent stood like the Colossus of Rhodes, he dashed through the space formed by Woodrow's far apart knees, and went down the field for a touchdown.

The spectators went wild. Students rushed to the side line. The referee climbed high on the flag-pole. All was chaos; but above the shouts of victory was heard the deep voice of Professor Rivers, the center for the Pinks.

"Thaddeus Tubbs, you kicked me in the feathers on purpose, and I am going to lick you for it."

All eyes were now turned towards the two centers. Rivers rushed at Tubbs and Tubbs rushed at Rivers. The two great men met at full speed. They hit stomachs on, but on account

of the softness of their middle portions they rebounded from each other with terrific speed. They charged at each other again. This time they stuck. They both fought like goodly yeomen, but to no purpose. That portion of their anatomy in the region of their abdomen projected so far beyond the reach of their arms that it was impossible for either man to hit the other. The fight went on for some minutes, but was brought to an abrupt close by Rivers, who won by strategy. He reached down, took off his shoe, threw it at Tubbs, and hit him squarely between the eyes. The Whites supported Tubbs; the Pinks supported Rivers. Boudoir caps were torn off, pink suits were ripped into shreds, feathers flew in all directions, and the most glorious fight in the history of the college was in progress.

As the sun disappeared behind the western horizon the last player was put into the ambulance. The ecclesiastical referee came down from his perch on the flag-pole, stretched his legs, and walked across the feather-covered field into the darkness.

REPLY TO "ANOTHER VIEW OF THE POSITION OF WOMAN IN CONTEMPORARY LIFE"

JOHN CLINE

It seems no more than justice, in the light of certain rumored remarks, to say that the first view of "The Position of Woman in Contemporary Life" was written in a spirit of what was supposed to be humor, though it was, perhaps, a very unfortunate and mistaken idea of humor; and that there was behind it no ill-will toward women or anybody else. Some of the statements in "Another View" in the February ARCHIVE fairly take one's breath away.

It is urged as a "profound and all-sufficient reason for woman's invasion of the preëmpted fields of human endeavor" that, under modern conditions, she has not enough duties connected with the home "to consume her time, employ her energies, or exhaust her skill." "Modern machinery and economic conditions," we are told, "have eliminated from woman's rôle at least three-fourths of such work as cooking, scrubbing, laundering, etc." *Est-il possible?* If that statement is to be taken literally then woman has indeed an abundance of "unused time," and the task of homemaking and housekeeping has in these latter days assuredly been made easy. But, can this be accepted seriously? One would be led almost to think that the modern woman may sit idle in her home while her cooking, scrubbing, laundering, and even child-training are done by machinery. As a matter for conjecture, just how many home-loving housewives would the writer of "Another View" be able to find who would not quickly testify that their position places upon them just a few more duties than they can possibly attend to? If modern housewives haven't enough to do, certainly something ought to be done about it!

Now the present writer has no desire to see women made slaves; women ought to have much time for leisure and pleasure and enjoyment of the finer things of life; but is such time to be found better in the workshop than in the home—even with its numerous duties? As has been said, the first "View" was written in a weak attempt at humor; but now, seriously, can the modern woman afford to try to be both man and woman? It would certainly be foolish to say that all men "should be farmers"; but is it not true that no man can be both a farmer and a lawyer, for instance, and perform the duties of both those occupations as he ought to perform them? The writer of "Another View" declares, "It is the rule rather than the exception that women, in addition to their so-called domestic duties, take their places in industrial fields, work right beside the men, and *accomplish great results without any real loss of resource to domestic life.*" Now this is a startling statement. Is it not rather the case that such dividing of time and effort between the home and the factory on the part of the poorer classes, and the dividing of them between the home and "society," clubs, and fashionable organizations, on the part of the upper-crust ladies, are the chief causes of the juvenile-offender problem, the race suicide problem, and other serious social problems? Certainly it seems that the proper caring for a home and a family is a great enough task to demand the entire time and attention of at least some one person.

Now the present writer has no objection to advance to a woman's entering the field of medicine or law or politics, or even of real estate—a la "Frederica Payton"—if she thinks it wise; but, surely, if she enters such work she then has no natural right to marry and try to care for a home and rear a family. The two tasks are inconsistent with each other. It is true that numbers of our modern women do not marry, and it may even be that many of them do not wish to marry.

Often they do not at all deserve censure for the lack of such a wish. If these women desire to become doctors, or lawyers, or politicians, or manufacturing magnates, or financial giants of any sort, and are willing to sacrifice the natural functions of womanhood, then they surely have the right to do so. But they can't very well attend to these public duties and at the same time be efficient household managers.

Now it follows that the women who really want to compete for the positions of "railway guards, soldiers, or foreign ministers," offices for which they are by nature ill-fitted, they should have a perfect right to do so, provided they give up any idea of marriage and of child-bearing and rearing. Men who enter such work realize that they do so at the expense of a large part of their home life—that they cannot both keep close watch over their homes and attend to their jobs at the same time. If the modern woman "claims that she should be treated merely as a human being," she must be willing to pay the price; and if she seriously enters the work of medicine, law, or any of the professions, she can do so only on surrendering her "natural sphere." This is an inevitable and reasonable condition.

Is it not true, however, that when woman abandons the work of motherhood and homemaking and seeks "industrial labor" she is leaving a great task for a mighty little job? Is it not true that when woman successfully makes a home and rears a family of children she has accomplished a wonderfully big thing—a thing that is the true glory of womankind? It is hard to understand just how a real woman could wish to stoop from her high heritage to the professions of politics, law, or medicine, honorable as they all are, or just how she could be willing, except under necessity, to surrender motherhood for industrial labor. It may be that some women really feel called to these coarser professions and feel it their duty to sacrifice the natural position of women for such work, and

it is certain that some make the sacrifice from necessity or for other very good reasons; but this writer still feels, in spite of the explanation offered by the author of "Another View," that a great deal of the extreme in our modern feminine originality and assertiveness springs from a spirit of "We'll show you some things."

The "Feminist Movement" has in it much that is good. The writer of this article does not wish to be taken as an antagonist of everything feminine. He believes that a real woman is far above anything a man can ever hope to attain to. He believes heartily in woman's suffrage, that it is inevitable, and that the argument that it would destroy or even injure the home is groundless. But notice that, in conclusion, the article under discussion makes another startling statement. It becomes prophetic and declares, "Woman will come into her own and become *an integral part of the social order.*" This is truly shocking! To think that after all man's opposition and intolerance woman should "become an integral part of the social order." Many may suppose that woman has always been an integral part of the social order; but if she has not, she certainly will be. The fates have decreed it, and we must be resigned. We have spoken. So far as the present writer is concerned, this little "contrasting of views" is done; but there can be no reasonable objection to the traditional last word.

EDITORIAL

HOW NEWSPAPERS BENEFIT THE COLLEGE STUDENT

Some students devote a large part of their time to their classroom work and to other phases of college life. It is seldom that a student devotes excessive time to reading the newspapers and magazines. This disposition of many students to neglect the press information on the great domestic and foreign problems, which ought to interest every good citizen, is a discouraging tendency of college life. Important as are the regular college duties, it is not enough to meet them without some attention to questions involving the economic, political, and social life of the people. This fact is still more true during these times of stress when no man knows what the day will bring forth.

When crises arise, as they inevitably do, every true citizen thinks of his country's welfare. It is always the young men —the backbone of the national defense—who answer the first call to arms, and the college student has borne his share of the responsibility. The student may have to defend his country against invasion, and in such instance he ought and can know why and for what he lends his services. Current literature is the one dependable medium of information in such times, even though gross exaggerations are sometimes perpetrated on the public.

It is because the leading institutions of learning have recognized the educational value and necessity of the newspaper as a source of needful information that they have established well equipped libraries having the best daily newspapers. The one great source of information for the student on daily news of politics, world war at present, preparedness, and industrial

and economic problems is current literature. College students need to utilize this information because they are members of a society which is subject to frequent changes in political and economic development. This is the first consideration.

A college student is expected to have a fair knowledge of the subjects he studies; some students do not. He is usually supposed to be able to apply his knowledge in practical affairs; too few do. If the student is a success in after life, he must have a reasonable acquaintance with the outside world, with its problems and ordinary run of affairs. Men without such information find themselves unable to take their places among practical men. The student of history stumbles over the motives underlying the great political and economic movements of the past, and his task is to trace them in future development. The forces of past history obtain in the history of today, and the transformations of tomorrow now in the making, in shaping the destinies of nations, are molded by these same forces.

The influences affecting the leading stock markets of the world, and especially those in this country, which make one nation dependent upon another for its very existence, are having much to do with the condition of affairs in all the leading countries. The effect of the European war on this country has been in many instances depressive. The press through its presentation of facts has made it possible for the student of economics, for example, to understand to a certain extent the underlying causes of high prices. Thus it is that the newspaper is of practical help to the student.

Frequently the student in his literary work discusses some important question which necessitates the use of the latest information on that particular subject. Since facts are necessary in such work, the newspaper meets the requirement. The press is a valuable source for general and detailed informa-

tion on industrial and political problems. Moreover, it occasionally happens that recent events have a direct bearing upon some historical or economic subject. The newspaper affords the student a concise presentation of the facts of events in all the important centers, and is the link connecting him with the outside world.

Despite inaccuracies and misrepresentations, the newspaper furnishes the student with information on the progress of the war; the economic and industrial conditions prevailing in foreign nations and in our own country; domestic questions of political significance; the latest developments in our relations with foreign countries; and, lastly, with State and local news. This all-round feature of the modern newspaper has had much to do with creating different tastes for news. Among students there are those preferring athletic news; some are interested in the market reports; others are concerned solely with general news; while still others read from the local page.

The educational value of the newspaper is seldom overestimated. It has been said that many college men are not broad thinkers, and the difficulty often lies in the fact that their college activities were confined largely to their class work. They devoted little time to the larger affairs outside their own limited sphere. We are not so much concerned over the Ethiopian or the Caucasian version of Adam's accepting the forbidden fruit as we are over the real news of today. It is well to remember that the student of today will be the citizen of tomorrow. The student who properly appreciates and uses the newspaper during his college days not only will obtain valuable information for present and future use, but he will acquire the habit of relying upon the newspaper as a source of information in after life. In this period of national peril and industrial upheaval, which promises to continue for some time to come, it is almost necessary that men think for themselves, and they must have the facts before they resolve intel-

ligently. The causes of the present world unrest, with the resultant developments will affect the nations for years; and if for no other reason, the student should keep abreast of current events that he may understand subsequent history.

M. G. E.

CAUSES AND EFFECTS

"If you want to cure a disease, get rid of its causes; the symptoms will take care of themselves." So a large body of Trinity students has recently been told.

Durham and the College community in general have enjoyed with considerable amusement the antics of a "Vice Commission" created with the avowed object of abolishing sundry evils of the stage and the social life of the community. The delight with which the antediluvian efforts of this betterment league were received arose not from the worthy objects of the social reformers, but from the character of their remedies. The commission seemed to consider it incumbent upon itself to explore into the deepest mire of the evils themselves, rather than to go back into the forces which created the so-called evils and to provide a reasonable remedy. The ludicrous result may be realized from the picture of college professors shaking with mirth at a black-face comedian or of a vice committee in a complimentary box at a popular musical comedy. In the latter case, incidentally, the investigators were so captivated by the attraction that they purchased front seats for the night performance. Can the innocent public be blamed for its lack of appreciation of the doughty deeds of reform contemplated by these well-meaning persons?

But with its broader aspects we are not concerned. A field of suggestion sufficiently fertile lies at our very doors. We are told that as college students we should not play pool, dance, play cards, *ad infinitum*. Well and good. Let us

grant much of the argument against these pastimes. But I think the most fervent fanatic will accept the statement that the feature most to be condemned in connection with these pleasures is the companionship encountered, the associations entailed. Particularly is this true of the town pool rooms. It will likewise, of necessity, be admitted that the continued pursuit by the students of such enjoyments as are frowned upon by the authorities makes the situation one which cannot be successfully coped with by a mere abstract ruling. In a community of more than five hundred, students always will play pool or engage in some such form of diversion. Students always have danced in limited numbers at Trinity College, and always will, irrespective of executive approval. Such is the case in every college. Certainly we would not expose ourselves to the retort that the existence of an evil in no wise excuses it or means that the authorities should not attempt to stamp it out. But you cannot cure a disease by ignoring the cause; you cannot stamp out the social instinct by a blanket order, any more than you can command the sun to stand still. In every person there is an innate desire, a lust, for companionship, and for companionship on a large scale, for the presence of a body of kindred spirits. Therein lies the crux of the matter, and therein must be the remedy.

Trinity today lacks a "social consciousness"—if I may be pardoned for borrowing the phrase of another student writer. In every individual the social instinct would seem to be of full strength, but collectively the community is bare of the feeling of fraternalism and easy coöperation. There are, in the course of a year, Y. M. C. A. socials, literary society receptions, class jollifications, and other well-meaning entertainments. That is all. Admittedly these attempts do something to arouse a "social consciousness," but at the same time they reveal how far short we are of the possession of it. This "social consciousness" is no abstract, meaningless phrase. It is a very real force in every community. Enlarged, we see

it as "civic enthusiasm," "State pride," and "national patriotism." Locally, we hear sometimes of a lack of college spirit even behind the athletic teams. We hear complaint that the students do not interest themselves in some particularly worthy enterprise for the common good. Probably this condition exists in every college; but it would appear from general observation, as well as from its local intensity, that the situation is here peculiarly acute.

How can the students of this or any other institution be brought into this "social consciousness," be made to feel that the college yard holds an active interest for themselves, be taught to look to the fellow-student for the social life which we must have? A freshman recently withdrawn from our midst made the statement that fully 80 per cent of the students of the College engaged in whatever form of unauthorized pleasure it was for which he had to leave. Without quibbling over figures, it can be stated undeniably that the force which attempts to satisfy the social instinct must indeed be a magnetic one. Picture shows, many of them, are well worth consideration; but what is there which can take the place of "going down town," of admiring a pretty girl down-street, of standing idly by the corner, and, for some, of drifting into the pool room? Crying evils? No, none of them; but they seem to be the object of censure, and certainly they perform no function in the educational process. Yet there is a desire for this, an attraction in it among every body of students. And it is a perfectly healthy, youthful inclination. What are you going to do about it?

Trinity College is now raising funds for a new gymnasium. We understand that no expense is to be spared in making this building complete in every respect, satisfactory for ages to come. That is a habit which the College happily possesses. What more logical place, except a building built for the purpose, than this proposed structure for a Trinity union, one or more large rooms—exceedingly large—in which the stu-

dent-body might congregate? After the fashion of so many other colleges, there should be fireplaces, settees, magazines, bowling alleys, refreshment stands, and other such attractions as may be expedient. Orderly supervision would, of course, at all times be maintained. If the unbeliever doubts the efficacy of such a scheme, let him refer to almost any of the larger colleges throughout the whole country. And let him realize that the college student enjoys nothing so much as the companionship of kindred spirits, of other college fellows. The power of such an institution on the park would be irresistible; its democratizing tendencies would be more effective than any other influence in the College. And if the association in proper environments be but possible, the college student can get more, the classroom alone excepted, out of contact with his fellow-students than he can out of any other advantage which the institution has to offer. By such a union the social instinct would be gratified. There would be built up a "social consciousness." Without such an innovation present conditions with their attendant evils must obtain. To rid the community of these evils, some such scheme, removing the cause of present conditions, is absolutely essential. You cannot remedy an evil by ignoring the cause.

J. H. S., JR.

REGULATIONS GOVERNING INTERCOLLEGIATE CONTESTS

Recently the campus has been infested with considerable agitation regarding adherence to certain College regulations which seem to debar worthy students from participation in intercollegiate contests. First there was a dispute as to whether an excellent athlete from another institution should be allowed to represent Trinity; more recently an unpleasant situation has developed as the result of an inexcusable attempt

on the part of some to overthrow certain rulings in order to permit a sophomore to participate in an intercollegiate forensic contest. In both cases the men in question have been debarred from the teams representing their *alma mater;* and in each case the action of the authorities, because of their adherence to specified regulations, is to be upheld and admired.

Regarding the question as to the eligibility of certain students to play on athletic teams, there is not much more to be said. The one-year rule, which says no student who has played at another institution may represent Trinity until he has resided here at least one year, debarred one of the students' favorite athletes from participation in any athletic contests this year. But there was the College regulation which, in accordance with the past policy of Trinity College in maintaining a sincere straightforwardness in athletic relations, necessarily had to be obeyed.

The other matter causing difficulty was with reference to the eligibility of a student chosen to represent the College in an intercollegiate debate. The preliminaries were held and this man was duly chosen for one of the speakers. Then, it seems, he wished to use this sudden evidence of his forensic ability to give him a passing grade on his collegiate courses. The natural result, of course, was a failure on an unnecessarily large percentage of college work.

Now, the catalogue specifically states: "Any student who receives less than a passing grade on more than six hours of his required work of the preceding term shall be ineligible to represent the College in an athletic contest, concert, or other public event." In accordance with this ruling, almost any one of us can recall instances of where men have been kept off the baseball or some athletic team because of failure to pass their work. With how much greater emphasis should this rule be adhered to in the case of intercollegiate debaters? The College requires its athletic representatives to pass a specified portion of their work; it is decidedly more important that

representatives in forensic contests fulfill their academic tasks with a reasonable degree of credit. Indeed, the College would suffer humiliation, if not actual disgrace, from having as its representative on a debate, an intellectual activity, a student whose mentality—either from lack of intellect or from refusal to make use of his powers—had resulted in failure to pass his academic studies. The Debate Council could do nothing other than to sustain the collegiate ruling and debar the "flunking" student from participation in the debate.

The action of the committee in charge of forensic activities in this respect is above reproach. But there is one matter in regard to which THE ARCHIVE would like to make a suggestion. For a number of years there has been a tendency, it seems, in encouraging new students to become interested in debating, to overlook and discourage the attempts of worthy upper-classmen. There is no need to cite examples. Any one on the campus can recall instances of where sophomores, and in a few cases freshmen, have been "put on" debating teams when upper-classmen—just as deserving and with decidedly more judgment, as the result of a longer stay in college—were relegated to forensic oblivion.

Only serious injury to the student-body can result from such a policy. In the first place, upper-classmen, the intellectual leaders of the campus, are discouraged from taking an active interest in argumentative work; and, secondly, the younger students—sophomores, especially—already inflated with the idea of their own importance, at this recognition of their supposedly superior intellectual abilities, find themselves physically incapable of restraining their mental exuberance. Upper-classmen thus discriminated against are not in a mood to attempt forensic work of any kind, and the reputation of the College has to pay the penalty. Then the lower-classmen who are appointed to fill the places, in every instance to be recalled during the last four years, have not only failed to make proper use of their advantages and de-

velop this superior intellectuality, but frequently have made themselves objects of criticism for the entire campus.

In view of these *facts,* The Archive would suggest that the College, for the best interest of the institution and the community, pass a regulation—or if not a College ruling, let there be a kind of unwritten law—prohibiting freshmen and sophomores, except in *unusual* cases, from participation in intercollegiate debates. Such a ruling would not deprive them of sufficient literary work to engage their time. There would remain still the society medals to be contested for, the regular sophomore debate, and the annual intersociety debate—to all of which activities the lowerclassmen would be eligible. With such a ruling they could still find sufficient work to keep them busy; they would not make themselves offensive or ridiculous to the community; and there would be considerable encouragement to upper-classmen to do their best work. This regulation, The Archive believes, would result in the promotion of higher forensic standards and would materially improve student activities, particularly debating. There would be keen competition among the upper-classmen for the coveted honor of representing the College in an intercollegiate debate; and with the knowledge that no "booting" sophomore could have previously arranged to secure a place on the team through the favoritism of a professor, intercollegiate debating would assume a higher plane. The Archive suggests that the authorities having this matter in charge give our proposal at least a due consideration.

WAYSIDE WARES

WHERE PROMPTNESS COUNTS MOST AT TRINITY

Amid all the strictly enforced laws at Trinity, just where is the matter of promptness of the greatest importance? The motto of the institution seems to be, "Always at the chapel exercises, in your seat on time, or immediate extrication will follow." Surely, then, promptness can demand no more worthy place than at the morning religious exercises.

Let us, with the inventive eye of a genius, investigate this thing and find out if there is really any use of being found at chapel on time. It has been foretold, as one of the authoritative utterances of the College, that one absence from chapel exercises means the removal of your household furniture and a trip home at the expense of the corporation. To be tardy, it has been rumored, implies a warm reception by the Dean in his office, where a conference is held in which the warning sign is given and every conceivable promise made. Yet the tardy man is not debarred from chapel, and promptness is not one of the essentials of free admittance to the halls of morning devotion.

It is true that the doors are closed in the face of the straggler. But even a freshman soon learns that a mere turn of the knob means a free passport to his assigned seat and a clear page for him on that book where all records are kept aright—the book of his ever-vigilant monitor. The doors are closed and the tardy man is forbidden entrance, but neither lock nor key is applied. It is, therefore, through no prison walls or iron bars that the belated student is forced to enter. With ease he unconsciously pushes the door aside and in absolute ignorance of the rules, and a blush upon his cheek which shows no sign of human intelligence, he wends his unob-

structed way to his seat and sings the long meter Doxology as if he were some noted musical director employed especially for the occasion. As he passes out he looks back for one final glance at the Dean, who long ago has noticed that he occupied his seat during the entire exercises. Thus we are convinced that promptness at chapel is of little importance.

I have been told that compulsory class attendance is the order of the day at Trinity, and to be tardy on any class means to find the door well locked and guarded. If by chance one slips within, he is marked absent and must confront some member of the power-endowed Executive Committee.

Still the tardy man is received with open doors into the classroom, is marked present, and in many instances carries off the high honors of his class. An instructor, now and then, because of some ill decree of the fates, or some disappointment in love, may be found in an aggravated humor when the student enters the room behind time; then it is that a conference with the Executive Committee is imposed. This imposition amounts to the securing of the victim's favorite of this noble committee, to whom he proves without doubt that there is no such thing as tardiness, and if there were, he is of too lofty a character to even think of stooping to that base plane.

We can now readily conclude that promptness is of little worth in class attendance at Trinity. In fact, a little tardiness upon special occasions is a thing to be desired. It relieves one from the prolonged partaking of an unusually dry meal which might cause choking without water and which would eventually amount to mental indigestion.

We have one phase of life at Trinity into which is injected rigid military conscription laws. This part of our institutional existence is held in that great haven, the sound of whose very name causes our hearts to leap with a pride unutterable and a joy which looks to the future. This magnificent edifice of which I speak stands towering as some noted cathedral of olden times, its white outline being clearly visible

many leagues away. Reader, no doubt you have already divined that I speak of the Angier Duke Gymnasium. Let us look to this place of renown for the inestimable value of promptness. From Thanksgiving until Easter we must attend classes at the gym. If we are one minute behind the appointed hour, our name is not recorded on that register of unspeakable tidiness held by the guardian angel of the place.

Nay, to be late at Cap's gym is a coveted virtue. It insures us against having to wait on the side lines until we feel as a rheumatic of a century's endurance, or an icicle of the polar regions. Tardiness at the gym may mean a few less splinters jabbed into your spinal column as you sprawl upon the spacious floor, and roll and tumble to the beck and count of the unexcelled instructor.

Is it a fact that there is no place at Trinity where promptness is of vital importance? No, we have in our midst one institution of the College where promptness plays her worthy part, and in fact where absolute promptness is demanded. Don't believe that it is due to any lack of etiquette or of good manners on the part of the students when I announce that the place of which I speak is the college boarding-house. It is around the festive board of a college grub-room that promptness counts for more than par value. It is here that there is no granting of special privileges or respecting of persons, unless by good fortune some lucky lad falls in love with the landlady's daughter. Then he may receive his second piece of pie through the pantry window.

"First come, first served" is the slogan of all college boarding-houses. The first shall be first and the last scarcely at all. We can all agree that it is no easy task to rise early on a cold, chilly morning and get to our boarding-house in time to hear the breakfast bell, and, if it be a house of pious temperament, to have the honor of saying grace. It is a much more agreeable thought to picture ourselves sleeping past breakfast time, and in a pleasant dream concluding that eating is only

a habit, after all, and an obstruction to higher education, while sleeping is one of the essentials of a great mind. But when we awake to find the eight-twenty bell ringing, we forget the pleasure of sleep, leap from our bed of repose, and in a semi-clad fashion make a wild dash for breakfast. Nothing could be more disagreeable, however, than to find at your grub-joint the eggs all devoured by your fortunate predecessors, the gravy turned to lard, the hot cakes melted into icebergs, and your water as salty as the briny deep, the latter being due to the strategy of some devilish freshman who passed ten hours work.

Still sadder becomes your predicament when you learn that the only remains of the apparently has-been meal are two hard biscuits and a portion of a beast which, judging by the toughness of this part of his anatomy, must have lived to a good old age. With a heavy heart and a craving appetite, the tardy eater begins his dispensing attempts at his frugal meal. After several minutes of sawing and see-sawing he gives up the portion of the beast as a bad job, but finally conceals from view the two biscuits. In a fit of anger he snatches from his hip pocket his barlow, gives it several whets across the portion of the "taurus" in order to put a keen edge on his blade, and leaves the table apparently as the aborigines of our country, going forth to slay and eat of the wild beast.

As he passes out, however, his passion is somewhat abated by the smile and good words of his boarding-house lady, who this morning offers him an extra toothpick. Perhaps toothpicks carved from the yellow pine are a rather crude diet for a college man, and more or less destructive to his digestive organs, but they must suffice where tardiness reigns, and the choice lies between them and tough steak. The teeth of a sausage mill would refrain from the steak that the tardy man must eat at the college boarding-house.

Promptness without doubt counts for most at the Trinity College grub-room. The man on time gets the dessert and the late man gets deserted.

TO THE TAR HEEL BRIGADE ON THE BORDER

(Dedicated to Brigadier-General Lawrence W. Young, commanding First North Carolina Brigade on the border. Composed by Private in North Carolina Infantry on the border, El Paso, Texas.)

To our little band of Tar Heels,
  Although we are very small,
But with the spirit of our fathers
  Most nobly answered the call.

The call of our chief executive
  That rang from coast to coast,
That may cost the lives of thousands—
  But that is not the most!

For what do we care for dying
  As long as we can see
Our noble flag, Old Glory,
  And know that she floats free?

We fought her in the sixties,
  But now she's supreme and neat,
For she's the only flag that flies today
  That's never known defeat!

And the little brigade of Tar Heels
  Are awaiting any call,
For any of us would rather die
  Than see Old Glory fall.

And we are here to see the finish,
  No matter how it comes;
And if any fighting's started,
  We don't know how to run.

For think back under General Lee
And remember how we stood,
And remember we're the same today,
And fighting's in the blood!

First comes Colonel Gardner,
Colonel of the First,
Who saw the hell of one war
And is awaiting another curse.

And then the gallant Rodman
Of the Second and smallest band;
But we know if any fighting starts
He'll be the first to take a hand.

Next comes Minor of the Third,
And youngest of the three;
But remember he's a Tar Heel, too,
And that sounds good to me.

And then the Little General,
The most noble of them all,
And we know that he'll be with us
Until war has claimed its toll.

For none of the boys of the sixties
Ever a musket slung
That loved Stonewall Jackson better
Than we love General Young.

And when the battles are all over
And the last victory won,
As gallant Tar Heel heroes
We'll proudly gather home.

EXCHANGES

The *State Normal Magazine* for February is particularly well stocked in verse of varying degrees of merit. Among the best of these verses is a negro dialect poem, "Time to Knock the Skorpins Down." The local color and the darky superstitions which are suggested in these verses make the article rather effective. A school of free poets is evidently springing up at the Normal. "February" is written à la Amy Lowell. If there be any virtue in Miss Lowell's style, this verse has caught it. Of the short stories which the *Normal Magazine* publishes, we are obliged to remark that they have about them a decided air of immaturity. Verily, a strong short story is a rarity in college literary circles! On the other hand, the quantity and the quality of the verse make it remarkable. Is there a tangible reason for this?

An appreciation under the title of "Browning's Portraits of Husbands and Wives" is far and away the best article in the February edition of the Meredith *Acorn*. The author has handled an interesting subject in an interesting way; she evinces a wide knowledge of the subject and tinctures it with a rather keen critical judgment. As is usually the case with women's magazines, the *Acorn* does not contain short stories of a particularly high order. The attempts in this respect are really not offensive, but the root of the evil is found in that "Elsie Book" flavor which the reader constantly tastes in such titles as "Keeping Her Ideal," "Little Deeds of Kindness," *et cetera*. Mediocre situations invariably result in mediocre stories. "From the Mainland to Hatteras" forsakes the "village green" for the unfrequented paths, but the author is a "land-lubber," and the sketch is consequently spoiled.

One way of avoiding evil is to stay out of evil's way. This is the remedy which the *Wake Forest Student* has presented

for the flighty short story evil. The February edition of this magazine includes a solitary story—solitary, but far from poor. "Something Wanting" is more interesting than the average of its kind. By far the best written of the articles in the February *Student* is "The Golden Age of Persian Poetry." The author's treatment of the ever-fresh Omar is dignified and highly interesting. "Sam Davis," a historical sketch of the Civil War, is gripping in content, but the ragged style in which it is written seriously detracts from its effectiveness. The magazine is rich in essays and sketches, but lacks in original and imaginative work.

The Archive wishes to acknowledge also the receipt of the following magazines:

Davidson College Magazine.
The Red and White of A. and M.
University of North Carolina Magazine.
The Ivy of Salem College.
The Era of Emory and Henry College, Virginia.
The Erskinian of Erskine College, South Carolina.
The Limestone Star of Limestone College, South Carolina.
The Arkansan of the University of Arkansas.
The Transylvanian of Transylvania College, Kentucky.
The Exponent of Baldwin Wallace College, Ohio.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

CLASSICS AND SAWMILLS

W. R. SHELTON, '16

"Tuba, tubae, tubae, tubam, tuba," young Ben Ashley was repeating half-aloud as he sat at one end of the kitchen table with a new Latin book spread before him. His mother was putting away the last of the dishes from the evening meal, humming all the while and paying no attention to Ben in his efforts to prepare his lessons for next day.

"Tuba, tubae, tubae," Ben was saying again as Dave Ashley, his father, loomed up in the doorway and walked heavily across the floor to deposit an armful of wood in a box near the stove.

"What's that yer sayin'?" he demanded roughly as he halted before the box.

Ben's face grew radiant with pride as he attempted to say in a scholarly way:

"Why Pap, that's the Latin word for 'trumpet.'"

"Trumpet, the devil," exploded his father, as he let the wood fall with a thud into the box. "I don't want none uv yer Latin roun' me. Whut's that got to do with runnin' a sawmill?"

Dave walked to the table and picked up the book with a jerk and looked intently, but skeptically, at one of its pages.

Dave was a mountain lumberman. He made a good living by hard work. His ancestors were among the early Scotch-Irish settlers of the mountain districts, and none of them had ever achieved a greater success than being good substantial citizens. Dave did not object to the extra tax levied upon the community for the purpose of adding two rooms to the school building and a high school department to the old

grammar school. He was anxious that his children obtain a better education than he had himself, because he had often felt handicapped in even the requirements of his simple occupation.

He closed the book impatiently as his wife started with the lamp toward the sitting-room. He followed, murmuring something about "new-fangled doin's"; then as he came into the sitting-room he suddenly stopped when the voice of his daughter Maggie greeted him with:

"Alpha, beta, gamma, delta, epsilon."

Dave's brow contracted with impatience, and his eyes flashed angrily as he ejaculated: "Air you done gawn crazy, too? Whut you goin' to do with a head full of Latin roun' hyar?"

"This is not Latin, Daddy; this is Greek," answered Maggie, smiling meekly.

"Greek?" thundered her father. "Tryin' to git so yer can talk to that dago farman down at the mill, air ye? Whut's them marks on that paper ye have thar? Greek letters, eh? Humph! Looks to me lak them Injun letters on that rock on top of old Bald Mountain. Anyway that sort uv larnin' don't go in my house. Ain't yer got no larnin' Ben, whot tells yer how to figger my books, and how to pick good trees, and how to know when the market's low and when it's high? Ain't they got no larnin' that tells yer how to lay off a timber boundary and how to figger how much good lumber is in it? Cain't yer larn how to run a flume down the ridge, and cain't yer larn how to keep from payin' them railroad freight bills two times over? Yer don't need no Latin to figger intrust on notes, and whut to knock off on bills when they pay down spot cash."

"But, Daddy," interrupted Maggie, "we have to take Latin or Greek. The new principal says we can't come to school unless we do."

"Cain't, eh?" burst out her father. "I wonder whut he thinks I pay taxes fur?"

With this Dave concluded that he would not trust himself to say more in the presence of his family. He sat down by the big fireplace and gazed studiously at the blazing slabs. Ben and Maggie studied their Algebra and Physical Culture in silence, while Mrs. Ashley repaired the canvas mittens Dave had handed to her before supper. When bedtime came Dave was the last to retire.

The next morning at the breakfast table he said, informingly, "I'll be goin' to school with you today and see about this larnin' bizness."

Groups of curious children gathered around the trio as they walked into the schoolhouse yard. The boys looked inquiringly at Ben, hoping to get a clue to the object of Dave's visit, but the faces of Ben, Maggie, and Dave wore only a fixed seriousness.

The principal greeted them kindly, but was taken back at Dave's searching look. There was just one thing on Dave's mind and he proceeded to get rid of it without any preliminaries. When he had made known his position on the subject of education, the principal informed him in a courteous manner that the school curriculum had been arranged by the County Board of Education, and could be changed only by the action of that body, and, as if to dismiss the matter, he concluded by saying:

"In view of that fact, Mr. Ashley, your children will have to either continue their present studies or stay out of school."

This was too much for Dave. He wanted to be civil to the principal; so he turned and left the building, muttering between his teeth. After commanding Ben and Maggie to go home, he turned down the hill in an opposite direction and walked rapidly, with a countenance set, to confer with a neighbor, Bascom Kinsey. Mr. Kinsey had been a magis-

trate at one time, and knowing Dave's temperament, he advised him to petition the Board of Education for a special ruling in his favor. Dave slapped his leg with his cap and catered to his own independence for a moment; but later he decided to act on the suggestion.

The whole community became astir over the episode. Some sided with Dave, and some against him. All waited in suspense for the board to act on the petition, and when word finally came one afternoon from Balsam, the county seat, ten miles away, that the petition had been rejected, every one who knew Dave realized that something was going to happen. Dave was the big man of the community. The school was already suffering an unsteadiness that threatened its efficiency.

Dave saddled his horse early next morning and started toward Balsam. He felt all the keenness of an insult to a family name as he rode away that morning. He thought of the contributions of his ancestry to the good standing of the community. He shrugged his shoulders with pride as he glanced down the long valley at the sticky black smoke beginning to overflow from the tall smokestack at the sawmill.

"Whut yer goin' to do now, Dave?" bawled out a gawky red-haired mountaineer as Dave drew up in front of a country store where the lovers of sensation had gathered early to get in all discussions.

"Keep yer eye on me," returned Dave threateningly. "I'm on me way right now to git me lawyers and sue the county. It's my rights I'm atter. That's all." And he rode on.

He began the ascent of the long horseshoe road leading through the gap in Old Bald Mountain. On reaching the bare gray clearing at the top, he stopped his horse for a breathing spell before beginning the descent into the valley beyond. He straightened up in his saddle and gazed wistfully out over the valley that had long been his kingdom. The echo of a

distant hunter's call came reverberating up to him from the opposite side of the valley. His eyes followed the snakelike windings of Bear Creek until it seemed to stop suddenly in a huge bank of autumn foliage far down the valley.

"I hope I ain't doin' nothin' wrong," he said slowly to himself as he urged his horse forward and dropped into the valley beyond.

The lawyers made a case of it, one involving personal rights and public humiliation. The county paper gave a large space to the episode. Next day the State papers carried a detailed account of the pending suit. It was the first of its kind.

The courtroom was alive with people and interest the following month. The best of legal talent had been employed to argue the Ashley vs. County case. Balsam was only a small town and was seven miles from the railroad. A sfranger was always conspicuous, but the muddy streets were full of them on this day. Those attracting special attention were a half-dozen distinguished looking gentlemen who alighted from hacks in front of the red-brick courthouse and entered the courtroom. The judge and two of the lawyers for the defendant seemed to recognize them and nodded smilingly to them as they took seats near the center aisle.

The task of impaneling a jury was not a small one. The lawyers for the county were bent on enrolling only men of a liberal education, while Ashley's lawyers strove for men of the typical mountaineers. When a hundred jurors had been drawn and only four seats were filled, the attorneys agreed to seat six men of each type.

There were few witnesses for the plaintiff. Dave was the first to take the stand. He appeared calm and determined. In answering the lawyers' questions he would look first at the lawyers, then at the judge, and then at the jury. Shifting his cap from one knee to the other, he repeated emphatically:

"No, siree, I ain't made no threats. I want my family to git good schoolin', but I wunt it to do 'em good whar we live at. 'Taint no use to force a city ejercashun on a boy and a gal whut wants to run a sawmill an' take kyer of a home while the sawmill runs. Giv' 'em all ye' got that'll hep 'em do that, but don't cram no crazy Injun talkin' and writin' in their heads."

Dave left the stand, and the attorneys for the defendant introduced the County Superintendent of Education, who outlined the county system of education, read extracts from the State laws, and quoted the opinions of experts on education upholding the teaching of classics in all high schools and colleges.

After the examination of other witnesses on both sides of the case, the lawyers began their speeches to the jury. These speeches were the features of the case. They began at one-fifteen and closed at five-forty-five. Further citations and opinions were offered pro and con. Dave's lawyers drew a humorous picture of the sawmill machinery clogged with Greek and Latin "roots." The opposing attorneys had much to say about the redemption of the mountain people through a cultural education. Dave glanced at the faces of his lawyers when the judge finished the charge to the jury, and his own face darkened because he read there a look of defeat.

The jurors filed out as if wholly oblivious of the intense suspense. They were thinking hard and all seemed to realize that they were dealing with a divided question. They remained out just fifteen minutes. The crowded courtroom held a deathly stillness as the clerk arose and addressed the foreman of the jury.

"Is the County of Hiwassee guilty or not guilty of infringement upon the rights of one Dave Ashley?"

"Guilty," promptly answered the foreman with satisfaction.

. . . . . .

"What did you think of the verdict?" asked Dr. J. B. Dilworth, State Superintendent of Education, of Dr. Randolph Howe, president of the State University, as they waited for the return of the hacks in front of the courthouse.

"I'm glad we live in the twentieth century," replied Dr. Howe, nodding his head approvingly.

"Yes," put in Dr. Frank Riggs, Superintendent of Education of an adjoining State, "our educators have had the first real lesson in a new school of 'larnin'.' "

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

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MANAGER'S NOTICE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the College.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their Alma Mater. *If you do not wish to become a subscriber, please notify us at once,* or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of all old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

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The Trinity Archive

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., April, 1917

AN HOUR IN THE WOODS

ZWINGLI SCHNEIDER

My college friend, why don't you walk
An hour in the wood?
Put up your books; stop tiresome talk!
Let Nature do you good!

Why go to see the picture show
On sunny afternoons?
The crowds are filthy, don't you know,
That pack the darkened rooms?

The cars and factories fill the street
With ugly smoke and dirt;
But in the country flowers sweet
Make Nature all alert.

God made for you the beauties' blend
Of flowers, birds, and bees.
Why don't you take a walk, my friend,
Beneath the spreading trees?

A CAPTIVE TO RED-PEPPER POD CHEEKS

CLYDE R. BROWN

It was Saturday night, and for some enigmatical reason Saturday nights have always been vertices around which great events center. To the modern naturist this bold statement may, perhaps, seem a bit superstitious; yet it only includes the logical inclinations of human nature, namely, to neglect the beginning in order to crowd the end. From early Monday morning until late Saturday night the gods are busy devising new plans for new-hatched, Saturday-night tournaments; and when this night arrives, all the tricks and mistakes and et cetera that their fertile brains have been able to conceive break forth and make Saturday night the birthday of all real, bustling activity.

Now, on this particular Saturday night in late June, Harry Clayton, a man of circumstantial leisure, found himself standing at the corner of Vaughan and Main streets. For four years—long, busy, happy, hard years to him—he had been looking to the beginning of his life's work; but he had never realized until tonight that he had been dreaming only a vain man's dream.

It was true that a three-weeks-old college diploma hung proudly from the bare walls of his room on Tenement Corner. But what did this matter to a strong, vigorous, football appetite, when he could find no work? All the editors in the city had politely refused his stories. They had in their usual manner smiled, shaken their heads, and said: "We're sorry, Mr. Clayton; but we can't accept your stamp of story. Why, people wouldn't read 'em, unless it were old maids who take Cardui! Your stories are too dull, conventional, and sentimental; get something new, active, and interesting—something that's got *red blood* in it and not so old-maidishly sugar-coated. Then we'll be glad to give you a trial."

As Clayton finished musing upon the editor's words, he hurriedly rose from the hotel street-chair. The electrically manipulated clock hands above Verona pointed to eight-fifteen. What should he do? The walls of his two-dollar-a-week room had become uninvitingly oppressive through use. Clayton was no habitual man-about-town; he was at present simply a bromide determined to be a sulphite, and quite naturally he began to drift with the crowd.

He tenderly, spasmodically fingered the "two-bits" in his pocket, began unconsciously to whistle *Hicky Hacky Wicky Wacky Woo* in accompaniment to a distant hand-organ, tightened his last summer's tie, looked at his Elgin, and walked on aimlessly, carelessly, like a big grey gander before the hovel of his expectant mother mate.

The streets were crowded. Everything was bustle, hurry, and activity. Cosmopolites greeted one another with a nod and an occasional "hello, Tom"; bank clerks elbowed ten-cent girls; old ladies carried loads of twine, which the next week would cover the feet of their husbands and relatives; immaculate dudes cautiously picked their way through the factory hands; on the street corner, the Salvation Army was religiously entertaining the passersby and a small crowd of idle men who had stopped out of mere curiosity. Street venders glanced keenly at the hurrying sea of faces. Mingled with this flowing stream of life was the voice of the city, that wild, inexpressible voice which says nothing. The roar of the street cars and automobiles, the notes of the hand-organ and the vaudeville orchestra, the cry of the street dago, the low, throbbing murmur of the crowds—all these mingled and blended into the democratic voice of the city.

Clayton drifted slowly along with the crowd. He was again indulging in his most pleasant dissipation—the act of watching faces—faces that bespoke sorrow and happiness. Once he stopped, read this poster: Douglas Fairbanks in

The Madness of Manhattan, fingered his lonesome quarter, looked twice at the ticket-girl, hesitated, and went on. At the corner of Adam Avenue, he was nearly tripped by a poodle, whose master—who by the way was an evolutionist—merely looked hard at him and said "Poor Tootsie Wootsie."

Suddenly Clayton stopped, looked, and saw. On the opposite side of the street was the most beautiful, smiling young lady imaginable. Her cheeks were—a shade deeper than the red pods of pepper; her eyes were large and dreamy, like—Fido's; her dress was fast and brilliant—an ideal Camellian attire; her shoes were of the latest cut—dizzy behind and tipsy in front, like Hamlet tip-toeing from his father's ghost. Truly My Lady with the Red-Pepper Pod Cheeks was as beautiful as a painted puppet, as fair as a show-window model, as wonderful as—well, that's enough.

She caught Clayton's gaze. She had been successful. She smiled, tossed her head to the right in the manner of a coquette, and was soon lost among the crowd.

Two hours passed.

Clayton suddenly remembered that tonight was the time for which *Gus Hill's Follies of* 1917 had been booked. He decided to go down to the Academy and watch the crowd as it passed out. Five minutes later he was one of the patient group who watch and wait.

He had not long to wait. People began to pour out like meat from a sausagemill. People pushed, lingered, laughed, talked, quarreled, and did every other imaginable act. Clayton mused: "Some think that the stage is the place to study human nature; but, as for the fellow who has only 'two-bits' in his pocket, he can learn more by watching an emptying theater than by seeing fifty plays."

Thin and fat faces, red and pale faces, sad faces and glad, fair faces and ugly, funny faces, intellectual faces—all kinds of faces passed out beneath the pale, shimmering glare of the big electric light over the entrance-way.

Suddenly Clayton gazed. It was the face of his Lady with the Red-Pepper Pod Cheeks. Her big artificially black eyes caught the stare of the young author. She remembered him; he remembered her. Marconi would have been at a loss to send the flashes that four lips, two pair of eyes, and a dozen glances communicated so quickly. The message was mutual.

"I beg your pardon, but it seems that I've met you before."

"Oh, yes—that is, I think so," was the pretty reply. "I believe it was one day last June out at the Country Club."

"Sure," replied Clayton, wondering whether he had been at New Orleans or Norfolk the last June—it was one, he didn't know which. "Wasn't that some game, though, Miss—Miss——"

"Hill," she smiled. "Can it be Mr——?"

"White," he promptly prevaricated.

Thus it was that Mr. White and Miss Hill became acquainted.

It was now getting late, but the happy two drifted aimlessly on, Miss Hill hanging needlessly close to his arm, for she was of the cling variety.

At a delicate hint, the young unread author suggested that they pay the customary visit to the drug store. By being carefully unsuggestive, Clayton succeeded in leaving the table with a "jit" to the good.

For the next ten minutes they walked, laughed, and talked, for Miss Hill was of the Victrola type—that variety which produces a word-picture of nothingness in a man's sappy brain by the use of *vril*.

He learned that she was a lady of culture; that father's little scheme had been a success; that mother's new cloak cost a hundred and fifty; that the new Hudson Super-Six was in the garage for repairs; and that Miss Warner, who taught dancing, charged only three dollars a lesson.

"Suppose we go through the ten-cent store," suggested Miss Hill. "Mamma never allows me to enter if she's along, for she says only factory employees and the proletariat go there."

It was only half-past eleven. There were very few people lingering in the store when the two young people entered. There were several girls, a half-dozen college fellows, an old white-headed lady, and a dozen men.

Clayton, alias White, and My Lady with the Red-Pepper Pod Cheeks stopped before the sock-counter, and began to look around them. Clayton noticed a girl of seventeen, poorly yet neatly dressed, who was looking over a pile of twenty-five cent books.

"You may wrap up *Adventure* for me, please," he heard her say to the clerk.

"That girl has a good look," Clayton said on nodding toward the young lady who had just bought *Adventure*.

"Yes," replied his companion; "but *those* people are so ignorant and unrefined."

Clayton looked at the one who had been called *so ignorant,* and then at the painted puppet clinging to his arm. But Miss Hill was rich, and the god of Shylock turned the scales.

A half-hour later Clayton was walking up Church street toward Main. Five minutes before he had left his Lady with the Red-Pepper Pod Cheeks. She had positively refused to let him go any farther than where Prison street crosses Church, for "Mother would be terrified," as she had rightly put it.

Suddenly in the quiet of midnight was heard a cry of distress. Not waiting for a repetition of the call, Clayton started on a run up the street whence the cry had come.

Under a pale, glimmering street light lay a dago beside his peanut-parcher. He appeared to be about forty years old. He was unshaven, poorly dressed, and helpless. Paraly-

sis had struck him down just as he was starting for home. It was with difficulty that Clayton succeeded in getting from him the name of the street on which he lived.

A five-minutes ride in a car standing conveniently near brought them to Slate Corner, the poorest section in the city. The sick man pointed out his house, a little hut with no yard or doorsteps. The car was stopped, and Clayton went to prepare the dago's family for the sad news. Once, twice, and three times he knocked; and then repeated. At last he heard approaching footsteps. The door opened, and by the pale glare of the kerosene lamp Clayton beheld a young girl. He started back in surprise.

The dago's daughter was none other than My Lady with the Red-Pepper Pod Cheeks.

Two days later the third page of the *Occonechee Magazine* contained the following review: *The Infatuation of Blushes* —A story of vigor, ring, and humor, by Harry Clayton.

IRVIN S. COBB

J. H. BURRUS

Irvin S. Cobb, humorist, and at present a contributor to *The Saturday Evening Post,* was born in Paducah, Kentucky, June 23, 1876. During his very early life he attended public and private schools, but never went to college. He grew up a newspaper man. Up to seventeen years of age, he was a shorthand reporter and a contributor to comic weeklies, mostly local. At nineteen he was editor of the Paducah *Daily News.* Later he became staff correspondent and writer of the "Sour Mash" column of the Louisville (Ky.) *Evening Post,* 1898-1901. From 1901 to 1911 he was staff humorist and special writer for the New York *Evening Sun* and *Post,* respectively. Since 1911 he has been a staff contributor to the *Saturday Evening Post.* In 1914-15 he represented the *Post* as war correspondent in Europe, and in the latter part of the year 1915 he lectured throughout the United States on "What I Saw at the Front." In addition to having written plays, musical comedies, one-act plays and comedies, he is the author of three novels—*Old Judge Priest, Back Home,* and *Mr. Trimm*—and of numerous stories and articles, both humorous and serious. From the account given, however, it would appear at first sight that most of his work is humorous, and it is certainly in this vein that he has made some of his most successful attempts.

Cobb, the writer, is a typical product of twentieth-century Americanism. He steps right up to the bat, begins his stories without any *if's* and *and's,* knocks a long fly, usually, and returns to the place from which he started. Most of his stories are very simple in construction; there is no complicated plot, no attempts at high-brow, psychological analysis. It is not the originality of his plan of writing, but rather the original way he has of saying a thing that has caused

some enthusiastic admirers to place Cobb along with Bret Harte, Poe, Mark Twain, and other immortals of a similar type.

The fact is not to be questioned that Cobb must be considered rather seriously. He is not over forty now, and his achievements up to the present, although they are considerable, are of secondary importance. What counts is what he may eventually accomplish. It is interesting to note in this connection a rather eulogistic pamphlet entitled *Who's Cobb and Why,* written by Mr. Robert H. Davis. His opinion is undoubtedly influenced by his own liking for the particular flavor of Mr. Cobb's stories. He pays Cobb this tribute:

After Bret Harte died, many stories were written by San Franciscans who knew him when he first put in an appearance on the Pacific Coast. One contemporary described minutely how Bret would come silently up the stairs of the old *Alta* office, glide down the dingy hallway through the exchange room, and seat himself at the now historic desk. It took Bret fifteen minutes to sharpen his pencil, one hour for sober reflection, and three hours to write a one-stick paragraph, after which he would carefully tear it up, gaze out of the window down the Golden Gate, and go home.

He repeated this formula the following day, and at the end of the week succeeded in turning out three or four sticks which he considered fit to print. In later years, when fame sought him out and presented him with a fur-lined overcoat, the files of the *Alta* were ransacked for the pearls he had dropped in his youth. A few gems were identified, a very few. Beside this entire collection, the New England Primer would have looked like a set of encyclopediæ. Bret worked slowly, methodically, brilliantly, and is an imperishable figure in American letters.

Returning to Cobb. He has already written twenty times more than Bret Harte turned out during his entire career. He has made more people laugh and written better short stories. He has all of Harte's subtle and delicate feeling, and will, if he is spared, write better novels about the people of today than Bret Harte, with all of his imagination, wrote about the pioneers. I know of no single instance where one man has shown such fecundity and quality as Irvin S. Cobb has so far evinced, and it is my opinion that his complete works at fifty will contain more good humor, more good short stories, and at least one bigger novel than the work of any other single contemporaneous figure.

This is lavish praise indeed, and Cobb may come around to it some day, but to compare a present-day writer in the light of prophecy with one whose productions have stood the test is somewhat of a dangerous enterprise.

This same writer continues to point out the value of Cobb's writing by citing a specific story called *Fish-head.* Mr. Cobb regarded this as his best story, yet it was not accepted by the magazines until the *Cavalier* printed it as a "daring experiment." One editor to whom it had been sent had this comment to make: "I like red-blood stories, but our readers are not educated up to raw beef yet." Yet Mr. Davis would leave little doubt on the reader's mind that he regards *Fish-head* as one of the great short stories of the world, and one of the great horror stories of all time. One modern-day writer knocks this idea in the ground by comparing three short stories, *Fishhead, The Fall of the House of Usher,* and *The Adventure of the Speckled Band.* He points out the fact that although Poe's tale does not inspire in the reader any excessive amount of terror, it is art from the first line to the last; it is literature. In Doyle's story, on the other hand, there is not much art, but there is enough red blood in it to make the reader's flesh creep at first reading. And this writer says that *Fish-head* is neither *The Fall of the House of Usher* in its quality, nor *The Speckled Band* in its thrill.

It does not take a very keen literary critic to see the truth of these statements at once, that is, if he has read one or two of Cobb's stories. As I said at the outset, Cobb is a product of his day. He is a master at taking the passing topics of the day, serious or otherwise, and of turning them into ridiculous situations. For the same reason that the majority of people today are rather frivolous in their ways of thinking, so Cobb has not produced anything beyond the grasp of the present generation. Hence, most of his works cannot be said to have attained the qualities which some of his more enthusiastic admirers would have us believe.

Yet there are many good things which can be said about Cobb. It is doubtful if any present-day writer surpasses him in the field of humor. His description of how he felt just before he was called on to speak is a good example.

"I shall merely state briefly in passing that when the curtain rolled up before an assembly of hardy adventurers who had gathered in out of the night, I was crouched back behind the protecting shadows of the proscenium arch. And I was perfectly calm and collected, except that I had already swallowed nine miles of Adam's apples, and was still swallowing them at the rate of thirty or forty a minute. And my tongue knocked together, and my knees clove to the roof of my mouth, and my hands and feet were giving me a great deal of annoyance on their account—no matter where I put them, they kept getting in my way.

"And every time the gentleman who was introducing me mentioned my name, I quivered from head to foot like a stricken doe—only my sex prevented me from being more of a stricken doe than I was. But somehow I lived through it; and, what was more important, the audience lived through it—at least all of them were able to leave the building unaided, at the conclusion of the entertainment. Indeed, some of them, after getting out, almost ran."

The following comparison of the two personal descriptions of Cobb and Mark Twain, written by themselves, will put Cobb in a very favorable light. A stranger accosted Cobb, and, without knowing the person addressed, asked him what kind of a man Cobb was.

"Well, to be perfectly frank with you," replied the author from Kentucky, "Cobb is related to my wife by marriage, and if you don't object to a brief sketch, with all the technicalities eliminated, I should say that in appearance he is rather bulky, standing six feet high, not especially beautiful, a light roan in color, with a black mane. His figure is undecided, but might be called bunchy in places. He belongs to several clubs, in-

cluding the Yonkers Pressing Club and the Park Hill Democratic Marching Club, and has always—like his father, who was a Confederate soldier—voted the Democratic ticket. He has had one wife and one child, and still has them. In religion he is an innocent bystander." Could anything be fuller than this?

The following is an introduction of Mark Twain, by himself:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: By the request of the Chairman of the Committee, I beg leave to introduce to you the reader of the evening, a gentleman whose great learning, whose historical accuracy, whose devotion to science, and whose veneration for the truth are only equaled by his high moral character, and his majestic presence. I allude, in these vague general terms, to myself. I am a little opposed to the custom of ceremoniously introducing a reader to the audience, because it seems unnecessary where the man has been properly advertised. But as it is the custom, I prefer to do it myself—in my own case—and then I can rely on getting in all the facts. I never had but one introduction that seemed to me just the thing—and the gentleman was not acquainted with me and there was no nonsense. Ladies and gentlemen, I shall waste no time in this introduction. I know of only two facts about this man: First, he has never been in the state prison, and, second, I can't imagine why."

Of the two descriptions, I believe that Cobb's is more to the point and that it will make you laugh as much, if not more. As a matter of fact, then, if Cobb keeps up his present manner of writing until he is fifty, it is quite probable that he will win for himself a place alongside of Mark Twain, O. Henry, and others; or he may even surpass them. At any rate, to use a slang expression, he is "going mighty good" just at present.

Let me add this one word, a suggestion to the aspiring youth: You can make a much bigger hit in society by quoting Cobb than you can by quoting Shakespeare.

I WOULD NOT SELL MY DREAMS

J. W. CLAYTON

I would not sell my dreams;
They are too dear to me
To give a heartless world
As a mere commodity.

I could not bear to know
They had been a cruel jest,
And others, mocking, scorn
The things I love the best.

It would be a loss to see
The things I loved so long
Torn and bleeding in the dust,
Crushed by the heartless throng.

I could not sell my dreams,
The world doesn't know their worth;
But to me they are richer far
Than the golden wealth of earth.

Other things of worth I claim
If need be, I'll resign;
But I do not care to sell my dreams;
They are all that's truly mine.

THE STORY OF "INTOLERANCE"

H. K. KING

The moving picture, "Intolerance," is a mammoth production which deals with the question of intolerance in four great periods of the world's history—the story of each period having to do with one nation only, the nation, supposedly, that best served the purpose of the theme. The picture purports to bring out the truth that love is the greatest thing in the world. Using a plot which deals throughout the four stories with religious, social, and political intolerance, the author shows a great love forging through to the surface of each story, and overshadowing all else in strength and interest. He presents the two—intolerance and love—as enemies; he reveals the heart-breaking injustices of intolerance; and he exhibits in each story a love which fights to the end, preferring death to submission to its enemy—intolerance.

The four nations used in the stories are: Babylon, in the time of Belshazzar; Judea, in the time of Christ; France, in the time of Catherine de Medici; and the United States at the present time. The producer has shown much art in dovetailing and in interweaving the stories with each other. He does this in order to make the stories, interesting in themseves, intensely absorbing and gripping. There is no end of action, and not the slightest chance for a lagging of interest throughout the three hours of presentation.

The story of Babylon covers the period of wars between Belshazzar, King of Babylon, and Cyrus, King of Persia. It is in this story that the audience is presented with the most mammoth and wonderful scenes yet put into moving pictures: the great walls of Babylon, on the top of which chariots raced and armies marched and fought. The plot reveals the intolerance of personal and social freedom as shown in the unnatural and unjust laws of the time. It

symbolizes the rebellion against this intolerance in the character of the high-spirited "Girl from the Mountains." The love story is the passionate one of Belshazzar and his Queen, who died clinging to each other, as Cyrus' hordes were destroying Babylon.

The story of Judea deals with the intolerance of the Samaritans on the part of the Jews, the general intolerance of the Christian religion, and the Romans' intolerance of Christ himself. The story follows Christ as he quietly moves about doing good, as He meets with opposition and persecution, and finally as He is crucified for the sake of His love for humanity.

The story of France deals with the religious strife between the two parties championed, respectively, by Catherine de Medici and Covigny. It portrays Catherine's intense intolerance of Covigny's ideas of fuller religious freedom, which ended in the barbarous massacre, sanction to which was wrung from the King by the artful and ruthless Catherine. The love story is that of a French maiden among Covigny's followers and her lover in the King's forces; and it is one which shows very impressively the curse, the uselessness, and the cruelty in such intolerance, as when the beautiful, innocent heroine was not spared in the wholesale execution, but was mercilessly run through with the sword.

The story of America is a treatment of certain social conditions in the United States at the present time that sorely need purifying. The social service work is used to reveal the vanity, hypocrisy, and injustice that are mixed with even such a well-intentioned social institution as this. And the injustice that the administration of our laws often works is startlingly disclosed, as in conviction on circumstantial evidence. The love story is that of a young fellow presumably driven to crime by poverty brought on by industrial oppression, who reforms for the sake of his sweetheart, and who

is falsely convicted of a crime and imprisoned. His young wife, left to herself, is mistreated by social workers, who take away her baby and leave her to poverty and sorrow. She is assaulted by a man of the underworld, to be rescued by her husband returning from prison. In the fight which ensues the assailant is shot and killed by an outside party. The young fellow is again falsely convicted, and is sentenced to be hanged. The wife's love, as it fights for the husband, in the end brings out the real murderer and saves the hero.

On the whole, the picture is well worth seeing. It is certainly unusual. And it is instructive and thought-compelling. The scenes in some cases are probably overdrawn; and the picture does not present all of the truth in its treatment of the theme. But it does present some striking truths, and it reveals in a very effective manner the curse and the evils of many social conditions growing out of the author's idea of intolerance.

WILL IT COST ME MY DIPLOMA?

REVILO RAC

Richard Gibbs, or Dick, as he was generally known on the campus, was a senior at Oakboro College. He had labored nearly four years, and was almost ready to be presented with the much-coveted "sheepskin." In fact, commencement was only four months off.

Dick had acquired a host of honors during his college career. He had been a member of one of the inter-society debating teams in his sophomore year, and had twice represented his college in forensic contests, to say nothing of his brilliant athletic career. But it seemed in Dick's case that "the world could never hold the bliss for which he sighed." He acquired one honor only to strive feverishly for another. At the time our story begins, he was working night and day on an oration to be used in the Senior Oratorical Contest. The preliminary was to be held on March 8, which was one month off, and the final contest came two weeks later.

When the time came to appoint judges for the preliminary of the Oratorical Contest, the faculty—headed by the president, the eminent Dr. Multuson, a small, beady-eyed personage, with scholarly side whiskers and nervous, jarring voice—simply took the matter in its own hands, without giving the senior class officials a voice in the matter, and appointed certain members of the faculty.

As soon as the judges were announced, several of the men who had been working on orations dispensed with their efforts and announced their intention of not contesting in the approaching preliminary. One of the men, when asked his reasons for such a step, said: "You see who the judges are, don't you? They have already picked their favorites, and since I do not stand in well with some of them, it would simply be a waste of time to continue my efforts further."

When Dick Gibbs heard that explanation, he started thinking. "Yes," he thought, "last year it was the same way. The faculty took everything in its own hands; and it was the same the year before, and many said it had been the same way ever since the advent of the domineering little Dr. Multuson."

A thought that for two years had been lodged in Dick's brain began to struggle for development. He tried to dismiss it, but the thought refused to be dismissed. "Yes," he told himself, "the faculty is simply running over the students, driving them like cattle, and making them drink the waters of passiveness, dwarfing their initiative."

No student in Oakboro College, however, had ever been allowed to assert his opinion about the administration and be graduated, for there were ways of discrediting a man without actually expelling him. The various professors had the right to "flunk" him or pass him at their will.

Dick worked hard on his oration, which was entitled "America and World Peace," but during all the time he was harassed by the germ of dissatisfaction and the desire to assert what he knew to be wrong with Oakboro. He felt very much as Patrick Henry must have felt when he made his world-famous oration in which he said "Give me liberty or give me death!" He realized that the shackles of tyranny were dragging the students into the mire of subjugation, and at the same time injuring the College's standing.

The date for the preliminary at last came, and as usual Dick acquitted himself creditably, and was chosen as one of the three speakers for the final contest. He was first choice, and many predicted that he would win out in the final.

Several days later Dick sat in his room with a volume of William Jennings Bryan's peace orations open before him. He had been sitting there for an hour, and had not read a

single sentence. A struggle was going on in his mind; he was trying to reason with himself. "If I should do it," he argued, "the public would put it down as the meddling of a disappointed student, and I should lose my chances for further honors." The more he turned the matter over in his mind, the more convinced he became that it was his duty to take the step he was contemplating. Here he was interrupted in his soliloquy by the noisy entrance of Muck Hart, his roommate. Muck seemed to be in a violent state of agitation.

"Well, Dick," he shouted, "what do you reckon that bunch of scalawags that we call a faculty has done now? A rule has been passed that any student caught in either of the vaudeville shows in town will be put on probation. Wha' d'ye know about that? Any one would think this was a Sunday School teachers' training camp."

Here Dick hit his fist on the table with a bang, and cried: "By golly, I'll do it!"

"Do what?" queried Muck.

"Break your neck, if you don't get out of here, mighty quick, and let me work," retorted Dick, with what seemed to Muck unnecessary emphasis. He knew Dick, however, and understood his moods; therefore he picked up a baseball glove and gracefully retreated.

Dick held his pen poised in the air. He asked himself the question, "Will it cost me my diploma?" His face turned a little pale, but then a determined look came into his eyes. "Come what may," he told himself, "I'll do as my conscience dictates!"

The days sped by quickly before the final contest. Dick was seldom seen on the campus, and when any one spoke to him about the approaching oratorical contest he avoided discussing it.

At last the eventful day arrived. Dr. Multuson, with his usual authoritative bearing, had managed to get together

three of his good friends: a famous brewer, a crooked politician, and a jack-leg lawyer, who were to act as judges. Everything was in readiness.

The auditorium doors were opened at eight o'clock, and by eight-twenty the building was filled to overflowing. The entire faculty was out in gala attire. Dr. Multuson, with an air of pompousness, looked over his subordinates, as a dog trainer would look over his kennel. A tolerant, complacent smile almost hid his usual cynical sneer. The Board of Trustees was there to a man. Some of the men had come from long distances, and looked tired and ready to be bored at the least provocation. All of the students and many visitors were also packed in the auditorium. It was an audience such as Oakboro seldom had for any attraction.

The orators and the chairman walked out on the stage amidst deafening applause. The chairman arose and made the usual preliminary speech, including a few weak attempts at humor, and called the first speaker, Mr. Roderick Spencer. Mr. Spencer held forth for ten minutes on the subject, "Abraham Lincoln—The Man." He waxed eloquent at times, but did not seem to wield the audience much. When he sat down, the audience applauded more because he was through than for any merit of his oration.

The second speaker of the evening was one Mr. Wesley Randolph. He tried to interest the audience in a scholarly, though dry, oration entitled "The Socialist Movement in America." The judges, especially the famous brewer, seemed to be very much bored by his efforts. The fact is, most of the listeners slumped forward in their seats, and some of them were nodding sleepily, and at intervals consulting watches. The applause that followed his tirade was indeed feeble.

"Mr. Richard Gibbs will now speak," announced the chairman, who had been awakened from a pleasant nap. The announcement seemed to have an electrical effect on the au-

dience. The students cheered loudly, and every one took on an aspect of attention. Something about Dick's bearing interested them. The very air seemed to be charged with impending surprise. Even Dr. Multuson coughed loudly and opened one beady eye, which he focused on the stage.

Dick arose and took his place. He was six feet tall, and made an impressive appearance as he stood there with his face flushed and his eyes flashing fire beneath his intellectual forehead and his crisp, coal-black hair. The entire audience was attentive. One could almost hear a pin drop.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Dick began, "contrary to what appears on the program, the title of my oration this evening will be: 'Will It Cost Me My Diploma?' Even as Burke pleaded before the English Parliament for an oppressed people, so do I come before you to offer an appeal for a people who have long been ruled by a master-tyrant and demagogue—a veritable modern Nero. I come before you, especially the members of the Board of Trustees, in behalf of the students of this college."

The audience was spellbound. Dr. Multuson shook violently and turned purple. He looked as if he were about to have a fit of apoplexy. The other members of the faculty turned various shades, some white and some red; withal they offered a very patriotic spectacle.

Dick continued: "And not only is this Nero unfit for the position he holds, but his associates, barring possibly a few men, are, owing to his power over them, no better than he. They are merely automatons to which he pulls the strings."

Dick then told the history of the college for years back, and cited instance after instance of the faculty's overruling the students in affairs about which they should have been consulted, such as forensic contests and rules governing athletics. He quoted numbers of rulings which the faculty had passed at different times, and showed that most military

schools are not so strict. He simply exposed the administration as using old-fashioned ideas, and boldly stated that it lacked the progressiveness of the age. He proved his statements by showing the small increase in students at Oakboro for the five years preceding, as compared with other colleges.

He launched into his closing paragraph:

"Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees, hear me! I speak for the students of Oakboro. We have long endured the iron rule of oligarchy. We demand a change. Many men enter this College as freshmen with apparently bright futures before them, but after a sojourn of four years they leave with a fair supply of book knowledge, 'tis true, but without the initiative or the executive power that are so much needed out in the big wide world. What has become of this needed individuality? It has been ground out of them by the heel of despotism. Students go out from this institution cowed and in no condition to cope with men of other colleges.

"Gentlemen, I have given you the facts. I invite you to verify them by investigation. In fact, I demand that you investigate them. I know that each member of the faculty here tonight is already thinking out intrigues to hinder my graduation. However, I am happy. I have obeyed my conscience. I have spoken the word that had to come in the history of this college. Will it cost me my diploma? But I am ashamed of that question; suppose Patrick Henry had asked himself the question, 'Will it cost me my life?' No, gentlemen, I am not afraid of the consequences."

As Dick sat down, the students applauded loudly. Many of them swarmed upon the stage, and, hoisting him upon their shoulders, gave fifteen rahs for Dick Gibbs. Everything was in an uproar. The other two speakers, after almost weeping for joy, jumped to their feet and demanded that their names be dismissed by the judges. Dr. Multuson did not know what to do. He tried to restore order by gesticula-

tions and shouting, but the students drowned him out by crying, "Down with Nero! Down with the despot!" The last time the honorable Dr. Multuson was seen he was slinking out of the side entrance with a half-scared, half-furious expression on his face. The members of the Board of Trustees were very grave looking, and unable to converse on account of the noise.

The judges had retired to the anteroom, where the famous brewer was leaning on a chair convulsed with laughter. The politician was already planning to give Dick a position as stump-speaker, and the jack-leg lawyer was swearing softly to himself, a fact which showed that he had been deeply stirred, for he was generally exceedingly vociferous with his epithets. There was nothing to decide, since the other speakers had withdrawn from the contest, but each decided that the prize should by all means go to Richard Gibbs. The students celebrated late into the night, and of course Dick was the hero of the occasion.

The Board of Trustees took action at once and investigated conditions. They were even worse than Dick had pictured. Straightway, with two exceptions, an entirely new administration was elected.

When commencement came around, one of the most distinguished figures in the cap and gown brigade was Dick Gibbs, who was pointed out as one of the shining lights of the class.

SPRING IS HERE!

JAKE

Spring is here now! I can feel it!
  Something vital in the air
Makes me know there's changes hap'ning
  All around me everywhere !

To my nerves there comes a tingle,
  And a joy-throb to my heart.
'Tis a feeling of new life that
  Only Springtime can impart.

Poets rave about the *Birds,* and
  How *they* sing in bush and tree;—
There's a song that beats the birds'
  A-welling up inside of me!

I can feel it when I'm listening
  To the secrets of the breeze;
And I sing it as I'm passing
  To the newly budding trees.

PAID IN ADVANCE

ADELAIDE AVERY LYONS

Ben Tilson sat in the little country church looking intently out of the window over the meadows where cattle were browsing on the fresh grass, over the fields where the wind was blowing across the ripening wheat in long, sweeping billows. But Ben was not consciously influenced by the beauty of the scene, nor was he considering either beef or wheat in an immature state. He was thinking rather of the finished products. For Ben Tilson was about to undertake a contract to furnish provisions for the state convicts who had been apportioned to work in that county on the new state highway. This contract was so framed that it would prove highly profitable to Ben Tilson, and, on the side, to Gus Ashley, county supervisor from that district. Ben was aware that scrupulous-minded persons might term the contract "graft," but as for himself he called it a stroke of good business, and boasted to himself that he cared not at all what others might say.

Just now Ben was considering the cheapest method of procuring flour. As he reached a conclusion satisfactory to himself, the preacher by an inadvertent gesture, knocked a hymn book from the pulpit. This accident perturbed the minister not at all, but it did serve to focus Ben's attention upon the words of the sermon: "You may be sure of one thing in this world—you pay for what you get. It may be that by crooked methods you can get a thing without paying the proper money value, but in that case you pay for it out of your character. You sell your birthright for a mess of pottage."

For an instant Ben, conscious of his reputation in the community, wondered if the preacher intended those words

for him personally, but a moment's reflection convinced him that the minister, who was a stranger supplying the pulpit only for the day, could know nothing about local affairs. Again Ben listened to a sentence from the sermon: "A man who employs dishonest business methods for the sake of money in the end defeats his own purpose; his neighbors are sure to find him out and to shun business dealings with him."

Once more Ben began to gaze out of the window. What the preacher had said was true. Ben faced his own position in the community fairly. The best men in the county, he knew, preferred not to have anything to do with him. He had recently missed the chance of getting in on the Coöperative Shippers' Association simply because the promoters did not wish to have their names associated with his. There was not a man in the neighborhood who was not suspicious of him. He knew that behind his back they joked about his stinginess, about his craftiness in driving a close bargain. He had always insisted, even to himself, that his neighbors shunned him because they were jealous of him; but in his soul he knew that it was because they despised him.

"It doesn't pay," he said to himself, "and I'm going to stop it. Now, that scheme with Gus Ashley is a rotten deal, and I'm going to get out of it." He proposed, also, to clear up the rather dark record of some of his other transactions.

When the services were over, and the men had gathered outside of the church to discuss the weather and the crops, while the women remained inside to talk about measles and preserves, Ben, with a new feeling of neighborliness, said to one of the men:

"You and I are both needing lime on our farms. Let's go in cahoot and build a kiln and burn some."

But the other man non-commitally refused to become interested in the scheme. As Ben walked away he heard his neighbor say: "I see myself going in cahoot with Ben Til-

son. If I did he'd get all of the lime and I wouldn't get anything but the 'cahoot'." The laugh which followed this remark angered Ben, but he consoled himself with the thought that soon his detractors would realize the disinterested nature of his plans.

As soon as he reached home, he went to the telephone and called Gus Ashley, but the clicking of receivers on the party line warned him that there were eavesdroppers; he could do little then except make an engagement to meet the supervisor at the county courthouse the next day.

At dinner Ben's quietness really alarmed his wife. He did not raise any objections to eating cold lightbread instead of hot biscuits; he made no remarks derogatory to the quality of the coffee; he found nothing to criticise in the conduct of the children. Mrs. Tilson became thoroughly convinced that her husband was ill, and she privately warned the children to be careful lest they should arouse their father's anger.

As for Ben, he was a man of action; consequently he started immediately after dinner to put into effect his new resolutions. He saddled his horse, and, fairly bristling with virtue, started out to counteract some of his misdeeds in the immediate neighborhood. First, he went up the mountain road to where Henry Ferguson was trying to buy a little ridge farm. Now, Ben held a heavy mortgage on this farm, and as soon as Henry saw his guest approaching he decided that an ulterior motive lay behind the visit. Therefore, when Ben discussed the crops, Henry declared that they were poor; when Ben brought up the subject of the new road, Henry expressed his belief that it would only serve to increase taxes. At last Ben, rising, said:

"Henry, I just came up to tell you that I know your crops haven't been good, and that if you can't pay that interest next month, you needn't worry about it. I can wait."

Henry eyed his visitor narrowly for a moment and then said:

"Oh, I reckon I can manage somehow. I don't want to be no more in your debt than I have to."

Somewhat chagrined at this rebuff which his generosity had received, Ben rode away on his next errand. This visit was to Lon Kelly, whose farm adjoined Ben's, and with whom he had had unending disputes in regard to boundary fences. The greeting which Ben received was not particularly cordial.

"Howdy, Ben; looks as if you might get caught in a shower before you could get home."

"Oh, I reckon not," said Ben, taking a seat uninvited.

As at the Ferguson house, the men discussed the crops and the new road. Gradually Ben led up to the dangerous topic of the boundary between the farms.

"You know, Lon," he said, "I've about decided that Bob Clark didn't run that line right the last time we had him to survey it."

"I've known that all the time," answered Lon shortly.

"Then let's have it done over," suggested Ben.

"I'll be darned if we do," was Lon's prompt reply. "You've got it ten feet further your way now than it ought to be, and there's no telling where you would get it if I let you have it done over."

This second refusal to accept his efforts at reparation somewhat weakened Ben's new-found virtue, but when he reached home the sight of his wife rocking rather forlornly on the porch aroused another kindly emotion.

"Say, Delia," he said, "I know you are afraid to drive old Net since that day she backed you into the ditch. I've got to go down to Damascus tomorrow, and I'll take her along and see if I can't swap her for something better."

"Now, look here," retorted Mrs. Tilson promptly, "I know exactly what you are up to. Net don't work good in the wagon, and you want to get a horse that does. If you do, I'll never have a chance to go anywhere at all. I know what it is

to be stuck down here without a horse to drive. And I guess, if I have any say-so about it, you'll leave Net right where she is." And, without giving her husband a chance for an explanation, Mrs. Tilson arose and went into the house.

Ben Tilson was made of sturdy stuff, however, and he refused to admit the failure of his good intentions. Going to the barnyard where his twelve-year-old son was feeding calves, he said:

"Say, Willie, that white-faced calf isn't growing like it ought to. Now, if you'll take it and feed it up right good I'll give it to you."

But Willie, who had inherited some of his father's shrewdness, was disposed to look a gift calf in the mouth.

"I don't want it," he declared.

"Why?" asked his father.

"'Cause it would be just like it was with those lambs I raised last year. You'd sell it, and I'd never see a bit of the money."

This discouraging incident marked the end of Mr. Tilson's philanthropic endeavors for that day. He had about decided that virtue didn't pay anyhow, that in this world a man didn't have a chance to be honest.

By the following morning, however, his good resolution had somewhat revived. On his way to the county seat he met a cattle dealer with whom he had had some previous dealings. Calling to the man to stop, Ben humbled his pride to the extent of saying:

"I know we had some trouble over the weight of those calves last year, but I've got a good bunch now, and I believe I could give you a square deal."

"Well, then, you've busted your believer," retorted the cattle trader. "I know now exactly what you did with that bunch of calves last summer. You gave them a lot of salt and shut them up all night without any water; then, just before they were weighed, you let 'em drink all they wanted to.

That was what made them weigh so heavy, and I guess we'll not be apt to get up any more trades."

With these words, the cattle dealer struck his horse and rode quickly away.

Left alone, Ben pondered over the events of the past twenty-four hours. What the preacher had said was true; if a man didn't pay for his business transactions in money, he had to pay for them in reputation. He himself had proved that proposition. Why, even his own family did not trust him. He wondered if he had not paid in advance and bartered away his reputation, not only for the time being, but for the future as well. His experiences made him doubt if he could ever meet with honest men on terms of equality and fairness. It seemed that he had gone so far in the ways of dishonesty that the only thing for him to do was to go on. But the stubbornness which had made him so long indifferent to public opinion now made him loath to relinquish his determination to become "straight."

Even when he reached the courthouse he had not made up his mind as to what he should tell Gus Ashley about the contract. As he walked up the courthouse steps a loafer said to another:

"There goes the grandest rascal in the county."

With this remark ringing in his ears, the "grandest rascal" went into the room where he was to consult the supervisor.

"Hello, Ben," was Ashley's greeting. "You aren't getting cold feet, are you?"

"Well, I should say not!" declared Ben.

"I thought," said the supervisor, "that you talked yesterday like you were sort of squeamish."

"Not by a blamed sight," replied Ben. "I just came to tell you that there's a lot of wheat down at Huff's mill with weevil in it, and I believe Huff will give us the whole lot for next to nothing. We can use it for flour for those damned convicts."

THE LAST WORD ON THE POSITION OF WOMAN IN CONTEMPORARY LIFE

BLANCHE MANN

Since the original agitator of the "Position of Woman in Contemporary Life" has shown that he expects her to follow the tradition in regard to the last word, as well as in regard to her sphere in life, it behooves a member of the "weaker sex" to endeavor to make yet more plain the feminist opinion in respect to woman's position.

In the beginning let us apologize for taking away the poor man's breath; we did not anticipate any such astounding result. Also, before going any further, let me say that, like George Eliot's Mrs. Poyser, "I ain't denying that women is fools; the Lord made 'em to catch the men." Nor am I denying that in the present crisis of industrial and social life many women have lamentably failed to live up to the responsibilities of the untried position in which they have been placed.

It seems that the disagreement between the author of "Another View of the Position of Women in Contemporary Life" and the author of the "Reply" lies, to a great extent, in the fact that the author of "Another View" was considering primarily the position of unmarried women, while the author of the "Reply" applied these views almost wholly to the position of married women. Except under extraordinary conditions, the position of the married woman, particularly if she has children, is primarily in the home. In this respect, at least, both of the writers on woman's position are agreed. Still there remain other salient points upon which the two writers do not seem to be so nearly in accord. It therefore becomes necessary to explain more fully some of our former statements.

In the first place, it seems to be incredible to the masculine

mind that three-fourths of the household work has been eliminated from the home by modern machinery, but *"il est possible."* A few concrete examples of the way in which this work has been lightened may serve to clarify his vision. In the "good old days" our grandmothers and great-aunts performed practically all of the duties relating to the home. The majority of the homes were in the country or in small towns, where there were gardens to be supervised, chickens to be raised, and milk to be churned. Practically the entire food supply for all the family had to be stored up during the summer and fall. A large proportion of this labor fell to the share of the women. Furthermore, the women in the home made practically all of the clothing for the entire family, and did the family cooking—with innumerable trips to the spring, the wood-pile, and the smoke-house. Today—as the result of a social organization for which the responsibility does not rest upon women—the conditions of life in America have been radically changed. We have now an urban, not a rural, population. As a result of this change the majority of women are, from the very necessity of the case, relieved of the duties of garden-tending, chicken-raising, and butter-making. Practically all of the food is bought ready for cooking, and a large portion of the family clothing is purchased ready-made.

If the author of the "Reply" objects to this state of affairs, we suggest that he have his mother make him a suit of clothes, that he may see whether he prefers the ancient or the modern conditions.

These examples serve to show that, when all has been said and done, the fact remains that three-fourths of the traditional work of women *has* been eliminated from the home. Enough, however, has been left in the home to occupy the "home-loving housewife," and, in middle-class families, probably, one unskilled assistant.

So much for the housewife and her work, but what of the thousands of women who are not housewives, and what of the labor that has been removed from the home? Although this labor has been taken from the home, it has not been completely done away with. The work which was formerly done domestically is now done industrially. And is it not natural that the women who formerly assisted with this work in the home—the unmarried aunts and sisters and daughters—should, under the new conditions, perform this labor or its equivalent outside of the home? As the author of the "Reply" says, "Something ought to be done about it," yet he objects most vigorously to the thing which is being done—to the industrial employment of women. Society, apparently, has never been maintained without the labor of women, and it would probably be doubly difficult to so maintain it in these days of sharp competition and high prices.

Moreover, upon the women who are employed outside of the home the author of the "Reply" places a severe handicap. "If she enters such work, she then has no natural right to marry." This, truly, places woman in a difficult position. When a girl completes her education (or is she to be educated?) shall she sit at home and wait with patience and a crochet needle until some man perchance comes to marry her? And if, perchance, he does not come, shall she continue to remain at home supported by her male relatives? (We should like to inquire if the chivalry of the author of the "Reply" will prompt him to support his due quota of these unemployed maiden relatives?) In addition to imposing an increased burden upon the men of the world, the cessation of the employment of women outside of the home would, it seems to us, bring to a sudden close a great deal of really useful work in school, factory, and office. And, we might add, we have heard it said by them of old time that an idle brain is the devil's workshop.

Altogether, we fail to see why the industrial employment of women should debar them from matrimony. As conditions are now, thousands of women who, for a time, work outside of the home, later marry and rear families "without any real loss of resource to domestic life." Furthermore, there is always the possibility that a married woman may, by the loss of her husband, be forced to support herself and her children. Whether she shall, under such circumstances, face the world as a trained or as an untrained worker, depends largely upon whether before her marriage she learned to support herself. It is in work which is necessitated by circumstances that we feel that woman "should be treated merely as a human being" and should "become an integral part of the social order." As for the family, it is rooted in instincts so deep that its perpetuation cannot be endangered by industrial disturbances.

Of course, present-day conditions are far from ideal. As a matter of fact, man has sown the wind and woman is reaping the whirlwind. In facing the new conditions, however, woman needs man's coöperation, not his antagonism. So many men of straw have been made and demolished, so many spectres have been invoked for purposes of universal alarm, that one feels constrained to express the hope that man himself will one day tire of make-shift methods to defeat or stay a movement whose righteousness is written in the very facts of human life. Woman is no longer upon the pedestal on which romantic tradition had placed her—and upon which she had little actual right. She is now inevitably in the world with men, and men must learn to know her—not as a mysterious creature, which she never was—but as that which she actually is—a human being, different from man in many respects, but resembling him far more than she differs from him.

Slowly, but surely, serious-minded women will take their places in the field of the world's work. Those who are willing to compete with them upon the basis of sheer devotion to a task; in a comparison of sustained energies seeking an achievement of results; in the honest pitting of skill against skill—these, women will welcome as her colaborers and respect as her, comrades. All those contraryminded will be despised.

EDITORIAL

THE MAY ISSUE

There is only one more number of The Archive to be published this spring, and the editors wish to make it decidedly the best issue of the year. Will you do your part? There has not been any unprecedented or even extraordinary support of the magazine this year. In fact, the staff feels that it has been handicapped, more than is usually the case, by a lack of interest in literary work. Approximately only a score of writers have contributed anything at all to the columns of the magazine, and very few manuscripts indeed have been denied publication. It has been a case largely of publish what you can get.

Is this a creditable reflection upon the students of Trinity College? Are we glad that only about 25 out of 600 students have made contributions this year for the support of their college monthly publication?

There remains just one more chance. If you have already been writing for The Archive, write us this time something better than you have ever written before. If you have submitted nothing for publication this year, sit down now and make the best attempt you can. Give the editors a wealth of manuscript from which to make selection, and we promise a May Archive of which you, the staff, and the College may all be justly proud.

COMPULSORY MILITARY OR ATHLETIC TRAINING FOR TRINITY

In this time of national peril, colleges throughout the country are organizing and pledging their unqualified support to the government by whatever means lie within their power. And Trinity, the first college in the South to float Old

Glory over its campus at the close of the Civil War, is now among the first colleges of the nation in rallying to the support of the country and making ready its resources, its men and equipment, for use by governmental authorities.

We are proud of the spirit of patriotism which seems to dominate every Trinity man. We are glad the boys have organized, that they have asked the government for military instructors to prepare them for service in case of an emergency. But can we be justly proud of our *alma mater* which all these years has permitted us to go our way without much emphasis upon physical preparation for the duties of life? It is praiseworthy that now, under stress of an international crisis, Trinity students and the authorities are awaking to the necessity of increased emphasis upon physical development. But how much more commendable would it have been, how much better prepared for life and war would each one of us now be, if all along some rigid method of enforced physical instruction had been in vogue at Trinity?

Military training under present circumstances seems to be almost necessary. But what of the future? If we are not called into the struggle, or when the war is over, what shall be our policy? There are men at Trinity College, some of them seniors, who themselves will tell you they have been to the gymnasium only in citizens' clothes. There are freshmen on the campus who actually laugh at being told attendance at gym. classes is compulsory. What could be more ironical or more satirical than the statement: "We have one phase of life at Trinity into which is injected rigid military conscription laws," as applied to compulsory gym. attendance? Even the freshman soon realizes physical training at Trinity closely resembles a farce.

What shall be the remedy? Shall we leave the matter to the individual man and allow each student to determine whether or not he wishes to attain strong physical develop-

ment? If we do, we have the system of physical instruction which has been practiced at Trinity. If we do, in case of an emergency like the present, we have a crowd of little fellows —sleepy-eyed, shiftless, cigarette fiends—clamoring for some one to train them to endure a day's march as a soldier, and to teach them how to take care of themselves and a gun.

THE ARCHIVE would not be rash and say every college should institute a permanent system of military training for its students—though many prominent colleges and many educators advocate this plan. We do believe, however, that every college should have compulsory physical instruction, and that the authorities should be sure this instruction is enforced. If left to use their own judgment, many students are likely to neglect their physical development for a few fleeting enjoyments, only later to become penitent. Every college, then, should see to it that its students are prepared physically—by force, if necessary—as well as mentally and morally for life.

Trinity, the students are told, is soon to have a new big gymnasium. Why not, when it is completed, begin at once a rigid system of compulsory physical instruction? Other colleges are requiring their students to pass physical examinations before they are graduated. One of our Virginia rivals, for instance, makes it requisite that all students be able to swim and save a drowning man before they receive their diplomas. How many men of the graduating class at Trinity this year would secure their diplomas if such a rule were here enforced?

Trinity College has recently raised its requirements for entrance, and so far as scholarship and intellectual attainments are concerned, has kept well apace with other Southern colleges. But in athletics and in individual physical training, it has not maintained the standard. We see our shortcomings only too well now that we are about to be called to

actual military service. We should utilize the advantages now offered as best we can, and when a new gymnasium and additional facilities are added, the authorities—if students will not of their own accord develop themselves—should institute compulsory physical training and make a certain amount of physical development a requisite for graduation—in the same way that a student must pass his one year of Latin and one year of Greek.

When this plan is adopted, a stronger race of men will go out from Trinity; and in an emergency like the present, we will all be better prepared to reflect credit and honor upon our *alma mater*.

MOB SPIRIT

At the time of this writing there is a great deal of enthusiasm on the campus, pending the outcome of the special session of Congress and the extraordinary international situation. The college administration has announced itself willing to stand by the President. This is a commendable stand, and we are proud of our *alma mater;* but the novelty of the situation and the hope on the part of some that examinations will be held earlier than the scheduled time have led to a great deal of imaginary patriotism. No one will assert that patriotism is not a good thing when wisely directed, and we are proud that Trinity students are showing a disposition to stand by their country; but at the same time there is danger of being too hasty. There is danger of the mob spirit drowning the reasoning power. A mob is incapable of reasoning, and cannot think. The most striking characteristic of a mob is the loss of individuality. There is danger, too, that a student may become fascinated by the subject of patriotism and make too much of it; and the further danger that a little misdirected enthusiasm will produce an unwholesome after-

math. I do not mean that right ideals should not guide us in this practical matter; but I do mean that facts must be faced.

In these perilous times one should be careful to keep cool and remain open to reason. The very fact that you see a mob rushing to sign a petition, or clamoring to carry through some hasty project is proof enough that you had better wait a little while—sleep on it, and reason about it; then you will be on hand at the proper time. Even on the platform, where there seems to be logical argument, there is the same possibility that the weaker may be ruled by the stronger to their hurt; for by assuming false premises and facts, "one may be as logical as Aristotle and false as Beelzebub," when men are in a condition which incapacitates them for reasoning.

In speaking of the mob, we see the same spirit prevalent in a lesser degree among students at election gatherings. There are to be several elections on the campus at an early date. The society officers, the various publication staffs, the student members of the debate council, and numerous other vacancies are to be filled. Too often it happens that a crowd is swayed by an enthusiastic speech for the popular man. Then is the time to use your head, retain your own individuality, and vote your own ballot. Let every one look to it that qualification be the first requisite of the candidate, and our publications and organizations will not suffer. Beware of the politicians. They are plentiful at this particular time, and often approach in disguise. Lend them your ear (for amusement) and accept their drinks and cigars, but let your vote come as a result of your best judgment. And all will be the better for it.

R. H. S.

WAYSIDE WARES

THE ORIGIN OF ALL FOOLS' DAY

It was a beautiful morning. The trees were just beginning to bud; and out in the shrubbery the saucy sparrows fussed with each other, probably disagreeing over the plan of their house, or maybe the father sparrow, as many of his human friends, was grouchy on account of spring cleaning. Breathing the pure morning air, I settled myself in a comfortable seat to peruse a magazine. Suddenly I heard a cry It was the voice of a friend of mine next door.

"Fire! fire! fire!" he shouted. "Come out here quick; your house is on fire!" I jumped up and reached the back door in a little less than no time at all. I rushed down the steps at breakneck speed, falling in a heap at the bottom. I was all tangled up. My friend came over and helped me pick myself up, and brush off the dirt. He was laughing fit to kill. I grabbed him by the neck and told him to stop laughing and tell me where the fire was. He jerked loose and shouted back as he beat a hasty retreat:

"Didn't you know this was April the first? April fool!"

. . . . . .

We all have, one time or another, been the victim or the perpetrator of an April fool joke. It has never occurred to us, probably, that such a custom on the first day of April has an origin.

"April Fools' Day," or "All Fools' Day," as it is sometimes called, is a relic of the old festivities held in various countries at the vernal equinox, which began on March 25 (old new year's day), and ended on April 1. The custom of fooling people probably comes to us from India. In India a festival called the *Huli* is held every year, the last day of the celebra-

tion being March 31. On this day the natives indulge in the prank of sending each other on fruitless errands.

Among the European nations, France was the first to start April Fools' Day. In 1564, Charles IX made a decree adopting the reformed calendar. The reformed calendar began the year on January the first. According to the old calendar, April the first was the beginning of the year. It was a custom in France at that time to call to see one's friends and give them presents on new year's day. On account of the adoption of the new calendar, this custom had to be moved up three months earlier. There were some who disliked the change, and they were made the butt of ridicule by their humorously inclined friends, who amused themselves by sending mock gifts and paying pretended calls on the first day of April.

From France the custom was gradually introduced into other countries; but England did not accept it as a common custom until the eighteenth century.

In Scotland a person who is fooled is said to be "hunting the gowk." The word *gowk* (meaning "cuckoo") in Scotch, like the word fool in English, is a term of contempt. In France the person fooled is called *"poisson d'avril,"* which means "April fish." This title is probably derived from the fact that fish are easily caught in April. In America the custom is not so universally followed as it once was, it being said that only small boys and childish grown-ups play April fool jokes; but the custom—in spite of its nonsensical origin—helps to perpetuate that very necessary ingredient in the bitter dose of life, namely fun; so why should it not be continued?

STICKABILITY

(Poetry as it is submitted to The Archive.)

What's the use of worrying?
  What's the use of fretting?
If you're caught in a rain,
  Why, just take your wetting.

When you flunk on English
  And just pass on Latin,
Put that poor bone-head to work;
  Don't dare think of quitting!

Don't go whining through the world;
  Quitters never win.
If at first you try and fail,
    Try and try again!

And amidst your trials
  Never wear a frown;
Not only show a smiling face,
  But pass your grin around.

EXCHANGES

The March edition of the *Georgian* is the best number of this magazine which has fallen into our hands this year. Besides several poems with various degrees of merit, the magazine includes a rather long short-story. Whatever may be the faults of "Sedgwick House," this much is true; it is highly interesting and holds the reader's attention until the last word is said. The dénouement of the story is somewhat melodramatic, yet it has about it some of the naive attraction of ancient ballads.

"The Price He Paid" is the story of a real, made-to-order Harold Bell Wright hero, who puts up a fight in which is involved duty to kith and kin, sweetheart and society in general. With the fight evidently going against him, the hero takes the bit in his teeth and with an admirable exposition of manhood throws off his bathrobe and steps beneath the shower.

"The Two Messages" is an attempt to portray one of the many pathetic love dreams which the present war has blotted out. There is, however, too much of the trifling in the autor's style to voice real tragedy.

Among the verses which the *Georgian* contains, "Disillusionment" is probably the most effective. It is the eruption of a jilted heart. It does not require a literary critic to detect the note of personal experience which tolls in every line. The author has evidently been several times shipwrecked upon the high seas of love.

In reference to the merit of its literary contributions, the *Erskinian* for March is of little value. The feature editorial, "Shall We Increase Our Army and Navy?" promises to be an up-to-the-minute, highly pertinent discussion of an urgent

national problem, but the promise is not fulfilled in the treatment. The most palpable difficulty is a puerility of style which renders the editorial flatly ineffective. "A Question of National Importance" is a humorous fiasco. The author sets out with the purpose of provoking laughter, but does nothing more than fill two and a quarter pages with type. Subscribers are inclined to read college literature in a generous and sympathetic spirit, but they must draw the line of toleration somewhere. "The Test of Character" is the limit. We can appreciate the feelings which prompted the author to write under a modest pseudonym—"B. '18." His effort was probably sincere.

The Freshman-Sophomore number of the *College Message* is remarkable in one respect. In choice of literary subjects it evinces surprisingly good taste; in method of treatment it falls utterly flat. Such material as "St. Augustine" and the "Home of Black Beard on the Pasquotank River" has possibilities which are magnificently tempting; yet in each case the sketches smell of a musty dormitory room rather than of historical romance. No situation has a wider appeal than that pertaining to pirates or the early Spanish adventurers in America. Why do the writers dismiss such opportunities with a mere "how d'ye do"?

"The Legend of the Rose" has the fairy-book air about it and is readable, but the style is decidedly immature. "An Interpretation of Bacon's Essays on Friendship" is really not an interpretation at all, but merely a reproduction. At the end the reader feels that he could have gathered from the original an equal amount of information with very little increase of mental effort. "Are Dreams Worth While?" is written in heroic couplets, a fact which virtually amounts to suicide for a dream poem. Once more, contributors to the *Message* should attempt to make the most of their excellent choice of sketch material.

We wish also to acknowledge receipt of these additional magazines:

Columbia University Quarterly.
University of North Carolina Magazine.
Wake Forest Student.
Roanoke Collegian, Roanoke College, Va.
The Era, Emory and Henry College, Va.
Wofford College Journal, Wofford College, S. C.
Red and White, North Carolina State College.
State Normal Magazine, Greensboro, N. C.
The Acorn, Meredith College.
The Tattler, Randolph-Macon, Va.
Black and Gold, Winston-Salem High School.
Gastonia High School Magazine.
Wahisco, Washington (N. C.) High School.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

MRS. PORTER HAS A CHANGE OF HEART

LUCILLE E. BALDWIN, '16

You better look out for Mr. Po' Trash Flea.
If you let him in he'll make too free.
He'll chase yer dog till he make him pant,
An' he'll take yer hide fer a restaurant,
An' he ain't by himself in dat, in dat,
He ain't by himself in dat.

Mrs. Porter, in the shade of her pet moonvines, rocked lazily to and fro. A fly buzzed around her nodding head, while a pan of half-shelled beans slipped slowly down her slanting lap. The bees in the flaring pink hollyhocks droned musically and the sounds of the village, floating down Sycamore Road, died out softly as they reached the white palings surrounding "The Fold." All birds of the air, all beasts of the field, all wanderers on the face of the earth, found refuge in "The Fold." Giving shelter to the shelterless was Mrs. Porter's besetting virtue—or sin,—depending altogether on whether you looked at it through the eyes of the committee-to-place-the-visiting-preacher or the rebellious ones of her only son Jim.

Suddenly the gate clicked and Mrs. Porter sat up with a start that sent beans chasing each other across the porch. Through the moonvines she could see a stranger trailing up the walk between the rows of white-washed rocks. Her full black skirt rustled mournfully as it brushed the gravels along with it, and the heavy watch-chain around her neck beat rythmically against her sunken chest. As she neared the steps, Mrs. Porter noticed her wig—a strange mixture of grey and blond, which boldly defied the nature that had given

her lusterless black eyes and a sharp, pointed nose. The sight of Mrs. Porter's weak blue eyes and placid figure produced a singular effect. With a low moan, the stranger threw herself on the steps and burst into unrestrained weeping.

"I'm all alone in the world," she sobbed, "all, all alone." Her long, bony hands were heavy with rings and two broad bracelets were clasped around her black silk sleeve.

"Take me in, Mrs. Porter, take me in, and give me love and understanding. Stray cats and yellow hounds have found a welcome here, and I need it more than they. Jacob has left me all alone with a big, lonesome residence at Pineborough, with no one to love me, no one to comfort me."

Mrs. Porter showed no hesitancy. When Jim came home that night the gaunt stranger had fully established herself in the household and was calmly eating muffins and brown sugar syrup from his plate at the table.

Three or four days later Jim, having seen Mrs. Hackett settle herself on the porch with the book she knew his mother was reading, marched back into the kitchen where Mrs. Porter was busily frying doughnuts.

"Look here, mother, how long's this woman going to stay here?"

"Why, Jim, I really don't know. She's got no people to go to and—but she does seem to be making herself right much at home like she had no notion of leaving. But there," she hurried on, feeling a twinge of conscience, "the poor thing's just lonesome, and, anyway, she's a guest of mine, and she's got to be treated like one."

"She's a mighty funny guest, and the way she's wedged herself in and settled down kind of gets my goat. I've sized her up, and I've reached the conclusion that she's about two-fifths stinginess and three-fifths curiosity, with a spirit of crankiness pervading the whole."

Jim kicked the table-leg viciously, and looked steadily away from his mother.

"I'm ashamed of you, Jim, talking like that about a poor, homeless woman." But Mrs. Porter knew in her heart that Jim wasn't far from right.

"Homeless nothing! Where's that handsome residence she's always blowing about, and all those elegant friends she visits? I know more about her than you do, mother, and just mark my word, you'll be sick and tired of her before she takes her leave. I was asking Pete about her down at the store, and he says he knew her when he used to keep store up at Pineborough. Says once he was selling out a lot of old shoes at fifty cents a pair. Mrs. Hackett picked out some and said she'd take 'em if he'd cut down the heels, so he took a hatchet and cut half of them off and she went on out. But about a month later when he went to get his money, Mrs. Hackett said, 'Where are those heels you cut off?' 'I dunno,' said Pete. I 'low as they got swept out.' 'Well,' said Mrs. Hackett, 'they belong to my shoes, and I don't expect to pay for 'em till I get 'em.' And Pete says she never did. And, what's more, he says if Mrs. Hackett saw a sign over the pearly gates saying 'Admission 5c,' she'd turn around and come on back."

"I wouldn't repeat such things, Jim," said his mother. "It doesn't show a Christian spirit." Yet she felt a little misgiving as he walked toward the door, saying as he left: "*Somebody's* been poking around in my bureau drawers. Just see if you don't get sick of her airs and her crying."

But hospitality was deep-rooted in Mrs. Porter's motherly heart, and was not to be easily overcome. She had to admit, however, that Mrs. Hackett's frequent spells were terribly trying on one's patience. When things didn't go to suit her or her tender feelings got bruised, she would burst into passionate weeping, which lasted for days at a time.

There was the day when the "Busy Bee Sewing Club" met with Mrs. Porter, and the ladies, with their sewing-bags lying unopened, talked of this and that—of the new parsonage, of Elizabeth Ann's city fellow's last visit, and of Mrs. Mason's cook, who threw a fit 'cause she took five pills in one hour instead of one per hour, as the doctor prescribed. There was no opening for Mrs. Hackett to tell of her handsome residence and her elegant friends. As Mrs. Pickens left—she was always last so that she'd be sure to miss nothing—Mrs. Hackett's long nose began to quiver, and streams of tears began to flow.

"I was never so completely ignored in my life," she sobbed.

In three weeks' time Jim's prophecy had been proved conclusively. Mrs. Porter was sick and tired of her prying guest, but she hid her grievances nobly. Never should it be said that a Porter had been inhospitable. But the strain was telling on her. Her flabby cheeks got flabbier, and her weak blue eyes grew weaker. Never did she have company but what Mrs. Hackett would remark: "I eat less and pay more board than any one in this house." It got on her nerves till one day she asked: "Just how much board do you pay, Mrs. Hackett?"

"Oh, I never have an idle moment," she answered, flirting her skirts across the room. "I answer the telephone" (as if that were not the one privilege fought for in the village) "and I run errands day in and day out."

Jim was openly rebellious.

"She'll drive you crazy, mother. Every family she ever visited ended up in a sanatorium. If you'd let me have my way, I'd just tell her to get."

"Why Jim Porter, you'll do nothing of the sort. I'm doing my duty and trusting to Providence, and I'm pretty sure things will come out right."

"Providence's mighty busy these days," grumbled Jim.

"Don't believe I could stand the strain if I didn't air my feelings to Julia. She's a trump."

Jim had got stuck on Julia while he was working down in the city.

It was the very next day that Mrs. Hackett stumbled into the kitchen where Mrs. Porter was putting down the light-bread. Her wig had slipped over one ear, and her whole body shook with sobs.

"Did you write that?" she moaned, handing out a sheet, as she dropped into a low chair and rocked her body back and forth.

Mrs. Porter took the letter in greasy hands, and read: "Can't you see you've worn your welcome out? Why don't you leave and give Mrs. Porter some rest?" It was anonymous. A great weight lifted off Mrs. Porter's motherly heart as she thought of a long stretch of wonderful, quiet, restful, Hacketless days. She needn't tell a lie about it. She need only keep silent and look embarrassed. It wouldn't be as if she had really written it. It was a glorious opportunity, and one not to be lost.

The tall figure swayed to and fro, and the low moaning kept up continuously. Mrs. Porter's motherly heart beat faster, while a flush of mortification reddened her neck and face.

"There, there, honey," she soothed. "I never saw the letter before. Don't you mind what some old gossip has done. Stop your crying now, and let me get you some milk and doughnuts."

Mrs. Porter had done her duty and was trusting to Providence. It was the following day that Providence accomplished its long-neglected task.

Mrs. Hackett came into the sitting-room and suddenly announced: "I'm going back to Pineborough as soon as the weather clears up."

Mrs. Porter pinched herself. "Since you're so anxious to leave, I'll pray for good weather."

"There's no food or wood up there, and things are mighty high in the summer."

Mrs. Porter responded nobly. "I'll send you up a cord of wood and a load of provisions, and Molly can go along to help you get straight."

A prayer of thanksgiving rose from Mrs. Porter's motherly heart; but her curiosity concerning the workings of Providence was not to be denied.

"What made you decide to leave us?" she asked.

For answer, Mrs. Hackett burst into tears and threw herself at her hostess' knees, upsetting her basket of darning.

"Forgive me for reading it," she pleaded. "Forgive me for reading it, but 'twas laying right there on the table." One bony hand clutched Julia's last letter to Jim.

Mrs. Porter seized it and read: "And so the anonymous letter didn't work? Try firecrackers. If they won't move her, try a submarine."

As Mrs. Hackett's tall, black figure finally disappeared in the white dust of Sycamore Road, a placid figure dropped wearily into the rocker behind the moonvines. Mrs. Porter, with half-closed eyes, was talking to herself.

"I'm mighty glad I did my duty; but, thank the Lord, she's gone. If He'll forgive me this one time, I'll be mighty careful who gets on the inside of my front door hereafter."

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THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

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MANAGER'S NOTICE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the College.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their Alma Mater. *If you do not wish to become a subscriber, please notify us at once,* or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of all old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

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The Trinity Archive

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., May, 1917

OUR COLLEGE FLAG

J. W. CLAYTON

Old Glory, our College Flag,
Midway the campus stands;
It thrills our hearts with love and pride,
This emblem of our land.

We think of those brave hearts and true
Who raised it pure and free;
We think of those who sent us here
To honor this liberty.

And as its bars wave in the wind,
The safeguard of truth and right,
We know that liberty forever keeps
And fills our land with light.

We think of those who daily pass
In the shadow of its folds;
We know that we will fight for it
While our hearts our life-blood holds.

Oh! Trinity! May you ever stand
In consort with Old Glory!
A bulwark of truth and faith,
Be this your eternal story.

And may our hearts prove as true
To the land whose name we love
As the flag has been to honor's cause—
Old Glory that floats above.

And Trinity will give her noblest sons
On sea or fields all gory;
We'll live, we'll die at her command;
We'll stand by Freedom and Old Glory.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER

R. E. PARKER

It did not take Larry Smith long to secure a job in Penhook, North Carolina. He called upon a prominent farmer and merchant and said:

"Mr. Brown, I want a position in your store. I'll do any kind of work, and I'm willing to work overtime whenever you need me."

The merchant looked the young man over carefully, shifted his cigar from one corner of his mouth to the other, reflected for a minute or two, and replied:

"You are a stranger to me, Mr. Smith; but I'm going to give you a trial. The man who doesn't mind doing more than he has to is the kind of a fellow I admire. I believe in work, and I do not hire men who pick their jobs. When do you wish to begin work?"

"At once."

"All right. You can begin immediately. Wash all the windows in the store, clean up the grocery department, and put in first-rate order all of the goods you find out of place."

Larry went to work with a vim. He was not used to it; he had never worked before; but he was determined to succeed. "I'll show the boss that I can do hard tasks," he murmured softly to himself, as he washed the dirty, fly-specked windowpanes, and noticed the people as they passed by and cast glances at him. One pretty, mischievous girl wrote on a Bon Ami soaped window, "Oh, you kid!" Larry smiled, and went on with his work, whistling some popular medley. As he scrubbed and washed, he had reminiscences of a luxurious past and thoughts of the future. He mused to himself: "Suppose the boys at the club should see me now. Wouldn't they think me crazy? Well, I may be a fool, but I think I know what I'm about. I'm tired of city life and

I want to mingle with people who have not been tainted by the gay, fast, artificial life of the metropolis; also I desire to get married some time, but I don't want to wed a woman who aspires to be a suffragette leader, an actress, or an eternal globe trotter. I've already associated too much with such women. I wish for a woman I can trust, and maybe I can find her in the country."

For over a month Smith did menial jobs about the store, and no one ever heard him complain. He opened up goods, hauled freight, bought country produce, swept the store every morning, and waited on time customers. He yearned to gain the respect of the community, so that he could take a part in society generally. So he labored diligently and did just what he was told; and by showing a pleasant disposition and a willingness to work he soon won the respect of the other clerks and the admiration of his employer. He gradually gained the confidence and sympathy of the people in the village, and the farmers surrounding Penhook also liked him. He became so popular that several of Mr. Brown's customers would not let any other clerk wait on them. Prosperous farmers would come in the store and ask for Mr. Smith. Country women brought him fruits and cookies, and the women of the town traded with him whenever they could.

Old man Brown soon realized that Larry was the best clerk in the store. He remarked one day: "I've got to take the drudgery work off Smith. He's served out his apprenticeship like a man. I'm going to make him head clerk. The fellow who sells the most goods gets the best pay with me."

After Smith's promotion, he was invited out to several parties. He went to most of them, and adapted himself to circumstances. The people looked upon him as a promising young man, and the country girls began to "set their caps for him."

Among those who admired him was John Lawrence, a well-to-do farmer and public-spirited citizen, who came to the

store now and then. He lived seven miles from the village and he could not "turn out" to the store as often as some of the rest of the farmers; but when he did show up at Brown's, Smith almost invariably waited upon him, and the two became intimate friends. One day the old man said:

"Smith, come out to my place next Thursday night. Rose has just come home from the Normal, and she's going to give a party to all the girls and boys in the community. Don't fail to come."

"Thanks, Mr. Lawrence; I'll be glad to come."

After the old gentleman left the store, Larry began to think. He wondered how Rose Lawrence would look. He imagined that she would be a congenial, winning girl, both delightful in conversation and attractive in appearance. She certainly had an affable father, who had good ideas as to how a young woman should be reared; also Mrs. Lawrence was a pleasant lady, cultured and refined, who could trace her ancestry back to the Esmonds of Virginia.

At the party he found several pretty, rosy-faced, country girls, most of whom had a fairly good education, and a number of strong, healthy-looking farmers. Some of these had been to college, others had not, but they all associated on equal terms. No caste and snobbery existed in the community.

Larry was not long in making a good impression upon the young people, some of whom he already knew. He told funny yarns and anecdotes about himself, and he had a happy word for everybody.

Rose whispered to her father: "Daddy, I like him fine! Notice how careful he is to make all the girls feel pleasant."

The old man smiled and said: "Yes, daughter, he makes friends easily. Why, he's talking to Lillian now! Watch how glad she looks."

"She does look happy."

Lillian White was a pretty young girl who worked in the

home of Mr. Lawrence. During the winter months she taught the younger children of the family. Then, too, in a way, she took the place of Rose. She caused many a long winter evening to glide by pleasantly for Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence. She would read to them from their favorite books and cheer them with beautiful melodies. The old people had grown to love her as they did their own children. She was popular with the young men in the community, too. Every Sunday a number of them would call. Some came in Fords, others drove buggies, and a few walked. She was gracious to all of them, and she always made them feel at ease.

Larry Smith soon discovered that Miss White was a rare gentlewoman. She was pretty, well educated, and sensible. Her conversation was brilliant; and as he looked at her adoringly, she pictured to him all the beauties of farm life, and the natural, unaffected simplicity of the country.

A few days after the social, Smith wrote Miss White for an engagement. She gave him one; and he became a constant visitor at the home of Mr. Lawrence. Soon the two became very intimate friends, and old ladies began to predict a wedding. Others put their heads together and said:

"That clerk of Brown's means business. Just watch him. He's already got all of the other young fellows 'slung.' "

One evening Larry called on Lillian. She looked unusually attractive, in a simple white muslin frock with a sprig of wild honeysuckle pinned to her waist. He looked at her in admiration and thought to himself: "Oh, how different she is from the girls at home! She's no coquette or white-light fiend, but she's a well-trained country girl, who knows how to make a happy home. Her character is as pure as the fragrant honeysuckle she wears, and, happily, she knows nothing about the artificial life lived by many in a pleasure-seeking city. I must win her. She's too precious a jewel to lose, and I'm determined to gain her love."

"Larry, why are you so quiet? What are you thinking about?"

"Lillian," he stammered, "I'm thinking of you. I love you. Will you marry me?"

"Well, you know I love you. You are a genuine man. I could not live happily without you. When Mr. Lawrence told me how you rose from the bottom and became manager of Mr. Brown's store, I admired you. When I met you—well, you know the rest."

He smiled and continued:

"Lillian, dear, I have never told you about my past life, have I? Well, I have something I wish to tell you. I'm not a poor man. Father left me over three million. My home is New York. We'll go there to live."

"Larry, I have a confession to make, too. Men courted me for father's money, and I could not tolerate those who did admire me, for they were useless idlers, dummies for the tailors, 'superficial chatterers of pretty nothings to vain and shallow women.' I was unhappy, and I came to the country, hoping to find a genuine man."

"Where is your home, then?"

"New York."

"What part?"

"1800 Fifth Avenue."

"It's strange I never saw you. My home is just a block from yours."

EROS, GOD OF LOVE

(Translation from Sophocles' Antigone, Lines 780-792)

KATE GOODMAN UMSTEAD

Invincible in war thou art
Who causest loss to humankind,
And vigil keepst o'er maids' fair cheeks,
Thou Eros, God of Love.

How boundless is thy range, O Love!
As o'er the deep thou goest,
And roamest into sylvan dells,
Thou Eros, God of Love.

Immortals neither thy soft shafts
Escape, nor mortal men;
Enraged is he who's pierced by thee,
Thou Eros, God of Love.

From justice thou canst turn just minds
And strife 'mong kinsfolk rouse;
Thus thou dost with thy arrows keen,
Thou Eros, God of Love.

Love influences from gleaming eyes,
Enthroned by sovereign law.
Thou givest the power to sway indeed,
Thou Eros, God of Love.

ALAN SEEGER---POET AND SOLDIER

VIRGINIUS C. HALL

In these days when the call to arms is sounding in the land, when the patriotic heart of America is throbbing high, when love of self is utterly lost in the warm, wild love of country—in such times America pays to the memory of her military heroes a reverence doubly acceptable because it is warm with the blood of sympathy. Those Americans who stand ready to follow the colors into Europe, who are hot for a soldier's share in the worthy fight, will be quick to feel the magnificent heroism of Alan Seeger, America's war poet, who was recently killed while fighting under the flag of his country.

A life steeped in the glamor of love and war as was his does not permit of measurement by the standards of ethics and utility. The critic who seeks for great moral truth in either the life or poetry of Seeger seeks in vain; the rubric of beauty was his law and gospel, and thus must we think of him. He was conscious of no sublime responsibility in life and recognized no duty beyond that of playing life to the limit. At heart he was always a boy, very serious faced, to be sure, but nevertheless a boy glad with the joy of living. The whole-souled sincerity of Seeger's poetry cannot be appreciated apart from the life of the author; in every case the poem is the soul of the poet and must be thought of as such. In speaking of Alan Seeger's glorious death in the French trenches, *Collier's Weekly* said: "His life and death made poetry too; if there is a tragedy in such a loss, we joyfully remember that in tragedy also there is pure beauty."

That delicacy of spirit which was so much a part of this boy poet's nature was, no doubt, vastly nourished by the surroundings in which he grew up. A year after Alan Seeger's birth in New York City, during July, 1888, his father moved to Staten Island, and there the poet spent the early years of

his childhood. Lower New York harbor, convulsed with navigation and foreign commerce, set on fire his childish imagination. Day in and day out the trade of the world plied before his father's door; South American freighters, lean ocean liners from European ports, black tramp steamers from every quarter of the globe plowed heavily up the Narrows to disgorge their wealth at the docks of Greater New York, then nosed their way again to the open sea. The restlessness of this shipping world continually tugged at Alan's heart, and his fancy went over the seas with the outgoing vessels. Yet what was perhaps even more important than these early influences in the making of the poet were the years which he lived under the sunshine of Old Mexico. During the two most responsive years of his youth Alan reveled in the sensuous beauty of Mexico City and the outlying country. Here in a land of old romance, under skies of tropical blue, he wrote his first verses and absorbed impressions which can be traced in the greater part of his later poetry. The highly colored descriptive passages in his *Deserted Garden,* for instance, are heavy with the breath of the Orient; the hot passion of the South burns in every line—as this:

> "But here where little lizards bask and blink,
> The tendrils of the trumpet-vine have run,
> At whose red bells the humming-bird to drink
> Stops off before his garden feast is done,
> And rose geraniums, with that tender pink
> That cloud-banks borrow from the setting sun,
> Have covered part of this old wall, entwined
> With fair plumbago, blue as evening heavens behind."

After two years spent in this picture world, young Seeger returned to New York in the fall of 1903 and entered the Hackley School on the Hudson River. For beauty of location this school is insurpassable, situated as it is in the green heart of the Hudson palisade country. The wholesome out-

door life which Alan lived among these hills repaid him in some measure for the disappointment which his removal from Mexico had occasioned. His health, never of the best during his childhood, became slightly worse at this period, and he was advised to leave school for a while; but even here Fortune favored him, for he spent a long vacation in the summer land of Southern California, a country famous for its natural beauty. Indeed, it seemed a part of this boy's poetic heritage to grow up in beautiful surroundings. With his entrance at Harvard in September, 1906, he took unto himself a rather retired life, books being his most constant companions; but this mood lifted during the last two years and he became prominent in the social and literary life of the University. Although Seeger wrote prolifically at this time, none of his work was printed, for the reason that he quietly refused it publication. Among his closest companions, in fact, he was given to a moody sort of silence except in rare instances when the conversation strongly appealed to him; on these occasions he talked in a way that was really impressive.

With the end of Seeger's Harvard days came two years of ceaseless chafing under the dull yoke of a life that was to him "stale, flat, and unprofitable." Rather than expend himself upon trivial, work-a-day world matters, he did nothing. The result was inevitable; Alan was intolerably miserable. His parents worried considerably over his unsatisfactory prospects and tried time and again to stir his interest for business concerns, but without success. Finally, in the spring of 1912, he felt the call of the Old Country and packed away to Europe.

In Bohemian Paris, down in the Latin Quarter, he now began to live the dreams he had dreamed in New York. The blaze of the lights of Paris waked him from misery to joy, and he plunged into the fervid revelry of this the most romantic of cities. His long poem, *Paris,* is running over with the joy of life and love. Seeger evidently "gloried and drank

deep" of this sparkling existence. A spring-time freshness flows strong in the verses of this poem, as:

"Come out into the evening streets. The green light lessens in the West.
The city laughs and liveliest her fervid pulse of pleasure beats."

Or again as in this:

"All laughing lips you move among, all happy hearts that knowing what
Makes life worth while, have wasted not the sweet reprieve of being young."

The artists and poets who peopled this quaint quarter of Paris gave Seeger just the companionship which he most desired and enabled him to forget the monotony that had made unbearable his life in money-crazed New York. How far from the sweaty world of business is his picture of the streets of this Bohemia!

"Here saunter types of every sort. The shoddy jostle with the chic:
Turk and Roumanian and Greek; student and officer and sport;
Slavs with their peasant, Christ-like heads, and courtezans like powdered moths,
And peddlers from Algiers, with cloths bright-hued and stitched with golden threads;
And painters with big, serious eyes, go rapt in dreams, fantastic shapes
In corduroys and Spanish capes and locks uncut and flowing ties."

Then in August, 1914, the cry to arms broke in upon this dream life. The ravenous German army, mobilized on the frontier since early summer, already was unleashed upon the fields of Northern France and sweeping towards the French capital. Laughter died on the face of gay Paris; artisans and libertines, poets and peasants, lords and laborers sprang up to defend the city which had mothered all alike. The sons of France, so often mocked as effeminate, thereupon gave the lie to the world and choked in the German's throat his hated

battle-cry, "On to Paris." Among the first of these patriots to enlist was Alan Seeger, no child of France to the manor born, but a foster son who loved the land with all the devotion of a native. In the early days of the war he enlisted in the Foreign Legion and cast his lot with those immortal Frenchmen who were soon to clog with their corpses the murderous German drive on Paris. The question as to his motive in enlisting in a fight not essentially his own may best be answered by this extract from a letter written at the time of his enlistment: "That memorable day in August came. Suddenly the old haunts were desolate, the boon companions had gone. It was unthinkable to leave the danger to them and accept only the pleasures one's self, to go on enjoying the sweet things of life in defense of which they were perhaps even then shedding their blood in the north. Some day they would return, and with honor—not all, but some. The old order of things would irrevocably have vanished. There would be a new companionship whose bond would be the common danger run, the common suffering borne, the common glory shared. 'And where have you been all this time and what have you been doing?'" To a nature sensitive as his the question would have been a slap in the face. Life purchased at such a price were far too dearly bought, thought Seeger, and he accordingly joined the Foreign Legion—not without exercising enough foresight, however, to leave his poems in the hands of the publisher. After a few crowded months of training at Rouen, his regiment was hurried to the front. As he himself says:

"We first saw fire on the tragic slopes
Where the flood-tide of France's early gain
Big with wrecked promise and abandoned hopes
Broke in a surf of blood along the Aisne.
The charge her heroes left us, we assumed;
What, dying, they reconquered, we preserved;
In the chill trenches, harried, shelled, entombed,
Winter came down on us, but no man swerved."

That first terrible winter in the trenches blotted out for Seeger all the romance of the thing, but hardened him in the conviction that he was pursuing the only honorable course. During the interminable days and nights of this winter, he crouched like a hunted thing in his bomb-proof dug-out, tormented by rats and vermin, aching in every joint from the bitter weather, sick with the cramped monotony of trench warfare. Seeger must have suffered unspeakable agony at this time, but into his letters there escaped no word of complaint, only an occasional expression of weariness with the exhausting inactivity. The winter of 1914-15 finally dragged itself out and with the coming of spring there came back to him his natural exuberance of spirit. In his letters home he tells of going swimming in the Aisne in the early spring afternoons; of spectacular artillery duels between the armies; of pleasant associations formed among the men of his legion. He was able to say in the warmth of returning spring, "Life is only beautiful if divided between war and love." This life which he was living—a life in which tremendous action and glorious deaths were daily occurrences—was putting a stamp upon the poetry which he now and then found time to write. In his last poems the puerile feeling so often expressed in his early verse gives place to emotions which are sublime in their tragic depth; these poems catch the glory and pathos of warfare and reflect the brilliant high-lights and somber background of this eternal tragedy. The floodtide of the poet's work is found in his *Rendezvous With Death.* Through the desperate fighting of the summer of 1915 he passed unscathed; another hard winter settled down upon the exhausted armies and Seeger lived again the horrors of that first winter. At the time of the spring thaw on the verge of the spring campaign he wrote his *Rendezvous With Death.* The shadow of sudden death had begun to darken his eye; in it we feel the stifling wait for a death which "might surprise but could never frighten him." Here it is:

"I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath—
It may be I shall pass him still.
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear—
But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true:
I shall not fail that rendezvous."

On the afternoon of July 4th, Seeger, true to his word, kept that rendezvous. In the early evening of a day filled with fighting, his legion was called to the first line of attack. As the right sector of this battalion charged through a cornfield and on towards the enemy's trenches, a masked German battery in the woods beyond opened up a riddling fire. Seeger plunged on his face among the broken corn, and the tottering line of battle swung past with leveled bayonets. Reckless of death, he raised himself on an arm, and his comrades tell of a defiant British charge he sang above the rattle of the infantry as his legion swept past him, file on file. In the early morning light they found him in a shell pit, his legs crumpled beneath him, his shirt flying from a bayonet point as a signal to the stretcher bearers. In such a death there is

small room for regret; he had reserved for himself "that rare privilege of dying well."

In the face of such a life and death one does not care to make unprofitable literary criticism. Only this need be said: When the war is over, when the world shall once more find time to pay tribute to whom tribute is due, the work of Alan Seeger will come in for a share of the praise. Whatever may be the merits or defects of the poet, this much is true: as a soldier he has blazed the way for his fellow countrymen and has left to American volunteers a glorious military heritage.

THE MOCKING-BIRD

(A recent visitor on Trinity campus.)

W. K. CARR

Blithesome singer, sorrow's foe,
  High on tree-top swinging,
Let your sweetest anthems flow—
  With love-notes they are ringing.

Pour out your heart, my feathered friend,
  In music sweet and rare.
My heart's in tune with thine—the blend
  Revealing all things fair.

The sparkling dew on bending blade,
  The early blossom's freshness,
The cool refreshing morning's shade
  Invoke the heart to gladness.

Give me the song of my caroling friend,
  No matter how dreary the day;
'Twill hasten my sorrow and gloom to an end
  And scatter foreboding away.

THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON

ADELAIDE AVERY LYONS

"What's the matter that you can't get hands?" asked Wallace, the government farm expert.

"Well," answered Will Henderson, the poor whites around here are pretty no-account to begin with, then most of them would rather work in the gypsum mines at North Holston than on the farm, and the rest of them are crazy on the subject of religion."

"I see; holy rolling?"

"Yes, there's an old fool preacher here that ought to be run out of the country. He keeps them stirred up all the time. I had one man, Gideon Ferguson, who did look like he had something to him, but now he's crazier than any of them. I had to run my own reaper last year, and I reckon I'll have to do it again this year. Sometimes I think I'll give up diversified farming and put the whole thing in sheep."

By this time the two men had reached the fence at the crest of the hill and could see the valley on the other side. Will Henderson paused, his hand on the top wire.

"Now, you know that's pretty!" he exclaimed, appreciatively. The visitor looked down into the little mountain valley. Cattle and sheep were grazing in the level meadow where a winding creek gleamed in the evening sunlight. On the surrounding slopes were fields of wheat, corn, and alfalfa in varying shades of green. Back of the foothills were the mountains, already purple in the shadows. At the north end of the valley on a bit of rising ground stood a square brick house with white pillars. Smoke rose from one of the chimneys and drifted, wraithlike, toward the mountains.

"It is pretty," said the farm expert, "one of the prettiest places I ever saw."

"The land has never been sold," Henderson explained with

pride. "It's been handed down for five generations from the original Revolutionary grant. The old ones ran the place with slave labor, but since the war the negroes have left, and the farm has run down. I could build it up if I could just get the hands."

"The house is one of the best in Southwest Virginia," remarked Wallace.

"Yes; my great-grandfather built it—Mont Calm, he called it—but it has gone down, too. It's big, and my wife can hardly keep a servant at all. For a year now she's just had a little girl to help her. But come on; we'd better be getting down to supper."

After supper the men sat in front of a wood fire built in the big fireplace under the white carved mantel. Henderson, glad of a sympathetic audience, told of his unsuccessful efforts to run the farm on sound business principles and to instil into the mountaineers some idea of civilization.

"I've tried to be decent to them, but I can't get at them. When I came back to the farm after my father's death, I had all sorts of notions about uplifting them; but you can't be good to them. If you do, they think you are an easy mark. I've tried to get some of them interested in fruit raising and trucking—there's a good chance for that around here—but you can't do anything with them. About the time you think you have 'em settled, they pull up and leave you."

"Isn't there any way you can hold them?"

"I don't know. I've about decided that my father was right. He said the only way to do anything with them would be to catch them when they were three weeks old and take them clear away from all their folks. I'm trying a new plan with some of them. I'm selling them little patches up there on Jake Ridge and letting them have lumber for houses. Then I get them to work for me when they aren't working on their own crops. They can't make much, but it will at least

hold them in the country, and they are better off than they would be in those shacks at North Holston."

"How's your plan working out?"

"I hardly know. About the time I got it started, this religion craze struck them, and they haven't been worth killing since then. Now, this man Gid Ferguson that I was talking about seemed like he was really taking an interest in his place. He'd set out some apple trees and was about to get his house in shape when he got to holy rolling. I don't know how it will all turn out. I'm making them come up on time with their payments—it's the only way you can teach them anything about business or get anything out of them—and they say I'm a 'turrible hard man.' "

While Will Henderson was discussing labor problems with his guest, Gideon Ferguson in his new cabin a mile away was also entertaining company. George Fowler, holy roller preacher, was visiting in the home of his disciple.

In accordance with the literal interpretation of the Scripture taught by his sect, Fowler greeted Gideon with a holy kiss, but to Rose, Gideon's wife, who had not professed the "full gospel of salvation," he merely gave a mumbled greeting. Gideon's pale eyes glowed with fanatical zeal as he watched the preacher. "It's a poor place we got to receive the Lord's anointed in," he apologized.

"Yes, Brother Gideon," answered Fowler in a monotonous sing-song; "but the Good Book says in the second chapter of James and the fifth verse, 'Hath not God chosen the poor of this world to be rich in faith and heirs to the kingdom which He hath promised' ?"

"Amen! Bless the Lord!" exclaimed Gideon, his stooped shoulders straightening.

Rose was cooking supper on a small stove set up on bricks in one corner of the room. The smoke from the fire and from the frying bacon necessitated the opening of both cabin doors. Fowler moved his chair closer to the back door.

"Be keerful, Brother Fowler," cautioned his host"; I ain't never had money enough to git lumber fer no back steps, an' you might fall out of the door. I'm a-aimin' to run a partition through the house, too, but I ain't never had money enough fer that neither."

"How much did you pay fer this place?" asked Fowler.

"A hunderd an' eighty dollars, an' extry fer the lumber fer the house. I done paid a hunderd an' ten, an' I'm due twenty more tomorrer. Will, he's a turrible hard man about his payments. It looks like a rich man like him could wait."

"It's them that's hardest on us; but there's a sure punishment awaitin' fer them, as you can read in the parable of the rich man in the twelfth chapter of Luke."

Rose's announcement that supper was ready brought the financial discussion to a close. The men seated themselves at the oilcloth-covered table while Rose waited on them.

"I'm sorry I ain't got no chicken fer you," she apologized; "but mine ain't big enough yit, and we don't git to eat many of 'em no way, fer times is so bad, and with Mr. Will to pay, I got to sell most of my chickens and eggs."

But the preacher heartily enjoyed the food which was prepared for him. He praised the biscuits, the bacon, and the inevitable apple butter. Under the influence of Fowler's enjoyment even Gideon became genial.

"The old 'oman ain't so much fer looks," he said, "but she's a good cook, and I'd ruther have a good cook as a beauty enny day, fer, as the Scripture says, 'favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain.' "

Rose flushed with pleasure, for even such equivocal praise as this was rare in her life.

After supper the men drew their chairs near the open door and chewed contentedly.

"I've read the Bible through five times in these two year since I've knowed you," announced Gideon, as he spit out

into the darkness; "but I ain't found nary a word in it agin terbaccer."

"No," agreed Fowler; "there ain't nary one. I've read the Good Book through fifteen times since the Lord delivered me from darkness, an' it don't say nothin' agin terbaccer." And the two men spit in unison.

The conversation soon reverted to the subject of Will Henderson and the purchase of the place. Rose had by this time finished washing the dishes and sat cutting potatoes for the morrow's planting.

"He makes me pay up jest to the day," grumbled Gideon, "and he won't give me no deed twill I've paid every cent. Ef I hadn't done put so much in the place, I'd jest pick up an' leave."

"Yes, an' you'd be a fool if you did," put in his wife. "Mr. Will ain't as bad as you make out. He didn't make you pay that time I was down with the pneumony, an' he's give you apple trees to plant out, and told you you could git raspberry bushes if you wasn't too lazy to go after 'em."

"He thinks I won't pay, an' he'll git the place back an' all my work on it," said Gideon, suspiciously.

" 'The wicked have laid a snare for me,' " quoted the preacher in his nasal sing-song.

" 'And oppressors seek after my soul,' " Gideon chimed in.

"Brother Gideon, I believe the Lord has called you to free yourself from the oppressor and be one of his own anointed to preach the gospel in Arkansas."

Gideon's slight body trembled, and his eyes glittered.

"Blessed be his holy name!" he shouted; "my prayers have been heard."

"Now, Gid, don't be a fool," his wife enjoined him. "Remember Mr. Will's got yer note fer this place."

"Shut up!" he commanded her, "the Lord ain't never revealed himself unto you."

"No, ner the devil ain't neither," she said under her breath; but she interrupted the conversation no more.

"Me, the minister of the Lord to them in Arkansas," mused Gideon; "but I would haf ter give up this place."

"The Good Book says in the twenty-ninth verse of the twenty-seventh chapter of Matthew, 'Every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands for my name's sake shall receive an hundredfold and shall inherit everlasting life.' "

Gideon was silent. He sat gazing with glassy eyes out of the door. Across the moonlit clearing the wind swayed a clump of pine trees; in the ravine below the cabin, water fell musically; at the window a big beetle drummed for entrance to the light. But Gideon neither saw nor heard. He was seeing the New Jerusalem and hearing the golden harps.

"Brother Gideon, you are the minister of the Lord for the conversion of them that sit in darkness in Arkansas, and the deliverance of the saints that are here," the preacher interrupted Gideon's vision.

"The deliverance of the saints here?" asked Gideon, startled and uncomprehending.

"Yes. Let us pray."

Fowler read from the Bible the account of Gideon's victory over the Midianites. Gideon Ferguson listened intently. Then the preacher offered a prayer—a wild incantation beseeching that now, even as in the days of old, God's chosen minister might not fail him and that Zebah, king of Midian, might be slain.

At the close of the prayer Gideon rose dazed, just beginning to understand the preacher's meaning. He pushed the damp, straggling hair from his forehead.

"You go to bed!" he ordered his wife.

Rose gathered up an armful of rough-dried clothes from the foot of the preacher's bed in the corner and climbed into the loft.

When she had gone, Fowler turned to Gideon.

"Do you accept the will of the Lord?"

"But ain't there no sign?"

"Do you need airy other sign 'cept that your name's Gideon?" The preacher dropped from his professional speech into his native vernacular.

Gideon shuddered. He was naturally a man of peace.

"Ain't Will Henderson the enemy of them that's got the full gospel?" asked Fowler.

Gideon nodded.

"Ain't it him that told Preacher Nash not to let me preach in the church? Ain't it him that's been taking the money from you that ought to have went to the spread of the full gospel? Ain't he got Brother Henry Tolbert and Brother John Goodman payin' him money too? Didn't he make you plow his garden the day of the last baptizin'? And didn't he hide in his barn and watch you and Brother Henry Tolbert salute with the holy kiss, and then laugh about it?"

Gideon was forced to admit the truth of these accusations.

"Ain't a man like that due to die?" chanted the preacher.

Gideon nodded weakly.

"'The God of our fathers hath chosen thee that thou shouldst know his will,'" quoted Fowler; "'And every one that heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them not—'"

"But what about Rose?" Gideon interrupted.

"They won't do nothin' to her; and, anyway, she ain't never accepted the full gospel, and the Scripture says, 'Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers.'"

"But how 'm I a-goin' ter do it?" asked Gideon. His whole body was trembling with excitement, and his lips were white.

"You was a-goin' ter take him that money tomorrer, wasn't you?"

"Yes, an' I promised him I'd meet him at the barn soon in the morning an' hep him drive some lambs to the scales."

"It's the Lord's time," said the preacher. "If you're

a-waitin' fer him at the barn, you can do it an' ketch the nine o'clock train fer Arkansas before anybody finds out about it. Air you a-goin' to fail ter do the Lord's will?"

Gideon stood up; his face was ever paler than usual, but his thin shoulders were thrown back, his head was held high, and his eyes were shining.

"I'm the servant of the Lord, an' I'll do his will."

For an hour they talked, then the preacher went to the bed in the corner. Soon he was sleeping heavily, but Gideon got down his old shotgun and cleaned and oiled it.

"The sword of the Lord and of Gideon," he kept murmuring to himself.

Four months later Gideon Ferguson, convicted of murdering Will Henderson, sat in the death cell of the state penitentiary awaiting the execution of his sentence. Deprived of the ministrations of Fowler, he had refused all spiritual counsel. Now he reached for a worn, stiff-backed Bible which lay on the cot. The book, of its own accord, fell open at the account of Peter's miraculous deliverance from prison. For the hundredth time Gideon read the story. His eyes glowed, and his pale lips moved.

"Yes, an' the angel o' the Lord is a-goin' ter deliver me jest like he delivered Peter. The wicked have laid hold of me to destroy me, but they can't hold me. Right at the last minute the angel's a-comin' ter take me outer their hands. Yes, he's a-comin'. I've delivered the saints at home, an' I'm a-goin' ter preach the gospel in Arkansas. The sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

And, as the executioner entered, Gideon felt his deliverance was come, as if he too were about to be borne on high.

"Take me, take me," he exclaimed, "to where the angel of the Lord's a-waitin' fer me."

POPPIES

D. W. NEWSOM

Wealth of a thousand cities
Dream of elysian fields
Land of rainbow yearning
With springtime's blushing yields

Birds from the fairest countries
Gathered in a night
Mixed in rare profusion
Of plumage rich and bright

Robes from a Persian palace
Wings of the butterfly
Glow of the borealis
Tints of a sunset sky

Nooks for the nymphs and fairies
Soul of a song and dream
Breath of an evening zephyr
Glow of a glad sunbeam

Eyes of the morning dewdrop
Children of the stars
Dreams of an azure heaven
Blood from the veins of Mars

Smiles of a baby's dreaming
Draperies of the bee
Love in an eastern garden
Sleep of a peaceful sea

Wild carnival of color
To dazzle with delight
To fill the heart with dreaming
Of a jeweled heaven's light

FOUR ROSES OR SHRAPNEL?

H. W. KENDALL

The shuttered door of Patrick O'Reilly's saloon, on Milburn Street, suddenly swung outward, and a flying figure hit the dusty pavement amidships. To an average person the fall would have called for a large hospital fee or possibly an undertaker's bill; but to Jasper Kelly, better known as Bum, it meant only the trouble connected with changing from a sitting to a standing position and a violent hitch that anchored the waistband of his trousers well over his hips in its accustomed position. Bum was used to coming in contact with the hard pavement; he had been bounced from saloons and free-lunch joints no less than two hundred times in the last year. Hadn't he won his nickname by bumming drinks and eats in every city in seven States, to say nothing of transportation between all these cities? He had been bounced in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond—yes, Bum was proud of his nickname and his record. He was doubly proud of his record because he had never been bounced without getting his whiskey or his beer. As he made it a point not to stay in any one town long enough to become a well-known citizen, the local barkeepers never had time to get onto his game and put the money-before-you-drink-please plan in force with him.

Bum licked the beer suds off the tip of his nose, hiccoughed twice, and began slowly but surely the gigantic task of assuming an upright position. He had just hit Bloomville on the early freight and had not yet found time to explore the town. He wondered how many saloons the place boasted, how many drinks he could strike for before he would find it convenient to hike for the next town. He had business to attend to, an appetite to satisfy. With a supreme effort he completed his task of arising, shook a lot of Bloomville real estate off his considerably overhauled trousers, and backed up against a convenient telephone post. No, he wasn't drunk—Patrick

O'Reilly had caught onto his game before he could get soaked; the telephone post is the friend of the lazy man as well as the friend of the drunk man, and it was as a representative of the former type that Bum now claimed its friendship.

He must have dropped asleep. The heavy tramp, tramp, tramp of many feet and the blaring notes of a brass band brought him back to his senses. With more alacrity than he had displayed since he had made a chance acquaintance with a bulldog in Startown the year before, he rubbed his eyes, yawned, and thrust his head around the friendly post. Down Milburn Street, in steady, rhythmic step, came Battalion F, Second Infantry, U. S. A. At the front of the battalion a stalwart color-sergeant bore a huge American flag; the regimental band, bravely attempting to render "The Star Spangled Banner," brought up the rear. A large crowd of men, women, and children, all shouting and yelling at the top of their voices, pressed close behind the band. The troopers had arrived in Bloomville on the 8:20 train to guard the municipal water and gas plant against the rumored assaults of German sympathizers. Bum watched them, clear-cut, strong, muscular fellows, as they marched past him and into the temporary armory diagonally across the street from Patrick O'Reilly's saloon. Almost before he knew it, he found himself yelling, shouting, cursing, joining in the patriotic and hearty welcome accorded the soldiers.

"You ain't drunk," he told himself; "so quit actin' like a fool." But he only shouted and yelled all the more. The band began Dixie; yell after yell rose from the crowd and echoed back and forth through the street. A remarkably funny feeling now came over Bum—a feeling that he had never experienced before. Cold tingles, like tiny streams of iced beer, shot down his backbone; a lump, every bit as large as the cork from a pint bottle of Four Roses, lodged in his throat; his heart thump-thumped with greater force than he had ever seen a bottle of Budweiser pop. Instinctively he

straightened up, waved his rusty brown hat in the air, and elbowed his way across the street into the crowd that jostled around the armory entrance. He pressed his flabby, red face against one of the front windows of the building and peered with watery eyes into the interior. The soldiers had stacked their arms, unstrapped their knapsacks, and were sitting around the armory smoking and chatting. At one end of the large room the commanding officer sat at a table piled high with papers of all kinds; directly over his head was draped a large American flag.

"Whattha Devil 'smatter with you?" Bum asked himself. "Rot-gut ain't never throwed you good an' strong, an' now jist er look at er little red, white, and blue rag is erbout to git onto yer nerves!" He felt as if that flag was calling him, was almost pulling him through the window into the building. He saw the officer at the table beckon to a soldier, give him a square piece of cardboard, and motion towards the door. The soldier walked to the door, opened it, and tacked the cardboard upon the outside of the building. For once forgetting his corns and his laziness, Bum fought with the other members of the crowd to get a look at that cardboard. At last he wormed his way to within a few feet of it, and after several moments managed to spell out the words printed upon it: "Men Wanted for the Army. Your Country Needs You Now. Will You Heed the Call? Full Information Inside."

His country needed him! The lump in Bum's throat increased in size to that of a cork from a quart bottle of Four Roses. He gulped twice in an attempt to swallow the lump and then gave up the task as hopeless. He had been a worthless, good-for-nothing somebody. "Not worth er cus," he mumbled to himself. Liquor had done it all, too; had made him lazy and taken away all ambition. Maybe the preacher guy who had told him once that liquor would ruin his health and finally kill him was right. Now, here was a chance to give up liquor, to become somebody, and to do something

worth while. And his country needed him, too. Bum rubbed his empty stomach thoughtfully, thought of the trim, warm uniforms of the soldiers, and sighed. Through the several open windows of the armory came the stirring strains of "Yankee Doodle." That settled it; Bum squared his shoulders, pushed open the near-by door and entered. He took his place in the line of applicants and waited his turn to appear before the important figure at the table.

"Name, age, and place of residence?" His turn had come at last. The recruiting officer noted his answers carefully upon an application blank. "In case of accident, injury, or death, notify whom?" The question came in cold, curt tones. Bum gulped so hard that he came dangerously near swallowing the lump in his throat, fingered his hat nervously, and stared at the ceiling. May be he really didn't want to join the army. Possibly his country didn't need him so badly after all. "Well?" sounded in the same unwavering, businesslike voice. The steady gaze of the officer pierced him through and through. In weak, feeble tones he managed to mumble out some fictitious address in New York.

"Sergeant Donnelly, there, will conduct you to your physical examiner," stated the officer, pointing to a stalwart khaki-clad figure on his immediate right. Bum nodded meekly and attempted to grin at his new guide.

"There's several other guys in ahead of you," drawled the sergeant; "just make yourself at home around here; I'll find you when the captain's ready for you." Bum thanked him and began an aimless round of the armory. He didn't notice the flags, snug uniforms, or well-filled canteens now; he saw only bullets, guns, swords, bandages, splints, first-aid-to-the-injured charts scattered over the floor. He rammed his hands first in one pocket and then in another, folded them behind him, bit his lip, frowned, and with feverish fingers began unmercifully to twist the single button which had dared remain on his coat. By going in the army he could rid himself of the

drink habit, save his health, and really be somebody. Yes, that was all very well and good—but those guns and that pile of bandages. His country was in danger; he could do his part in saving it. He stumbled, looked down, and found that he had caught his toe in one of the stretchers consigned to Ambulance Corps No. 3. He shuddered; ashen spots stood out on his ruddy face; his nose gleamed with all the fiery red of the 3 ball on the middle table of the Bloomville Billiard Parlors.

"Wonder how I'd look layin' on one o' them and the boys sayin' 'Ain't he natshul?'" Bum looked at the stretcher again and drew his trembling hand across his moist forehead. He felt as if he had lost twenty pounds in the last ten minutes. Really, he wasn't cut out for the army. In case the country was invaded, of course he would volunteer. The country was really in no danger. Only one stubborn strand held the lonely button to his coat now. But the army would stop him from drinking, and he had already gone so far as to fill out an application blank. He could hardly back out now.

"Kelly, Jasper," sang out Sergeant Donnelly, "all ready with the captain." Bum jumped as if he had been shot, groaned, and followed his guide into the little room of the physical examiner with the despondent air usually displayed by a condemned man walking to the electric chair. For the next fifteen minutes he underwent indescribable sufferings. He was probed, pinched, pummeled, and massaged without mercy. Suppose the Germans tortured their prisoners after that manner? Or was it possible for a bayonet cut or a shrapnel wound to cause any greater pain?

After what seemed hours to Bum, the captain let up in his attack, shook his head, cleared his throat, and in choppy, staccato sentences addressed his late victim: "Yes; like I thought. Sound except heart. Too much liquor. Masses of

fat around the heart. Liable to drop off any time. Can't accept you."

Thus he was free. Bum drew himself to his full height and found that he could still take a deep breath. He mumbled out a "Yessuh" to the captain and literally bounded for the door. Old booze had saved him. Of course, they might let him by in case of conscription—but he'd take care of that; he'd see to it that there'd be twice as much fat around his heart at the end of a month's time.

Exactly three minutes later a dusty, panting customer rushed into "The White Elephant," the one other saloon which Bloomville boasted, slipped four sandwiches from the free-lunch counter, nonchalantly threw his foot up on the brass railing, and impatiently demanded beer.

BOOK REVIEW

André Chéradame, *The Pangerman Plot Unmasked,* with an Introduction by the Earl of Cromer. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1917. 235 pp. $1.35.

M. Chéradame's book is a careful study of the manner in which Germany since 1895 has laid her plans for "annexing all the various regions, irrespective of race or language, of which the possession is deemed useful to the power of the Hohenzollerns." The information upon which the book is based was gathered in one hundred and seventy-seven cities of twenty-one different countries during a period of over twenty years.

The author's conclusion is that the essential feature of Germany's plan is the control of Austria-Hungary, the Balkan states, and the possessions of Turkey, of the territory, in short, through which the "Hamburg to the Persian Gulf" railway was to have been run. By this scheme Germany could establish "a power which, with the annexations avowedly aimed at, would comprise more than one hundred and thirty millions of inhabitants." In case this plan was carried out, Germany would be in a position to withstand any combination of states which might be arrayed against her and to extend her conquests, military and commercial, over the remainder of the earth. This vast scheme of aggression was, if possible, to be carried out peacefully, but after 1912 the disturbances in the Balkans and the internal dissensions in Austria-Hungary rendered it increasingly evident that the Pan-German plan could be executed only by force. To this end Germany laid her plot, and for the accomplishment of this purpose brought about the present war in which she has already occupied nine-tenths of the desired territory.

The lesson which M. Chéradame would have the world learn from his book is that "the universal Pangerman plan is

solely and wholly based on the achievement of the scheme 'from Hamburg to the Persian Gulf,' which forms its backbone. If this is broken, the whole of the Pangerman plan falls to the ground, and the projects of Prussian domination are destroyed forever. The principal problem which the Allies have to solve, if they wish to insure their liberty and that of the whole world, is to make impossible the achievement of this plan, 'from Hamburg to the Persian Gulf.' " To this end, if the war is to accomplish results commensurate with its cost, the Allies must at the final settlement be in a position to receive whatever they may demand. They must not be led into accepting territorial concessions in the West which will leave open the way for Germany to preserve intact her influence in the Southeast. If peace is to be lasting, the Balkans must be freed from German domination, and an independent state must be formed from the inhabitants of Austria-Hungary who are neither German nor Magyar. "The erection of this barrier would form the solution of the great problem set us by the Pangerman peril. It would free forever numerous nationalities from the Prussian yoke. It would coincide not only with the interests of all the Allies, but also with those of the whole world."

The remarkable manner in which many of M. Chéradame's predictions have been verified add weight to all of his conclusions. He foresaw the action of Roumania, the endeavor of Germany to "draw the Allies into a peace conference which would be subservient to Prussian desires," and the attempt to break the Entente alliance by a separate and premature peace with some one country—an attempt which is now being carried out in the case of Russia.

The book is particularly interesting to Americans because of the manner in which it shows the relation of the United States to the war. As a nation which has championed liberty, the United States must inevitably be hostile to Germany be-

cause the "sufferings inflicted by Germany on the Belgians, the Slavs of Austria-Hungary, the Serbians, and the Armenians (whom they have caused to be massacred wholesale) amount to millions of indescribable pangs, of odious crimes, of atrocious martydoms." We are also interested in the war against Germany because we have in the United States about ten million naturalized Germans who under the Delbrück law may, if they so desire, continue "in spite of this naturalization to enjoy, for themselves and their descendants, all the rights of German citizens and all the protection of the German Emperor." Furthermore, German success would eventually destroy the commercial and political independence of the United States as well as that of South America. In this connection the German Admiral von Goetzen is quoted as saying to Admiral Dewey at the time of the American conquest of the Philippines: "In about fifteen years my country will begin a great war. . . . Some months after we have done our business in Europe we shall take New York and probably Washington, and we shall keep them for a time. We do not intend to take any territory from you, but only to put your country in its proper place with reference to Germany. We shall exact one or two billions of dollars from New York and other towns."

M. Chéradame's book is written in a style which is clear and easy to read. Although the conclusions reached may appear radical, almost impossible, we must remember that the work is based upon long and painstaking investigations, and that actual events have verified many of its most extreme statements. The book is valuable in America as a source of information and as a warning that if Germny succeeds, she will succeed upon the principles expressed by Tannenberg, "War must leave to the vanquished nothing but their eyes to weep with. Modesty on our part would be purely madness."

A. A. L.

EDITORIAL

AFTER GRADUATION---WHAT?

As the final issue of The Archive for this year goes to press, we editors are congratulating ourselves that this portion of our work is over, and as the Senior class is about to be graduated, all of us have a feeling of gladness that our college course is about completed. But what are we now to do? How may we best be successful in life? These questions arise daily to confront us.

One idea is always with the college graduate as he steps forth into the bustling world. He keeps foremost with him the thought of success. Into whatever work he decides to enter, he hopes by all means to be a successful practitioner in that field.

But how may he best attain success? How may he know whether or not his efforts have been successful? There are so many standards by which the success of a man may at times be determined that he indeed has a difficult task in measuring up to the requirements. As we have been told since childhood, we need to consider well our moral and spiritual natures. We cannot afford to overlook these, to become law-breakers or degenerates. Nor in this modern Philistine age, when organization and combination are the order of the day, can we well afford to disregard our own material welfare. In this mad world, we must look out for ourselves, if any one does.

At the same time we should ever bear in mind the idea of *service,* the usefulness that our lives may bring to a community. No longer is it possible for a man not to be his brother's keeper. Society has become so organized that a man cannot, by right of personal liberty, disregard the safety

and welfare of his neighbor. Each one of us, then, in attempting to be successful in life, should strive to be useful, and to extend this usefulness over as wide a field as possible. By this standard more than by any other are men in the future going to be adjudged successful or unavailing.

Today we hear almost unlimited talk of patriotism and its manifestations. The soldier who utterly forgets self and who volunteers his services to his country has, in a few current newspapers, had his name placed upon a Roll of Honor. He is sacrificing everything, probably his life, upon the altar of service to his country; and although his name may never be recorded among the financial or industrial leaders of his people, although he may never even be mentioned in future histories of our country, yet he will have rendered a valuable service to millions of people. And if he has advanced proportionately in intellectual and spiritual attainments—at the same time that he has been of inestimable service to his country—can any one say that his life, though his name may never thereafter be mentioned, has been a failure?

This thought we seniors might well carry with us as we enter upon the duties of life. Not all of us can achieve universal distinction in business, legislative, or professional circles. Probably many of us will never have our names mentioned in *Who's Who in America*. But each of us may be of some service. And in the final count, if we have well served our town, our state, our church, our nation—or whatever it is to which we have dedicated our usefulness—we may be sure our lives have in a measure been successful. We get out of life, in college or in the world, not a bit more than we put into it. Our success in the years to come may be determined largely by the scope of our usefulness, the extent of the services that we are able to render our community and others.

A PLEA FOR ACADEMIC LEADERSHIP

"Why, two years after he has graduated, you can't tell a college man from anybody else."

This was the opinion recently expressed by an official in a large industrial concern who has under his supervision about fifty young men. Now, if his judgment is correct, it reveals a condition which should receive consideration from college men and the fathers of college men, present and future.

Stated in true examination form, the question raised is: "Is college worth while? If so, why? if not, why not?" Few college men would admit that college is not worth while, but many feel that it is not as much worth while as it should be. The slightly contemptuous attitude with which college is regarded is evinced by the currency of such expressions as, "Don't let your studies interfere with your education," and "A college is an athletic field surrounded by students." The prevalent deficiency in the tone of most colleges is further demonstrated by the earnestness with which Mr. Paul Elmer More and other thinkers bewail the lack of academic leadership.

The fundamental cause of the trouble lies, I believe, in the very popularity of college. College is no longer an institution in which those who really desire an education work to get it, but has become "like unto a net which is cast into the sea and gathers in of every kind." The opinion is prevalent that college is a panacea for all ills, for stupidity, for laziness, for social failure, for inability to get a job. One man frankly confessed that he came to college because he could not find anything else to do. This popularization of college has led to a condition in which the majority of the students are wholly out of sympathy with classical ideals.

"I didn't come to college to bother my head," was the characteristic remark of one Freshman.

And a Senior exclaimed in astonishment to a classmate

who was reading a book of contemporary essays: "You don't mean to tell me that you are reading those things when you don't have to!"

Now, the attitude of the Freshman might be accounted for by "the natural depravity of animate things," but if there is anything in college worth while, the Senior should have reached a point in cultural development where, even if he did not want to read essays himself, he could at least discern some virtue in the man who did.

The trouble is that the aims of the present-day college are social and athletic rather than cultural and intellectual. The *student* is, nine times out of ten, relegated to the society of a reading lamp "somewhere" in the background, while the student-body goes to a picture show or to a ball game. Far be it from me to decry the benefits of social and athletic activities in the life of the college student. The life without them is inevitably dwarfed, but, on the other hand, there is need of a counterbalancing influence from a more truly cultural source. If the college does not supply this cultural element, the four years between matriculation and graduation will give little which could not be gained elsewhere.

The popularization of college among people who have little sympathy with classical ideals has inevitably exerted an influence upon the classroom. "Crips" have multiplied and the method of teaching has tended to become matter-of-fact and uninspirational. In many instances it "degenerates into the dull memorizing of dates and names," while in very few has there been danger that it would "rise into the Altitudo, and evaporate in romantic gush." To many students classroom work is frankly a bore and is absolutely without connection with the real interests of life.

All in all, the college of today has attained unprecedented mechanical perfection, but has probably declined in intellectual significance. College touches more people now than

ever before, but probably touches them less profoundly. While the institution has gained extensively, it has lost intensively. College does not leave upon its graduates an indelible and enduring stamp.

The condition is subtle and difficult to remedy. The war which will necessarily decrease for a time our material prosperity, will undoubtedly exert a profound influence on the academic situation. The number of college students both during and after the war will certainly be diminished. The class which furnishes those who do attend college will largely determine the future of the institution. It will either be given over to rich men's sons who can afford to spend four years amusing themselves, or else to those who really desire an education, and who are willing to make sacrifices in order to attain their desire. In the latter case the future usefulness of college is assured.

In the meanwhile the duty of making college more worth while lies chiefly in the hands of those students who are interested in intellectual matters. The tendencies of this class of students have been tamely to submit and to seek the consolation of religion or of cynicism while students not endowed with a taste for culture have, as if by divine right, assumed the leadership of collegiate activities. In the present crisis, when the destiny of all of our ideals is to be decided, it is incumbent upon the *student* to decide and to enforce the decision that in the future the leadership of our colleges shall be more largely academic. Senior.

WAYSIDE WARES

THE DRILL

The mocking-birds are singing
  About the bug supply,
While the bumble bees are bumbling
  Beneath the clear blue sky.
The cows are gently slipping
  The cowslips on the hill.
Oh, there's beauty in all nature,
  But there ain't none in the drill.

The frogs are busy croaking
  About the waterworks,
Where the barefoot boys are fishing
  As busy as the Turks.
The Landlady is busy thinking
  How she can collect her bill.
Oh, there's pleasure in all nature,
  But there ain't none in the drill.

The dandelions are blinking
  Through the grass upon the lawn,
And the students all are ——
  When the drill bell rings at dawn.
The Fraushack belles are watching
  From the Fraushack on the hill.
Oh, there's poetry at the Fraushack,
  But there ain't none in the drill.

LIFE

"Life," said the mathematician, "is a problem in algebra. It keeps you continually factoring, and if you don't get exactly the right set of factors, you can't possibly get the right results."

"Life," said the chemist "is a laboratory; you have to experiment with a lot of unknown materials; you may discover a useful compound, or all your work may result in an explosion."

"Life," said the civil engineer, "is making a survey; a little mistake at the beginning will keep getting bigger and bigger and will make the whole thing come out wrong."

"Life," said the clockmaker, "is a pendulum; it is never still and is always swinging from one extreme to the other, but if it stops swinging, the whole works stop."

"Life," said the farmer, "is a field on which you have to raise a crop; you plant the seed, and they have a great deal to do with what you get, but a lot depends on the weather, too."

"Life," said the painter, "is a canvas; you work on it as best you can; maybe you make a daub, but there's just a chance that you will make a masterpiece."

"Life," said the lawyer, "is a trial; you plead your case, but you never can tell what decision the judge will make."

"Life," said the cynic, "is just one damn thing after another."

"Life," said the boy, "is a great lark."

And all of them were right.

ON THE GREAT METROPOLITAN STREET

I stroll out on Broadway this warm summer night;
I am pensive and thoughtful and sad,
Although the great street is all gloriously bright
And the crowd is all brilliantly clad.
From every direction the people have come
Where the ends of the universe meet;
There are throngs by the thousands in hubbub and hum
On the great metropolitan street!

The skyscrapers tower to marvelous height,
And their windows all brilliantly glow;
Commercial displays adding charm to the sight
Make a truly spectacular show.
The vehicles move with a buzz and a whir;
How they rattle across the concrete!
There's talking and clamor; there's walking and stir
On the great metropolitan street!

The crowd pushes on with impetuous rush;
And as long as God lets it remain
The roar of old Broadway will never once hush
Or from its gay tumult refrain.
I wander on, looking and thinking, alone,
For I have no acquaintance to greet:
I'm one of the thousands and thousands unknown
On the great metropolitan street!

EXCHANGES

The Archive in this last issue—because of the few publications which have reached our desk and because of the shift in interest, on the part of a considerable number of students, from things literary to active preparations for war—is making no attempt to include its customary exchange department.

We shall simply thank our contemporaries for having borne with us during the year and express our indebtedness to them for their frank and friendly criticism. We have welcomed expressions of opinion from whatever source, and we sincerely trust everything which has been published in these columns, in our effort to express a fair and amicable judgment, has been accepted in the same spirit of friendly criticism as that in which it was written.

With pleasure we acknowledge receipt of the following magazines:

Wake Forest Student.

College Message, Greensboro College for Women.

The Acorn, Meredith College.

State Normal Magazine.

St. Mary's Muse.

Red and White, N. C. State College.

Georgian, University of Georgia.

Arkansan, University of Arkansas.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

NOBLESSE OBLIGE

JACK WALLACE, '16

The town clock was striking six as Julia Bristol cantered through the streets of Bethany. It was in the month of August when twilight yields slowly to the night. Reaching the open country beyond, she gave rein to her horse and set out at a gallop down the road to Clio, as if she feared night would overtake her. But it was not encroaching dark that had driven the color from her cheeks; it was a note which she carried in her bosom, a note from her lover.

At the bridge she turned into a wood-road that followed the course of the stream down into the swamps. The heat of the summer evening had covered the little black mare with sweat, and foam dropped from her mouth. Realizing that the meeting place was near, Julia pulled herself together, reining in her mare lest her lover observe with what haste she had come. But the whinny of a horse came to her, and surrendering pride to mad desire, she set off again at a wild gallop down the sandy road.

He had walked to the bend to meet her. He helped her dismount. "Andrew," she cried, and fell into his arms. They left their horses to crop the grass along the stream, and walked over to a fallen tree which the wood-cutters had perhaps left there for a foot-log and forgotten. He walked in front in silence, tramping under foot flowers which yesterday he would have stopped to pick for her, and she, following at a distance, letting her habit trail the ground, perceived in this silence the end of a happiness which all women feel should be eternal. She had fallen into his arms, and he had not kissed her.

He began to talk, passively, and yet with that unique pre-

cision which men take on who have lain awake of nights. She sat there close beside him, plucking the petals from a rose which she had picked from beneath her window and brought there to put into her lover's button-hole. This sudden blow to her happiness made her deaf to those unavailing words with which ill fortune would soften its judgments, and sorrow, which would not yield to tears, laid hold of her and left her speechless.

When she turned back into the road at the bridge she had told Andrew good-bye forever. "It's for your sake, Julia, for you. It's not in the blood to work. It's not in the blood," he had told her, when he had pressed his lips to her hand; and this she remembered.

A graveyard, which a fence of warped iron-gray pales incloses, faces Bethany Chapel across the road. When the dogwood was in bloom and great fields of rye filled the countryside with gladness, Andrew would ride down to Bethany; and country folk, returning from the fields, would stare at the tall, somber figure who sat for hours at the grave of one who had died of so strange a malady. In August, when the summer heat hovered in filmy waves over the bottom-lands and the wearisome droning of dry-flies came from every copse, he would bring garden flowers and leave them on her grave.

The Allen family had moved in at the close of the war. The old Colonel and his wife spoke broken English. People knew that Allen was not the family name. The two sons, Andrew and Julian, had lost their foreign accent, but their tall, austere figures, their grace of movement, their elegance of manner, marked them from the country folk. Strangers, who at odd times saw them about the town, turned to stare and to ask after them. The old Colonel and Andrew joined the Episcopal Church and mixed with the people; but the mother and Julian rarely came to town, and when they did, they spoke to no one. They never referred to the past, and

people in time forgot to bother their heads about it; but the village rector said they were Poles who had fled that unhappy country in the turbulent thirties.

When the Colonel died, Julian, who hated the South, entered the foreign service. Shortly afterward the mother joined him, leaving Andrew a prey to loneliness and melancholy. He was drunk when his father died. Leaning over the lifeless body of the Colonel, in the presence of Julian and his mother, he had whispered to the doctor: "Doc, he was the damn best friend I ever had."

The Allen home stands on a hill well above the adjacent country, facing the fertile lowlands which for several miles follow the north fork of the Yadkin in unbroken stretches. Behind the house, an unassuming structure built of stucco and native stone, and possessing that bare simplicity of the middle nineteenth century, is a garden, laid out in the shape of a Maltese cross and inclosed by a low rock wall. In the center where the four beds converge is a sun-dial, which half the year, in the afternoons, a nondescript tangle of shrubs at the back and a grove of ancient oaks beyond rob of its utility. Imagine this house, this garden, this tangle of shrubs, left unattended for seven years—ghastly, grown up in weeds, impenetrable.

Only a wing at the side of the house where Andrew lived was cared for. An old negro who worked the place came every day, and brought his wife to cook for "Massa" Andrew. He no longer went to town. Every month the old negro went to the dealer in liquors for the monthly supply of brandy, and old Nicholson, who skinned every one else, never failed to send it.

Late one afternoon in July he awoke, stretched his arms, and sat up in bed. He drank the water placed by his bedside, felt hungry, and decided to get up. The old darky, returning from town, finding his patron sober, called his wife, and with

the summer fruits and vegetables they prepared an elaborate meal for him. Old Cæsar went out and returned with a bottle of wine which the dealer had stuck in with the last supply of brandy.

Andrew ate heartily. He talked to the old darkies and even laughed with them.

"Well, suh," put in Aunt Mamie; "if Massa Ander's eyes ain't shinin' jes like when Miss Julia—"

Andrew dropped his fork. He choked. Regaining his composure, he finished the contents of the bottle.

When they had left him alone, he looked at himself in the glass. "Ghosts," he hissed. It was the Colonel with his blonde beard who stared back at him. Then he walked over to the mantel and rummaged among the dusty chess men which for years had lain in their ebony case undisturbed. He returned with a faded daguerreotype of the Colonel in the uniform of his regiment. He held it to the candle. Then he looked at himself again. Then he sank into a chair.

The blood of the Radziwills had begun again to flow in his veins, bringing with it memories which in vain he tried to stifle. Unburied corpses of youthful dreams had come back to haunt him. The treachery of the Prussians—Warsaw betrayed — Emperor Nicholas — flight—France—refugees—terms entombed for forty years, had taken life. He jumped to his feet. In the wardrobe he found the uniform of the Colonel. He slipped into it and buttoned the coat tight about his throat. He buckled on the sword with the escutcheon of the Radziwills embossed upon the scabbard. Then he walked back to the mirror again, and this time he smiled.

When the winds that sweep up the valley with the dawn had driven away the night, and the morning light had sifted in through the window, the first gray rays fell upon the prostrate figure of a soldier whose cadaverous flesh reflected the grayness of the dawn.

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